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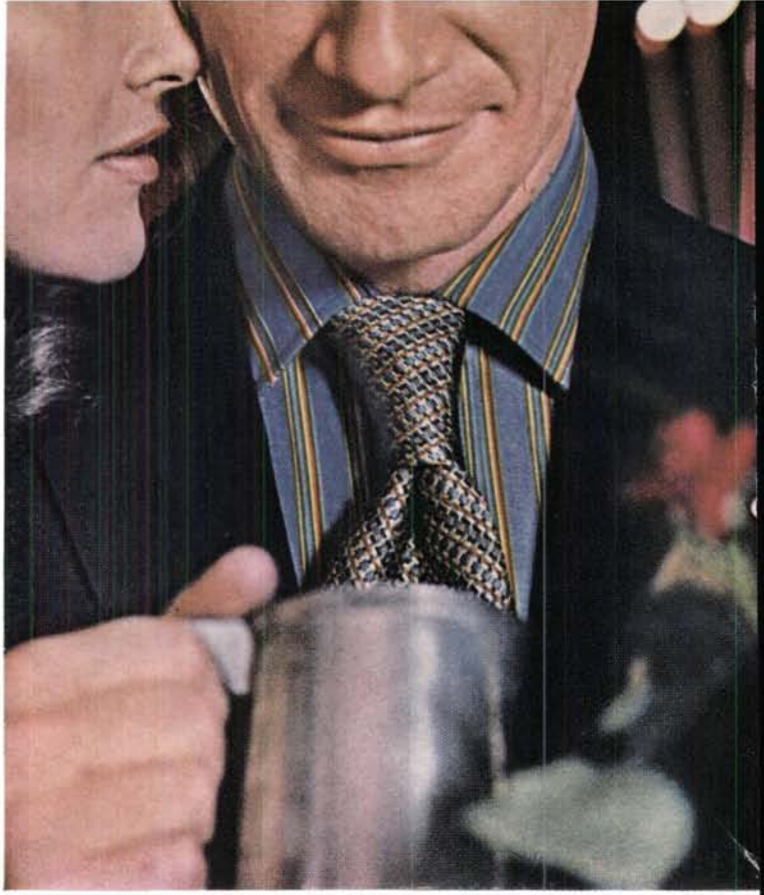

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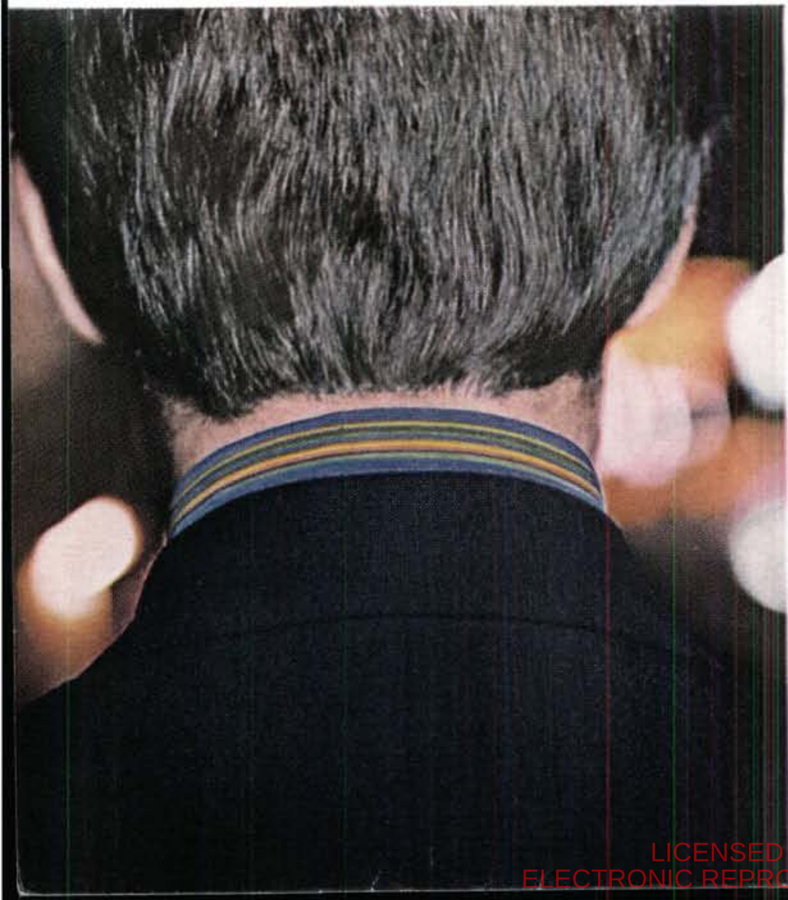

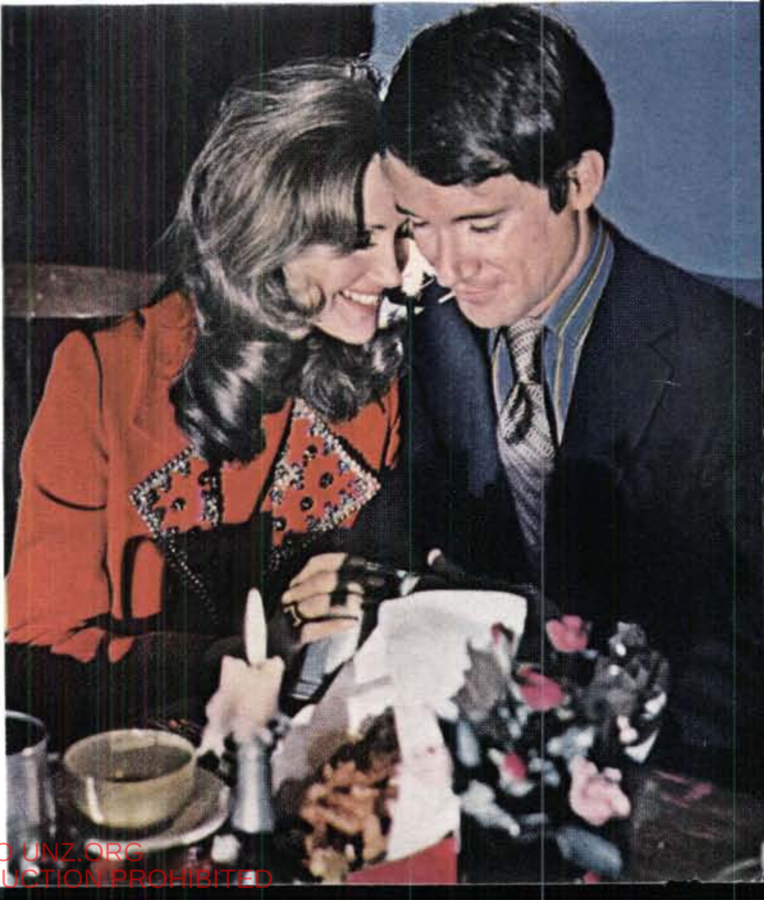

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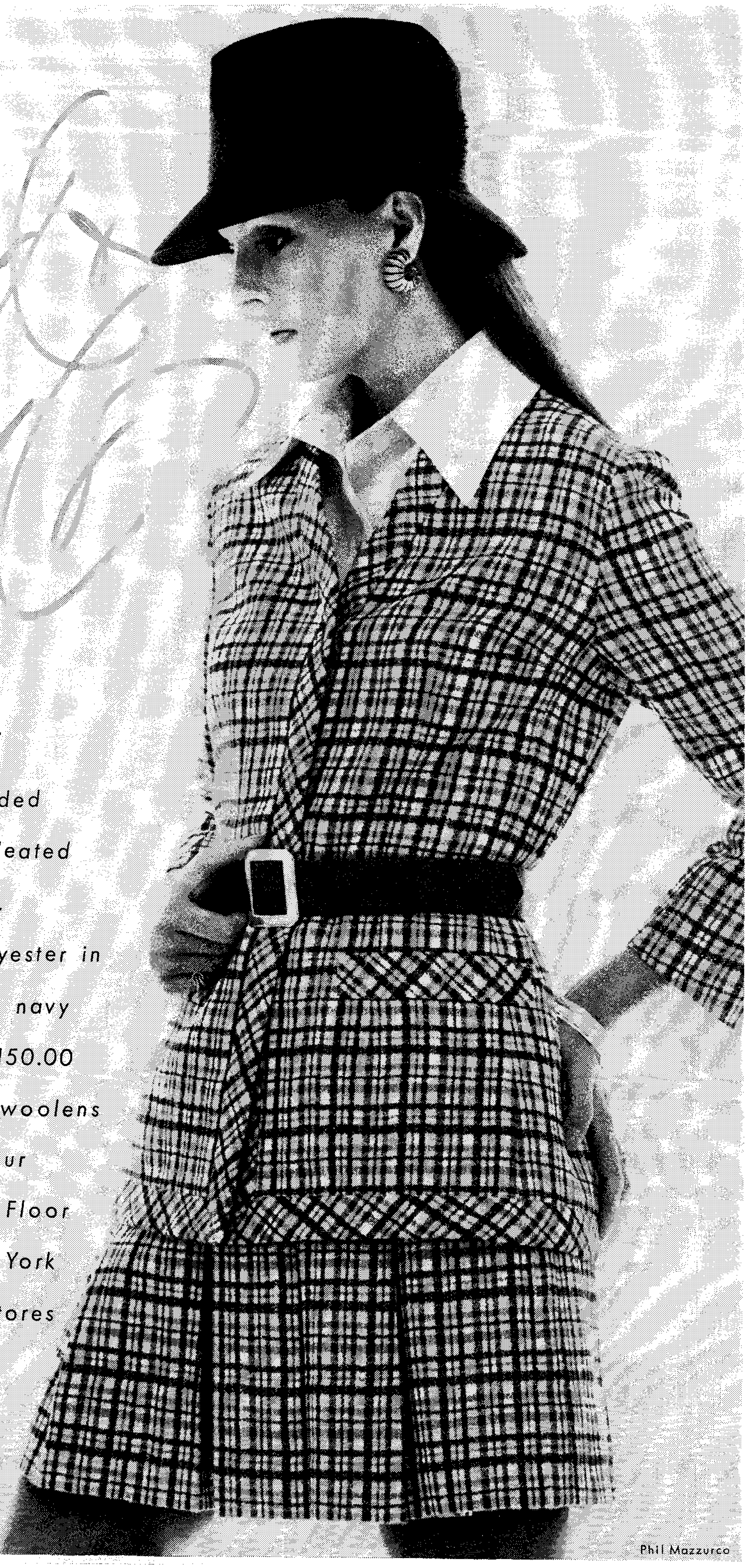

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make a very funny evening. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—except that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Angela—Geraldine Page, Simon Oakland, Tom Ligon, and Michaele Myers in a comedy by Sumner Arthur Long. Directed by Jack Ragotzy. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Black Quartet—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St. 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of Passion—A pair of glorious, acrid comedies, by the late English dramatist Joe Orton. The characters are the highly comical low lifes that were his alone, and they are impeccably acted by a largely American cast, under Michael Kahn's direction. Richard A. Dysart, Sasha von Scherler, and David Birney play the leading roles. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, Helen Hayes, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Haunted Host—A play by Robert Patrick. (Castle, 225 E. 13th St. 533-9040. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Hello and Goodbye—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Indians—Arthur Kopit uses Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show as a court in which to indict our ancestors for their brutal mistreatment of the Indian. Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill with splendid verve. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mercy Street—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Friday, Nov. 21.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Patriot for Me—John Osborne's surprisingly conventional account of the downfall of a Viennese Army officer who was a reluctant homosexual and an eager spendthrift. With Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, and Salome

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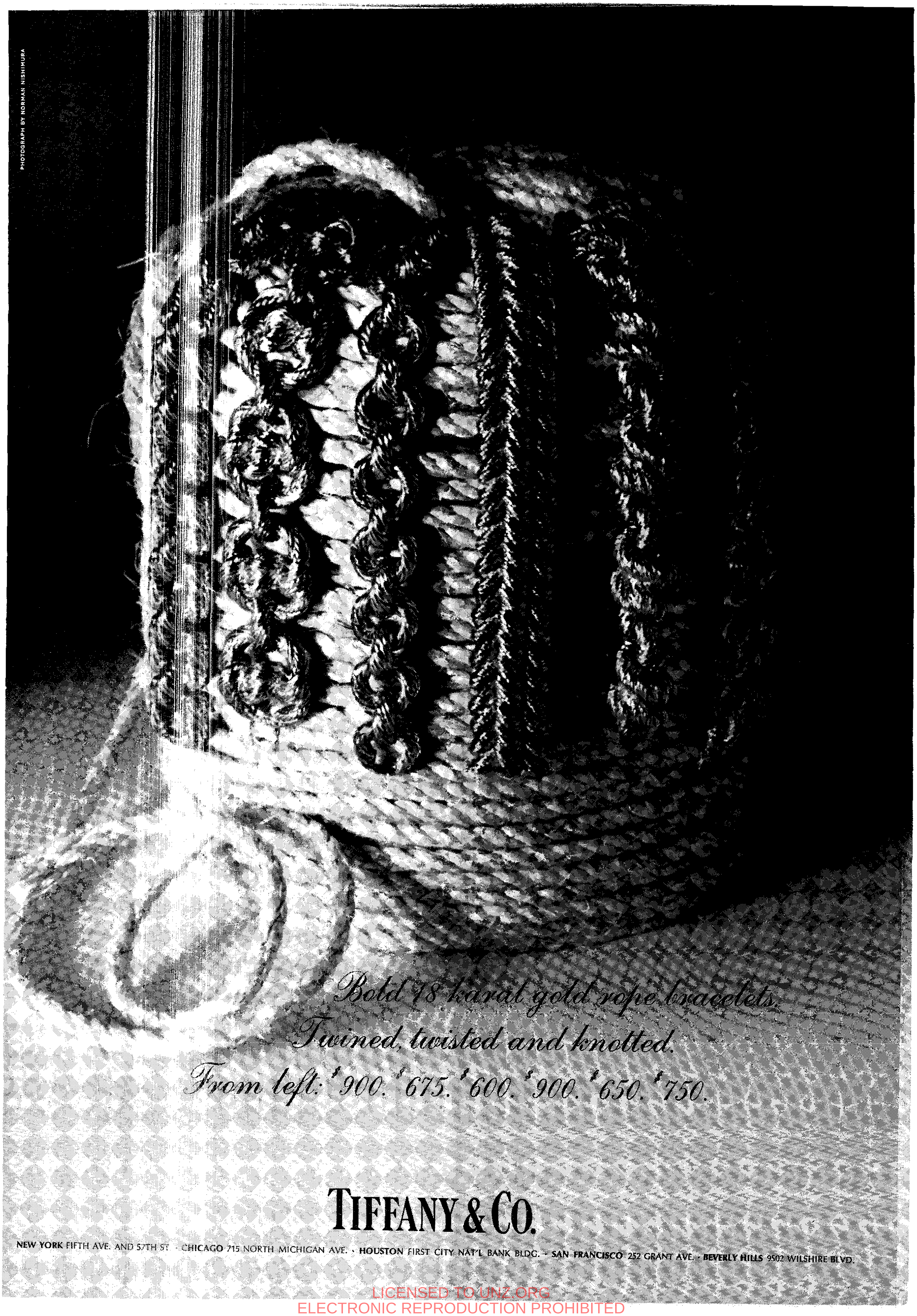
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jens. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Polish Laboratory Theatre—A six-week engagement of three avant-garde plays, directed by Jerzy Grotowski. Calderón's **THE CONSTANT PRINCE** will be performed through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Wyspianski's **ACROPOLIS** will open Tuesday, Nov. 4, and run through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Nov. 2-3, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 26. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rose—A play by Emanuel Fried. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand, who appears throughout in a series of brief scenes, most of them with members of her family. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover, Jeremiah Sullivan, and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Men on a Horse—The John Cecil Holm-George Abbott comedy of thirty-five years ago is still very funny, and the admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, and Paul Ford. Directed by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Time of Your Life—A revival of the Saroyan play will be the first in this year's series of four productions by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. With James Broderick, Biff McGuire, and Susan Tyrrell. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2 and 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2; Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:30; Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8; and a special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Trees Die Standing—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEESE:** A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prize-fighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HADRIAN VII:** The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Barry Morse. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 15.) . . . **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

From the Second City—The second coming, after eight years, of a topical revue from Chicago, originally improvised by its cast. This show is not as sharp-witted or sparkling as the first edition, but it has its merry moments all the same. With J. J. Barry and Burt Heyman. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hoofers—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Chuck Green and Baby Lawrence. Go and see for yourself. Reopens Friday, Oct. 31. (Castle, 225 E. 13th St. 228-2081. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy—A big musical comedy that keeps bumping along the ground, unable to take off. Frank Gorshin impersonates Mayor Walker, and others in the cast are Anita Gillette, as his sweetheart, and Julie Wilson, as his wife. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Music Hall of Israel—Vaudeville turns out of the nineteen-twenties, by gifted young Israelis who, bless their souls, seem to have no idea they didn't invent them. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

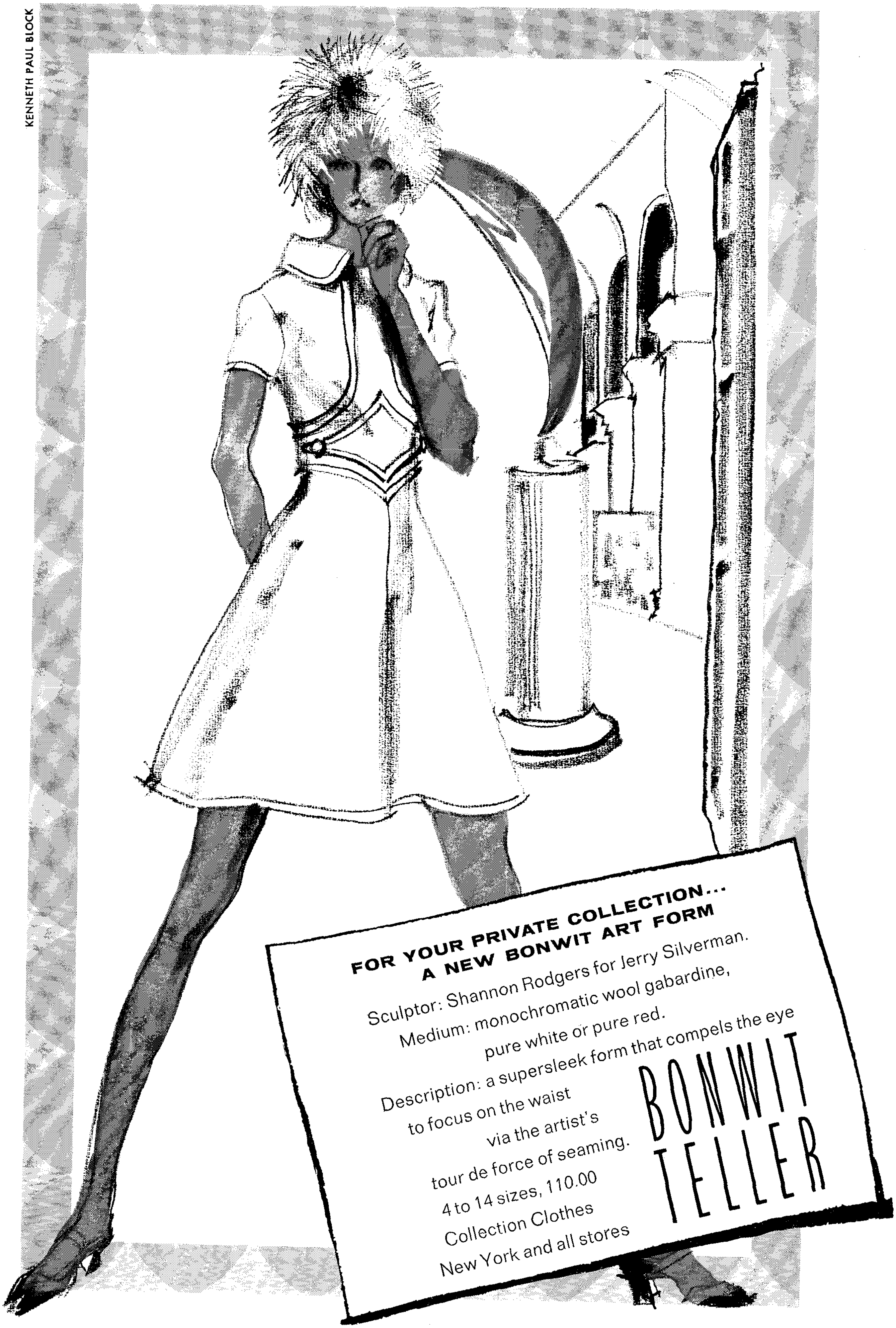
Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He turned abruptly his great searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from



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some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," "Fanfarita," and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Poppet," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Secret Places," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Fanfarita," "Nightwings," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Poppet," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8: "The Clowns," "Astarte," and "The Three-Cornered Hat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

American Ballet Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement by this new company—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Carnaval," "Intermezzo," and "Pagan Spring." ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: "Carnaval," "Caprichos," "The Maids," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "Pagan Spring."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "Games," "Caprichos," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," "Pagan Spring," and "At Midnight." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Harkness Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Tuesday, Nov. 18—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Grand Pas Espagnol." "Souvenirs," and a work to be announced. ... ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Le Diable à Quatre" (company première), "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Feast of Ashes," "Le Diable à Quatre," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Le Diable à Quatre," and a work to be announced. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Matteo—And the Indo-American Dance Company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Vienna Eisrevue," presented here for the first time, with Emmerich Danzer and Ingrid Wendl. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8; Saturday at 2 and 8; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singer-pianist Biff Rose is onstage. On Wednesday, Nov. 5, singer Tom Rush and a British group called the Scaffold will come in. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, but there is a lot of percussion as Elvin Jones plays drums—with Wilbur Little on bass and Joe Farrell on reeds—like one destined for drumming. Between sets, the Pete La Roca orchestra takes the stand. Dining, dancing, and music, from eight-thirty to four. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Roy Eldridge quartet provides the music six nights a week in this easeful spot. On Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is also on the bill. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. On Saturday, Nov. 1, George Reed will replace Mr. Singleton. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. The McCoy Tyner quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, further east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to jazz singer Marian Taylor and the Reggie Moore trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. ... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, rhythm-and-blues singer Little Richard can be heard.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz, where Anita O'Day sings with the Roland Hanna group. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

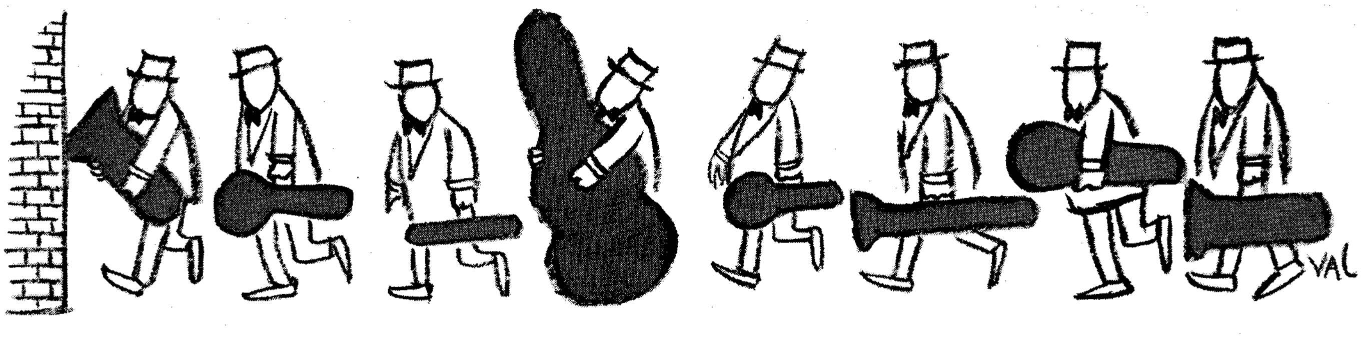
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

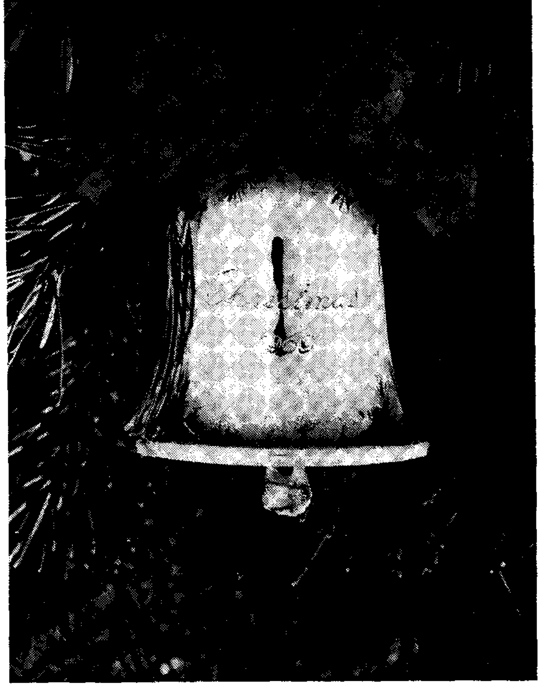
Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

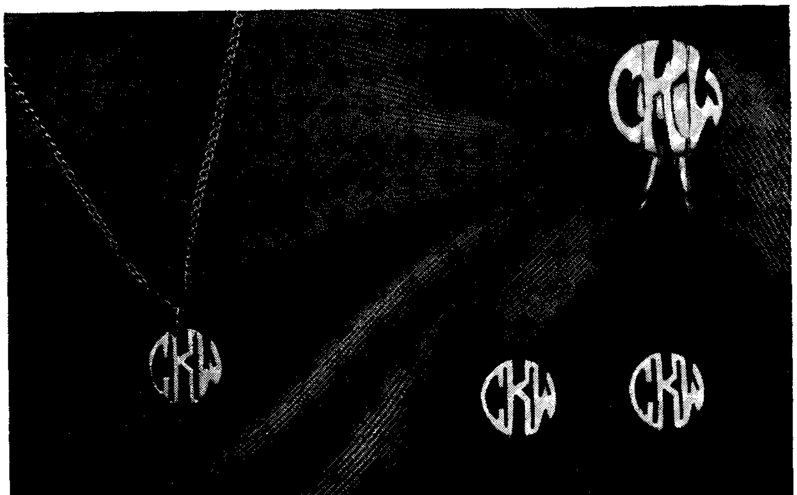
Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Elizabeth until Tuesday, Nov. 4, when Far Cry comes in. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Black Sabbath will make music, too. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)— A fairly low-keyed, dressy es-



Begin a tradition with Halls original sterling bell, heirloom gift ornament for a godchild, grandchild, favorite relative or friend. Traditional as a carol, it will "repeat the sounding joy" of Christmas forever. 3" high; gilded interior. $12.00, engraved as shown; $10.00 plain. Extra engraving, 30c per letter. Bells of other years available. Shipping Charge 50c.





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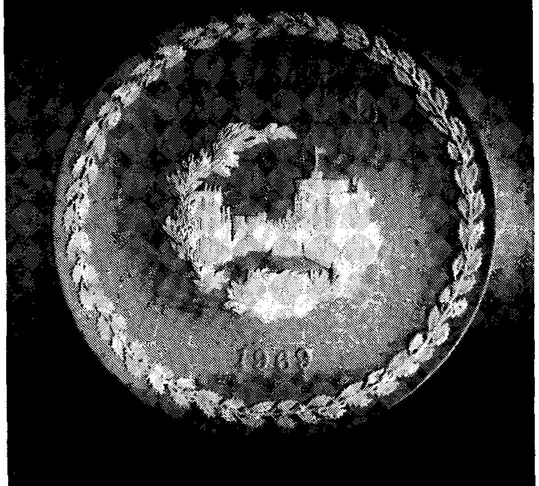

The first annual Christmas plate by Wedgwood of England, introduced in the year that commemorates The Investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales. The Windsor Castle, ancestral home of every Prince of Wales, and a holly-wreath rim are embossed in white on traditional Wedgwood blue Jasperware. Created in a limited edition series, it is destined to be an heirloom. 8" diameter. $25.00. Subject to prior sale. Shipping Charge 75c.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tablishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, John Bishop and his trio entertain. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Cradle alternate with high-powered records until Thursday, Oct. 30, when Nite Train arrives. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The Landmarks Commission, always happy to collect pin money, is letting sightseers into the old demesne for a bite to eat and dance tunes, supplied mostly by the band of Horace Diaz, an old New Yorker. The demesne itself is in charge of Billy Reed, the old song-and-dance man. Music from eight-thirty until three, but no action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek; eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A recently hatched city room, where the news of the day is handed out, never in mimeograph, by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who puts a very bold face on any type of topic. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Music, too, and song, too, of this and that quality. Steaks and such as well.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers suffers the slings and arrows of outrageous civilization, but not ever in silence. The sound and fury of her rebuttal may be heard at around ten and twelve Tuesdays through Saturdays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and wit) is Avram Grobard, who musters a number of singers, musicians, and dancers during the evening. Home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—A grass-roots rock musical in an urban setting. (Some of the portrayed characters may inhale grass and are certainly without roots.) It is largely the work of A More Perfect Union, a modest and deserving set of rockers and composers. Wednesday through Saturday every week, at nine and eleven. Both meat and drink are on the tables.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way Out," the incumbent revue, has just settled in for a run. Six brand-new players take part, nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at both dinner and supper, Phyllis Diller's huge collection of one-liners, some of them transferred from television, are set in motion by the author herself. She is preceded by a singer apparently transferred from the Lawrence Welk taxi squad. They depart on Saturday, Nov. 1, but on Thursday, Nov. 6, the enterprise reopens to house Engelbert Humperdinck, a New Wave singer whose advent has been awaited with bated breath, which is not the kind he draws. The artful orchestra assembled by Lee Evans returns to duty the same night. Showtime here is always in the middle of dinner and supper.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The head coach of Los Chavales de España has given these jolly boys a complete set of new plays, none of them designed for offense. The merrymaking happens during dinner and supper night after night. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on the no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Antonio Arenas) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Thursday, Oct. 30, brings on Jack Jones, handsome is as handsome does. Doubling as a metronome, he will lead with his chin an orchestra whose instrumental power just about matches his own vocal power. With him comes Adam Keefe, for whom wit is a natural (sometimes even supernatural) gift. They work every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the street-level bar, there is hustle and bustle, the professional portion of it provided by the music of the Pacesetters, from ten o'clock until early morning.

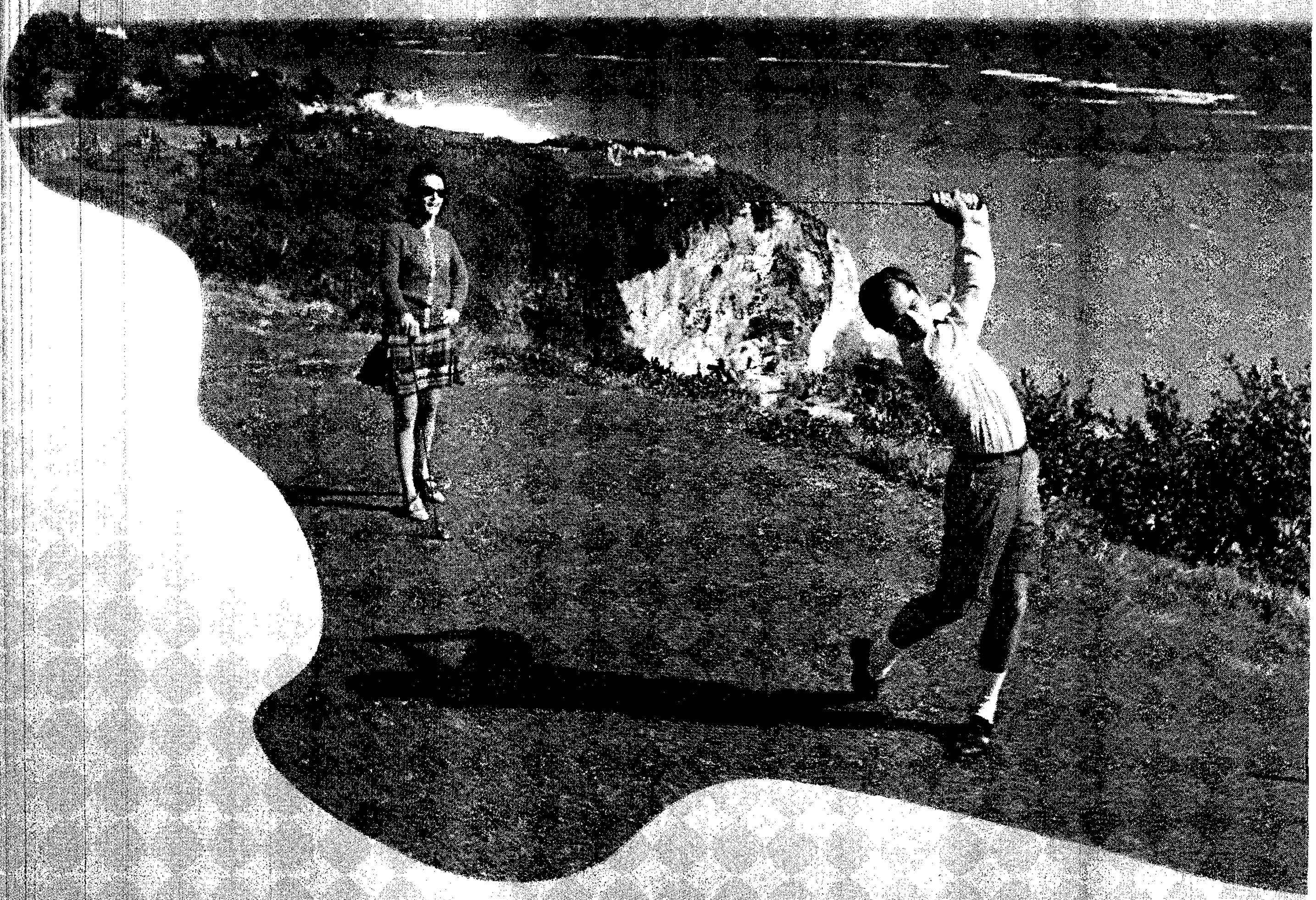
Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Marian McPartland's *cum-laude* threesome, sometimes pensive and sometimes passionate, is always aware that jazz should be a pleasure and not a self-analysis. The Seven Shades of Jazz are the other musicians. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phyllis Newman (there's a good girl!) is singing in the Persian Room, which she does for dinner and supper, through Tuesday, Nov. 4. Starting next evening, someone else will take her place. In between sets, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on waxing mellow. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** a good time can be had by all because of the listening music by Cannonball Adderley's quintet and the dancing music by Marty Napoleon's trio. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—At the very top of the town, Peter Nero operates, all by himself, the highest (and sometimes the highest-strung) piano in the world. He shows up during dinner and supper; the dance music shows up at seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a well-brought-up old partygiver, it is music, music (mainly from Quintero's hardy perennials) all night long. Part of dinner and supper is used up, as is customary here, by a soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boîte, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-



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GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3000)—Shirley Bassey, who is turned loose in the Empire Room during dinner and supper, is becoming Americanized, but she's still a fine figure of a born-in-Wales girl, and sounds it, too, no matter what she sings. She retires on Saturday, Nov. 1, and Johnny Mathis begins singing in her stead on Monday, Nov. 3. Dance music by the yard, both before and after the song recitals. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Goldie Hawkins, which is used, winter and summer, by plenty of city folks who like to put their heads together as they listen to the single and double piano of Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Triple plays, and ploys, are an every-night occurrence as Bobby Short uplifts his lyrics and piano to the background of Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's tympany. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. The Ralph Towner-Glenn Moore sodality, a new group, makes music every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Part of the ground swell is Muriel Roberts, whose muted jazz piano and voice carry on from cocktails until nine-thirty, Tuesday through Saturday; part is Scott Reed, whose voice and milder piano carry on from nine-thirty until three. Tuesday through Saturday. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fair grounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards is in firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, plays indigenous piano from eight-thirty and lasts until half past one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Umbrian wine cellar, with quite a few kitchen privileges. Franco Pagani, guitar in hand, sings the rounds from seven until midnight, though not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Bob Kail has moved his well-structured piano to the Bombay Bicycle Bar for the new season. He is on duty from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): On Sundays and Mondays, between six and ten, the Talbot Brothers, the original settlers of Bermuda, are at home, and lyrical, to their offshore admirers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAREL APPEL—A veteran of Abstract Expressionism and Pop has turned to paintings and sculptures with fantastic motifs; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Thirty-six watercolors, oil temperas, and brush drawings by the well-known artist of tiny paintings; through Nov. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes from 1923 to the present; through Nov. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

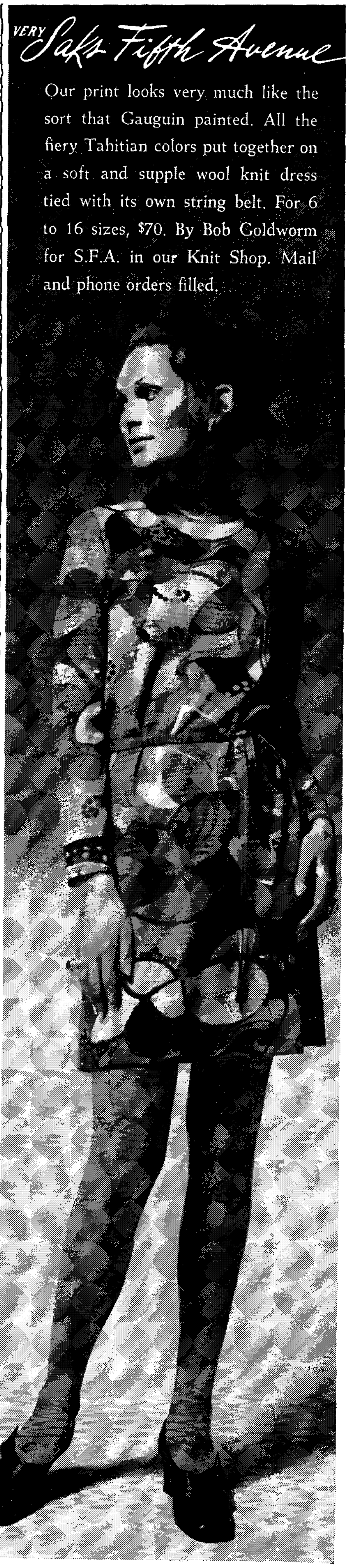
JACK BRUSCA—Paintings involving numbers and letters; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

JUAN LUIS BUÑUEL—Private symbols in bronze, brass, and copper wire; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944, most of them motionless; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER CHINNI—Abstract sculptures in stainless-steel spirals; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRISTO—Scale models, collages, drawings, and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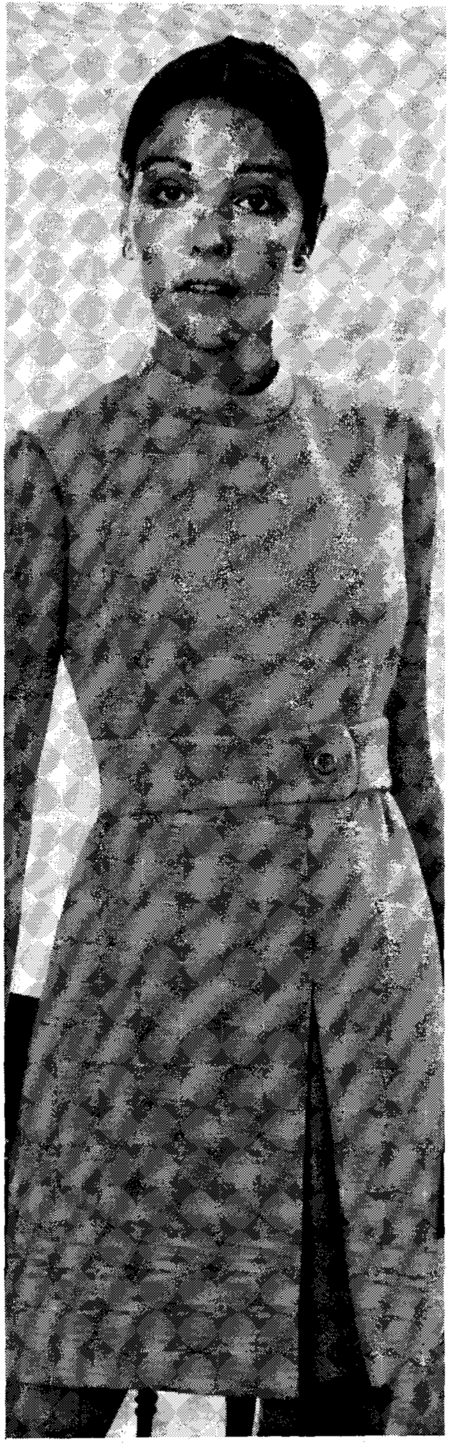

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

photographs of this artist's packaging of a portion of the Australian coast; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corot—A benefit show of eighty paintings selected from all periods of the master's career; starting Thursday, Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Craner—The first one-man show of this artist's well-handled conventional paintings; through Nov. 15. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Don David—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Davie—Oils and watercolors by the British Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ron Davis—Various applications of Minimalist concepts; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Peter Dechar—Ten large paintings by a specialist in outsize pears; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Fred Farr—Bronze horses and riders; through Nov. 15. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sam Francis—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Nov. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pedro Friedeberg—Eccentric paintings and sculptures by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sue Fuller—This sculptress in string has, well, strung the gallery with her medium; through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joel Goldblatt—Realistic paintings; through Nov. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

James M. Guy—Cubist adaptations in paintings and constructions done over a period of twenty-five years; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and *Saturday mornings.*)

Hans Haacke—This artist devotes himself to systems—hydraulic, formicarian, political, and so on—and celebrates them with his own devices; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hare—Recent paintings with highly individual motifs by a well-known sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr.—Drawings, prints, watercolors, photographs, and bronzes representing the flapper and other figures of "the roaring twenties;" through Nov. 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—A show of sixty watercolors and drawings by the founder of the Eight. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wickersham, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Fifty paintings from his Parisian period; through Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes and figures by a leading American "naïf" from Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Allan Kaprow—Photographic documentations of Happenings of the past two years; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

Kawashima—Large polyester reliefs by a Japanese Abstractionist; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes; through Nov. 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhardt Liebmann—*Paintings* of the sea; through Nov. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maryan—"Personages" in violent colors; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Graphics by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.)

Claude Monet—A benefit exhibition of forty-five paintings covering a sixty-year span; through Nov. 15. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Jerry Okimoto—Complex combinations of geometrical forms and planes in acrylics; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Calligraphic hints of remembered landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Deborah Remington—Precisionist paintings of private emblems; through Nov. 13. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings, assemblages, and pastels by a Canadian Abstract Expressionist who lives in Paris; through Nov. 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Pop-related paintings that fiercely attack current political situations; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E 57th St.)

Oskar Schlemmer (1888-1943)—More than a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures constituting a first retrospective in the United States of an artist who taught at the Bauhaus along with Klee, Kandinsky, and Gropius; through Nov. 26. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Optical paintings by a leading Latin-American artist; through Nov. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tal Streeter—Abstract steel sculptures painted red; through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a Russian in Paris who was an early Cubist; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Vestart, 1061 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays, noon to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Robert Swain—Large paintings of hexagonal shapes in brilliant colors; through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

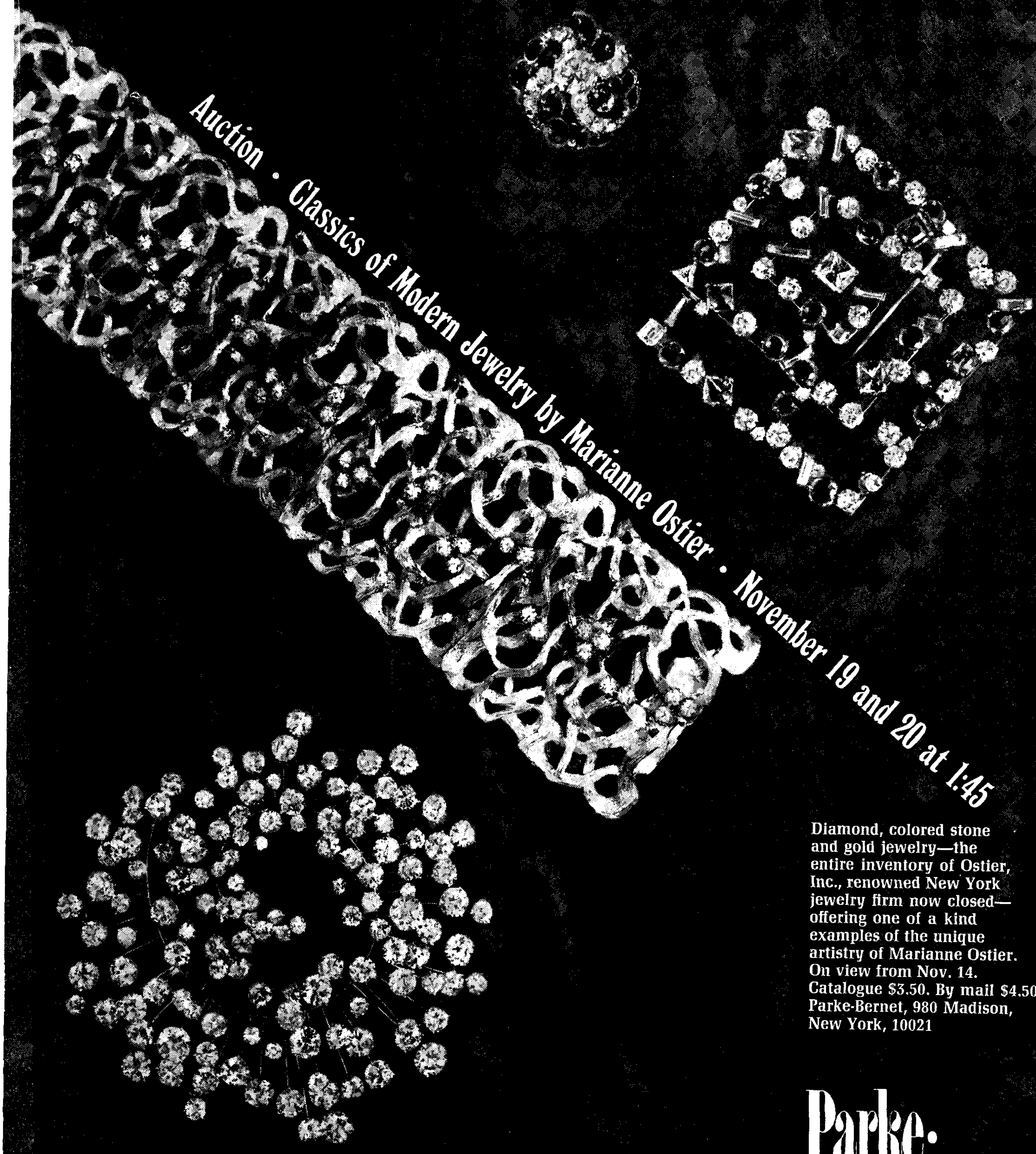
Steven Urry—Large looping aluminum shapes by a Chicago artist; through Nov. 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings, sculptures, and tapestries by a leading Op artist; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Outdoor sculptures in painted steel; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Four large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: Around twenty artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings from Corot to Picasso; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A hundred paintings of the American scene from 1825 to 1875, by Cole, Homer, Eakins, and many others; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American masters; through Friday, Oct. 31. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and collages by four Roman artists; through Nov. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Satur-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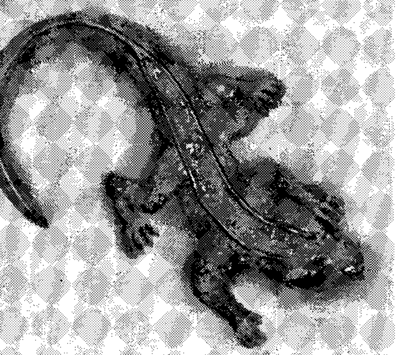

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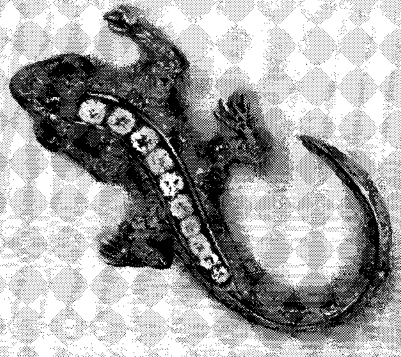

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five veteran painters—Thon, Moller, Betts, Schoener, and Magafan; through Saturday, Nov. 1.... **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Posters done between 1900 and 1920 by seventeen German artists, among them Kirchner, Pechstein, Otto Mueller, and Schiele; starting Saturday, Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by two Americans and one Italian; through Saturday, Nov. 1.... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Election Day, 1 to 10.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23.... ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30.... ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Nov. 16.... ¶ Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works executed by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean;" through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Sunday, Nov. 2.... ¶ American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century; through Tuesday, Nov. 4.... ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall holds an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Nov. 15.... ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Nov. 15.... ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings, most of them early nineteenth century, gleaned from public and private collections; through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty objects of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Dec. 14. A good complement to this exhibit is the Henri show (ending Saturday) at the Wickersham Gallery, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.... ¶ Sculptures depicting the human condition by Rhoda Sherbell; through Dec. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen and ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; starting Sunday, Nov. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:45: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Karan Armstrong, Kenneth Riegel, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; and the company's première of Orff's "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, William DuPree, and Carmen de Lavallade.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Robert Trehy. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Salvador Novoa, Richard Fredricks, and Michael Devlin.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1:15: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Karan Armstrong, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. ... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Donald Pilley.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, P. Claude Corbeil, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Franco Iglesias. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Pierre Duval, P. Claude Corbeil, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Will Roy. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with David Nadien, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 31, at 2.)

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Rudolf Kempe

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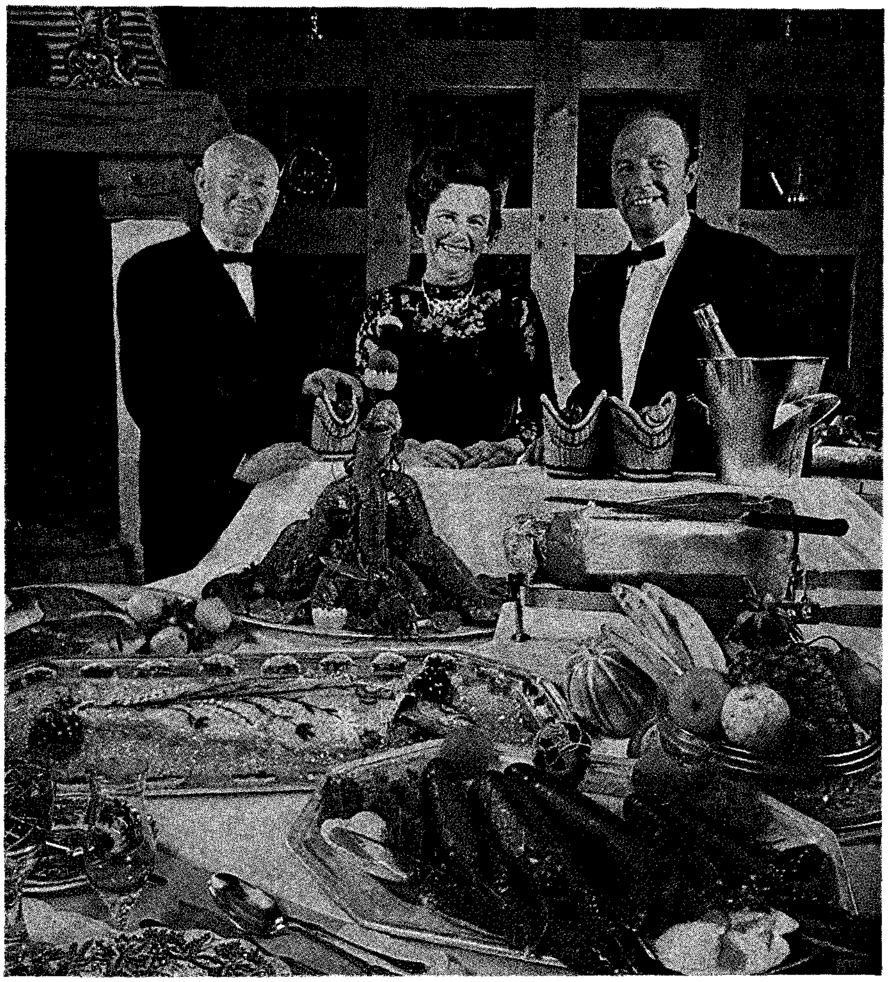

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, with Heather Harper, soprano.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling directing, with Leslie Guinn, baritone, and the Worcester Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Prague Symphony—Vaclav Smetacek conducting, with Eva Bernathova, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 1-2, at 8:30, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8:30, with Marilyn Horne, soprano. All seats have been sold for the first and third concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Czech music, with Louisa Budd, soprano, and Ivan Moravec, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Westminster Choir—Raymond Leppard directing a benefit concert, with fifty-four members of the New York Philharmonic; Patricia Brooks, soprano; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and Spiro Malas, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Royal Choral Society—Wyn Morris directing, with the Royal Choral Society Players. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in an all-Couperin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Steven Staryk—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Jean and Kenneth Wentworth—Piano, four hands. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Two programs performed by Veronica Tyler, soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; Pina Carmirelli and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of music by Henry Purcell, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Malcolm Frager—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Waverly Consort—Spanish music of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and Italian music of Monteverdi and his contemporaries. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Chloe Owen—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Howard Aibel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Baroque Trio of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Murray Perahia, piano; Marc Gottlieb and Donald Weilerstein, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Early Music Quartet—A program of Renaissance music by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:40.)

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

Philip Cho—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Berlin Philharmonic Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Nehama Lifschitz—The third in a series of four recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Mountain, Steve Miller Blues Band, and the Move—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Richie Havens—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.

The Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

Tim Buckley—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

Peter, Paul & Mary—A benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Santana, Humble Pie, and the Butterfield Blues Band—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

Miriam Makeba—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.

Pete Seeger—A benefit concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Benny Powell Sextet—A program called "Story of Jazz." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 5:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

Paul Bley—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

Tommy Makem—With Paddy Noonan, the Blarney Folk, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Louisiana State University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 8 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:05.)

Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 4,

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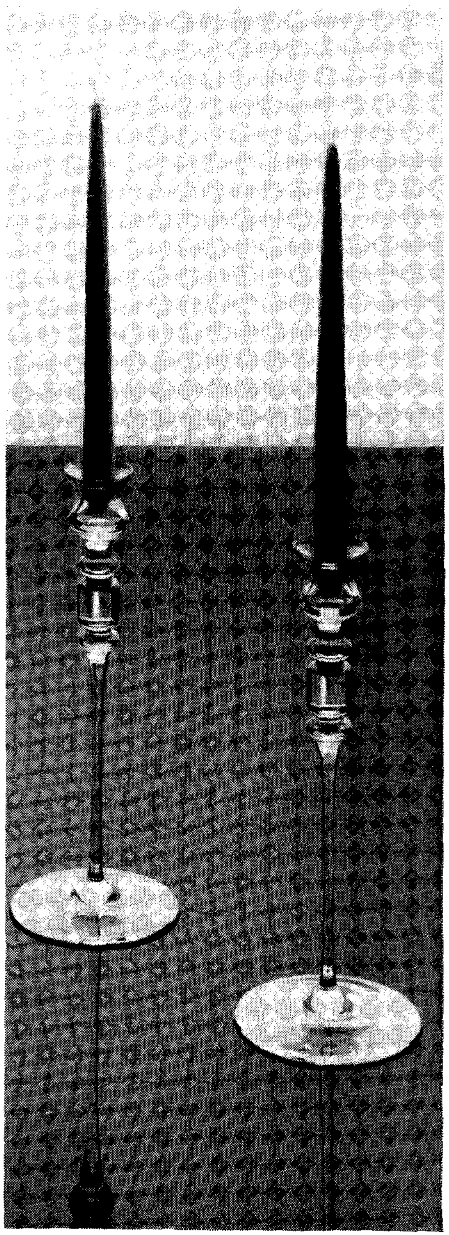

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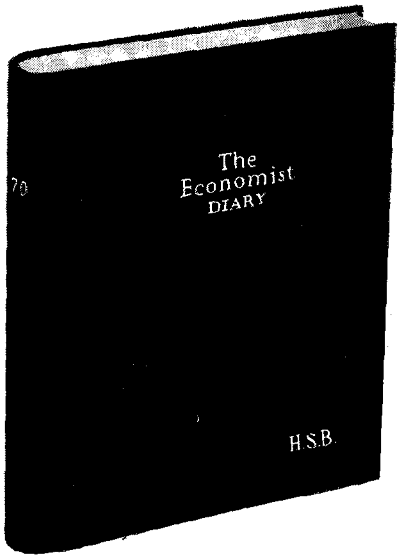

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 18. The Trenton Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 4, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Aaron Copland conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of his own music written for motion pictures. The opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **gingerbread p. ayers & jack:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2. Children under five not admitted.). . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **pixie judy troupe:** "Tom Sawyer," Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.). . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 4; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lectures—Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Words in Western Painting," by Michel Butor. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 3: James Johnson Sweeney presenting the second in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of

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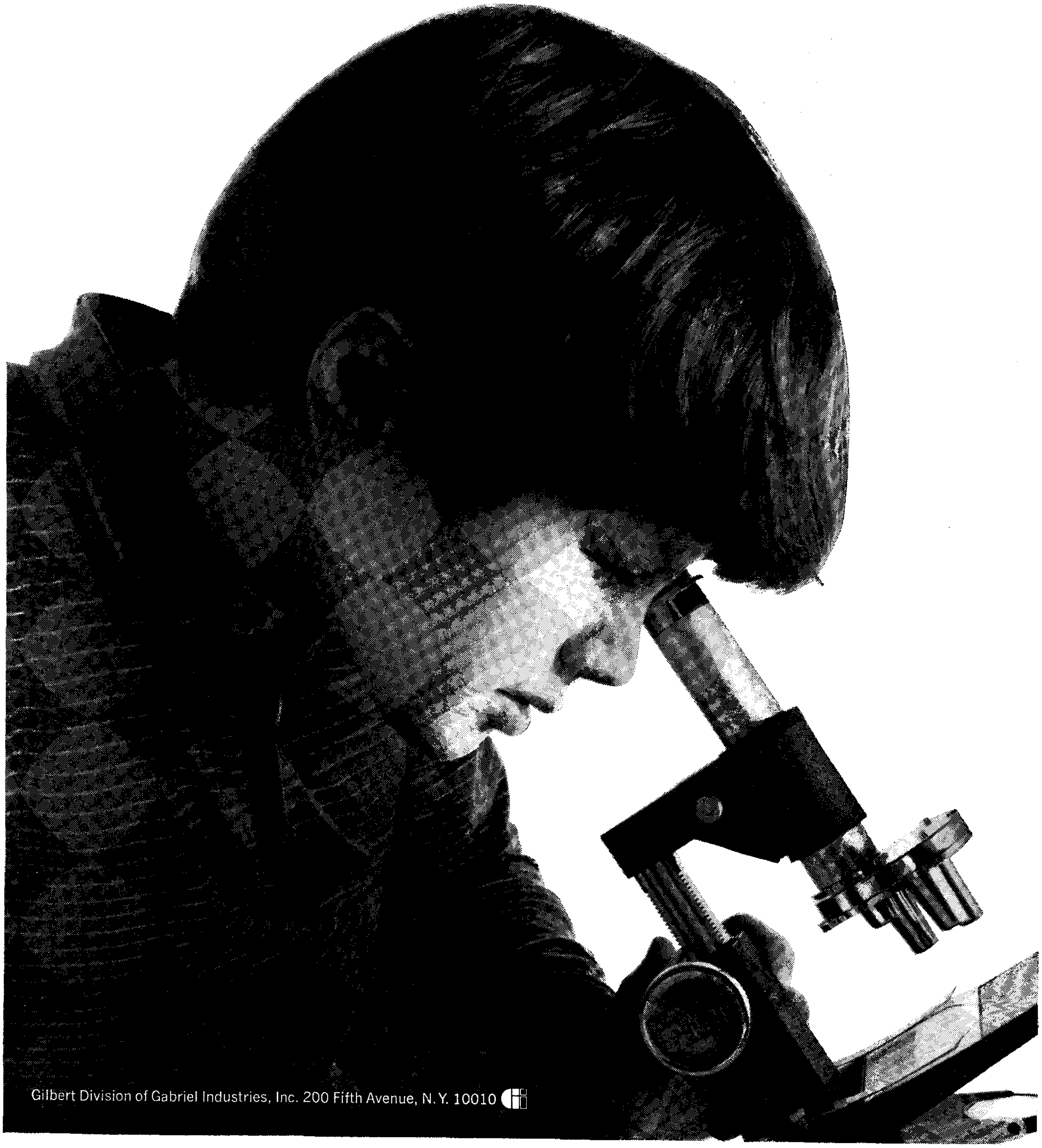

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Admission is free.)

NATIONAL ARTS AND ANTIQUES FESTIVAL—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be silk prayer rugs, wall hangings, and turquoise carvings from Persia; lacquered furniture, embroideries, and brass objects from India; and a large collection of antique wallpaper rollers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Nov. 2, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 1:45: American books and manuscripts, from the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, after the Phillipps sale: The final draft of Alexander Hamilton's document, titled "On the Constitutionality of the Bill for Establishing a National Bank" and written by his assistant Henry Kuhl; owned by John R. Dillard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: Barbizon and eighteenth-century paintings, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 10:15: Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis paperweights; from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art, including jades, porcelains, and snuff bottles; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture and decorations; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 1:45: Twentieth-century European and American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seven programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Oct. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "The Childhood of Gorky" (1938); Oct. 31 at 2 and 5:30, "The Rainbow" (1944); Nov. 1 at 3 and 5:30, "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959); Nov. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1944); Nov. 3 at 2 and 5:30, "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" (1946); Nov. 4 at 2 and 5:30, "Nine Days of One Year" (1961); Nov. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957). . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Double Suicide" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 11:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Nov. 2: Four Chaplin comedies—"The Vagabond," "The Count," "One A.M.," and "The Pawnshop" (all 1916). . . . ¶ Nov. 5-6: "Pool Sharks" (1915) and "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925), both with W. C. Fields. (Showings at 4 and 6.)

COMING EVENTS

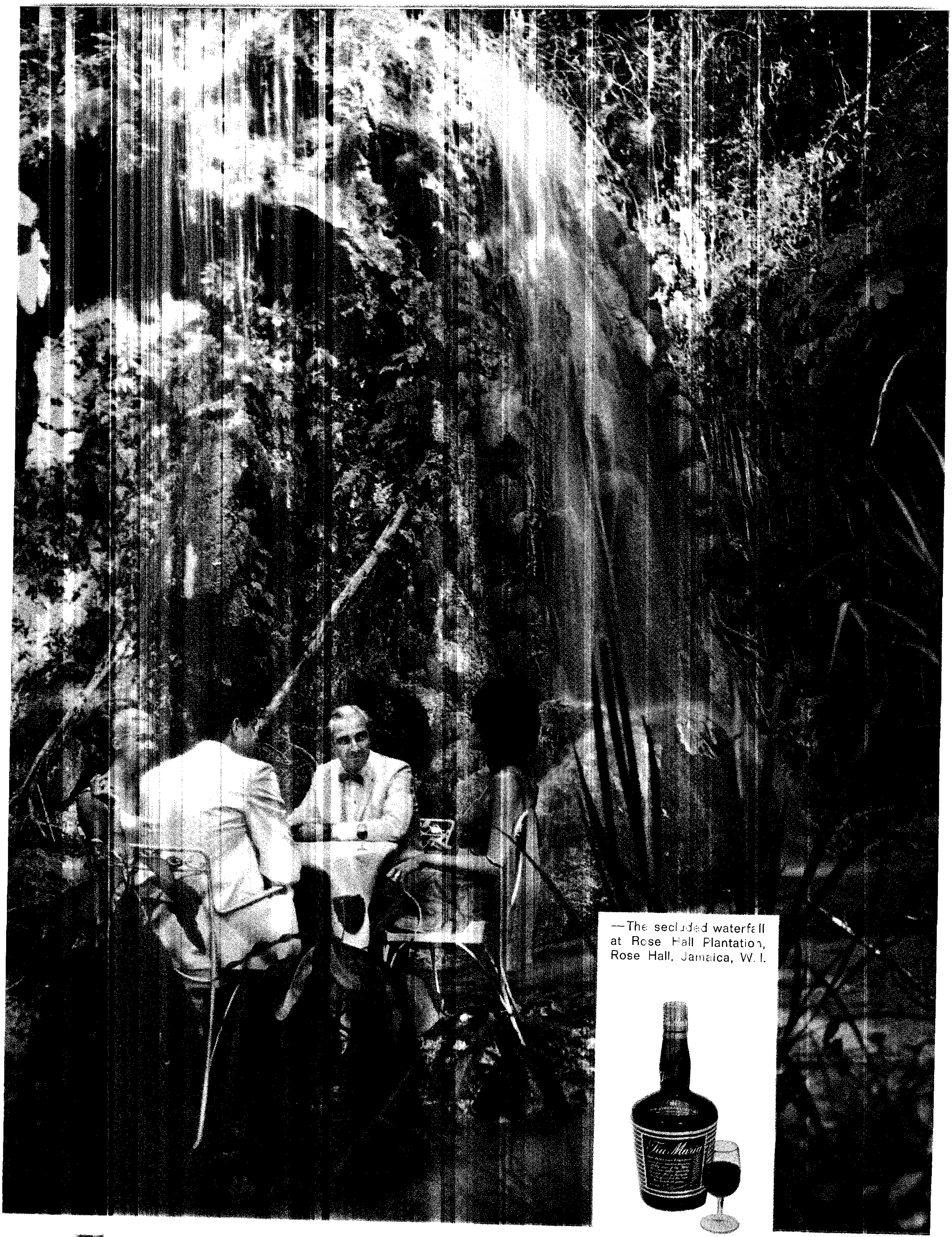
(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 13, 15, 18, 22, 25, and 29, and Dec. 2, 6, 9, and 13.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 6.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 15:** Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover; and Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 22:** Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 29:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Oakland



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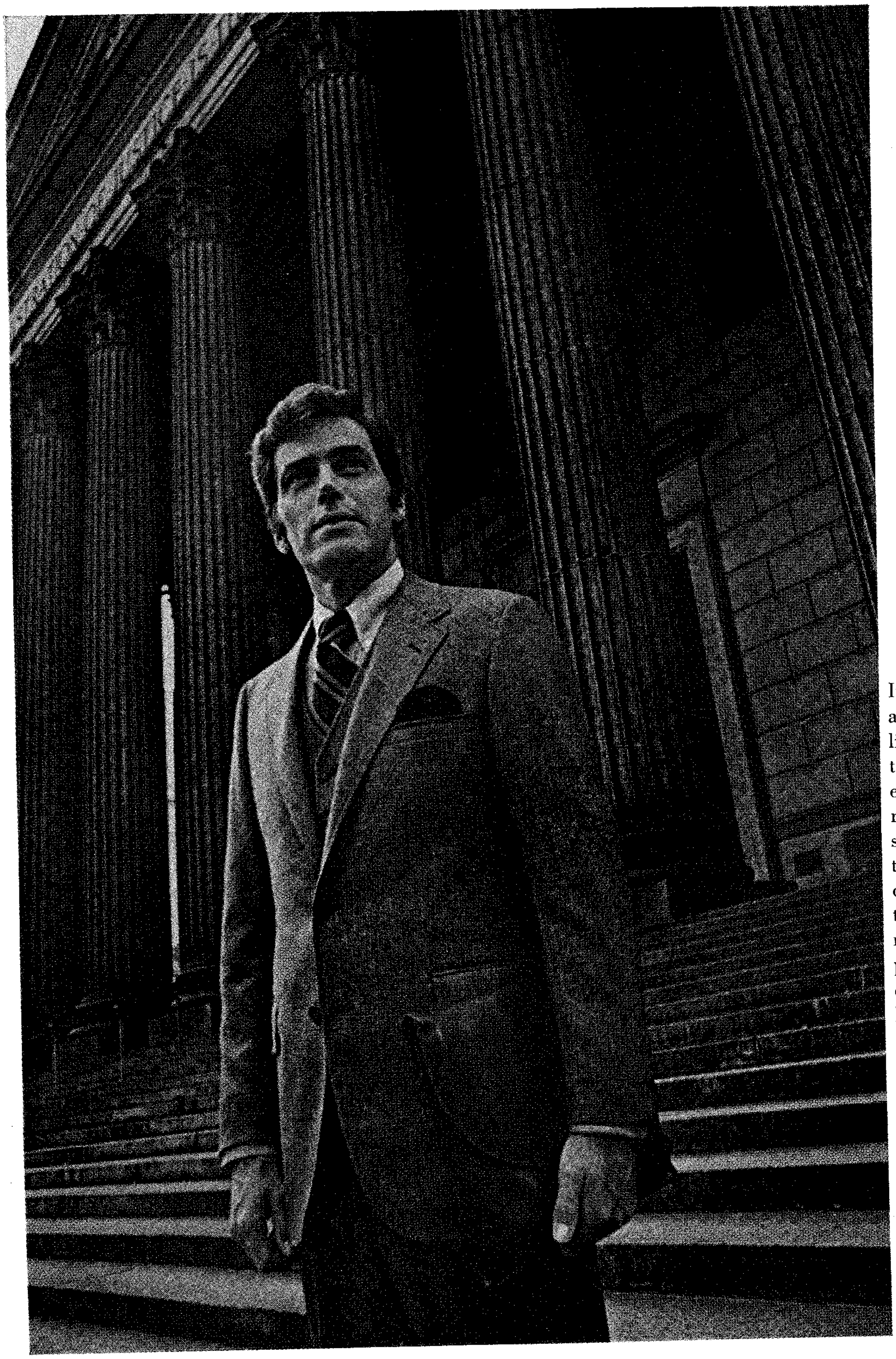

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Raiders, Nov. 30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Dec. 7.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 12, 16, 23, 26, 29, and 30, and Dec. 3, 7, 10, and 14.

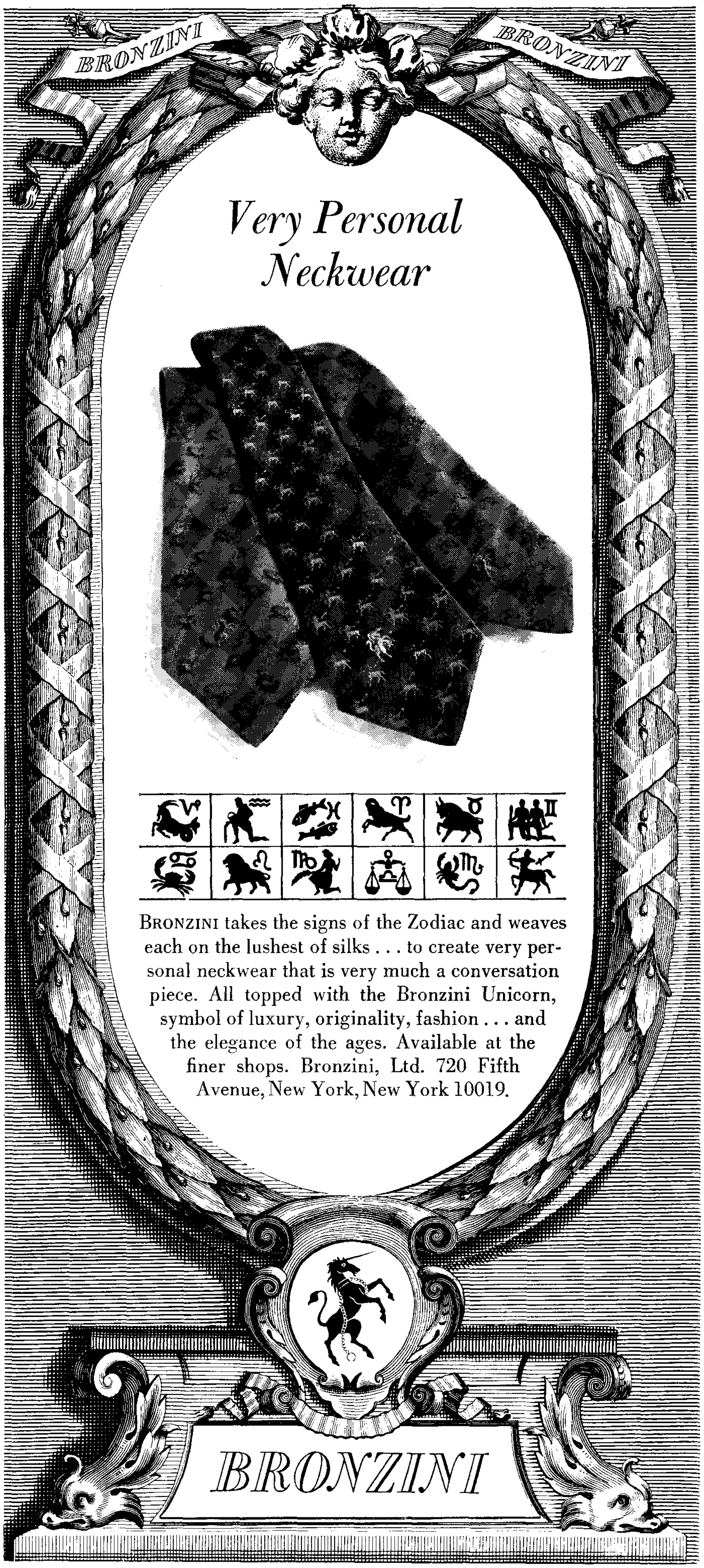
MUSIC—**PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Anthony di Bonaventura, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 7 . . . ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 10 and 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9-10 and 23-24 and Dec. 7-8. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, soprano, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ NHK Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano; Jacqueline du Pré, cello; and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Ernst Haefliger tenor, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, keyboard, Nov. 20 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Nov. 22. . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, and Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Alexander Slobodyanik, piano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 9. . . **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Jerome Rose, piano, Nov. 9 and Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Victor Eresko, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Gianna d'Angelo, soprano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 28-29. . . . ¶ Birgit Finnila, contralto, Nov. 30. . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Benno and Sylvia Rabinof, violin and piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879 5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 16 and 22. . . ¶ Prague Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Pro Arte Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9. ¶ Pierre Fournier, cello, Nov. 22. . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 28. . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, Dec 6. . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Jacques Abram, piano, Nov. 30.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 18-Feb. 15. . . ¶ Alwin Nikolais Dance Company, at the City Center, Dec. 2-7. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, Dec. 9-14.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Henry V," by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Stratford, Conn., for a two-week engagement. . . . ¶ A five-week engagement of the Plumstead Playhouse production of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," starring Henry Fonda and Elizabeth Hartman. ¶ "Buck White," a musical version by Oscar Brown, Jr., of Joseph Dolan Tuotti's play "Big Time Buck White," with Muhammad Ali in the title role. . . . ¶ A musical, "La Strada," based on the Fellini film, with music and lyrics by Lionel Bart, book by Charles K. Peck, Jr., and a cast that includes Bernadette Peters, Vincent Beck, Larry Kert, and Patricia Marand. . . . ¶ Edmond O'Brien, Jack Cassidy, and Dorothy Stickney in Brian Friel's play "The Mundy Scheme," imported from Dublin.

DRAMA AND POETRY READINGS—Nov. 17: Octavio Paz. . . . ¶ Nov. 24: Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder. . . . ¶ Dec. 11: Arthur Miller. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. 427-6000.)

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 21-23. . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 27. . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, Dec 1-7.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 4.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 5.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—That great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Chaplin Comedies—"A Night at the Show," "By the Sea," "His New Profession," and "Making a Living," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

Coming Apart—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glassman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This sex-exploitation movie is (briefly) funny, until it begins to take its theme seriously. Then it becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. Milton Moses Ginsberg wrote and directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 5.)

Duet for Cannibals—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a younger couple, but the people have little character, and as the games don't seem to have rules or stakes, it's all rather dry. Adriana Asti acts mysterious and neurotic, and the other actors look as if they're trying to find something to do. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal who has a surreal vision of Venusians when he gives up Scotch for joints. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060; starting Nov. 5.)

The Fox (1968)—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis, Anne Heywood, and Keir Dullea. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 4.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Nov. 4.)

MOTION PICTURES

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The Graduate (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Nov. 4.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 6.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 30.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 29.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

I Live in Fear (1967)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 30.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda's first American feature is about Los Angeles and would-be movie stars (Viva, the wilted flower of the underground, and Gerome Ragni and James Radi, the authors of "Hair") and television voyeurism. It's very pretty and might be amusing in a trivial way if it didn't dwell on Robert Kennedy's death and didn't include inept sequences on the problems of movie financing, with an awkward, uncomfortably serious mock-suicide by Shirley Clarke. Viva says some of the brightest things in the movie, but also the dumbest. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 30.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—The remnants of the Jean Giraudoux play can still be perceived in Edward Anhalt's vile modernization, and a lot of famous actors can be recognized even in the performances they give here. Bryan Forbes directed the cast, which includes Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Charles Boyer, Yul Brynner, Donald Pleasence, Danny Kaye. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 4.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressure on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 4.)

The Men Who Tread on The Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An antiwar musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060; through Nov. 4.) Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paint Your Wagon—On the strange supposition that musicals will make more money without singers, the producers have put a fairly pleasant score in the hands of Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. The results are what you might expect. It cost twenty million dollars, and, at times, it has a certain cornball charm—though hardly enough to make the stockholders smile. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Election Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 5, tentative.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Though he's wearing feathers, not mink, Christopher Plummer plays the Inca king as if he were posing for one of those "What Becomes a Legend Most?" ads. Robert Shaw, as Pizarro, keeps staring at him with his pale-blue eyes, getting more and more bewildered. This can't be what Peter Shaffer envisioned when he wrote the play, but, as Tennessee Williams says, "If they laugh, it's a comedy." Irving Lerner directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—The title is unfortunate, but it's a good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Walk with Love and Death—John Huston directed this impressive, tough-minded story of young lovers trying to survive the chaos of the Hundred Years' War. It might be more lyrical and more exciting, but it's compelling, nevertheless. With Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan. From the Hans Koningsberger novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Nov. 5.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 4.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 4: "More," Mimsy Farmer.
From Nov. 5: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 4: **BELLE DE JOUR** and **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (both in French).
From Nov. 5: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 4: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE;** and "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Sons of the Desert" (1934) and "Saps at Sea" (1940), both with Laurel and Hardy.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Black on White," Terry Carter.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 5: **A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH.**
From Nov. 6: "Downhill Racer," Robert Redford, Gene Hackman.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
LIONS LOVE.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 30: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 31: "L'Immortelle" (in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 4: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).
From Nov. 5: **BLOW-UP;** and **DARLING.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 30: **I LIVE IN FEAR** and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 31-Nov. 2: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
From Nov. 3: "Sign of the Virgin," a Czechoslovakian film.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Camille 2000," Danièle Gaubert.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 3: "Teorema" (in Italian), *Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano; and* "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian).
From Nov. 4: **GIGI;** and "Lili" (1953), Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 3: "Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.
From Nov. 4: **THE GRADUATE.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 4: **OLIVER!**
From Nov. 5: **EASY RIDER.**

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Hail, Hero!," Michael Douglas, Arthur Kennedy.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Adalen 31" (in Swedish).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
DUET FOR CANNIBALS (in Swedish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 29: **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME;** and "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland.
Oct. 30-Nov. 5: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden" (1955), Julie Harris, James Dean.
From Nov. 6: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 4: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?;** and **THE FOX.**
From Nov. 5: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine; and "Secret Ceremony" (1968), Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 30: **HOW I WON THE WAR;** and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN;** and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
Nov. 4-6: "Catherine the Great" (1934), Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Rembrandt" (1936), Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Camille 2000," Danièle Gaubert.

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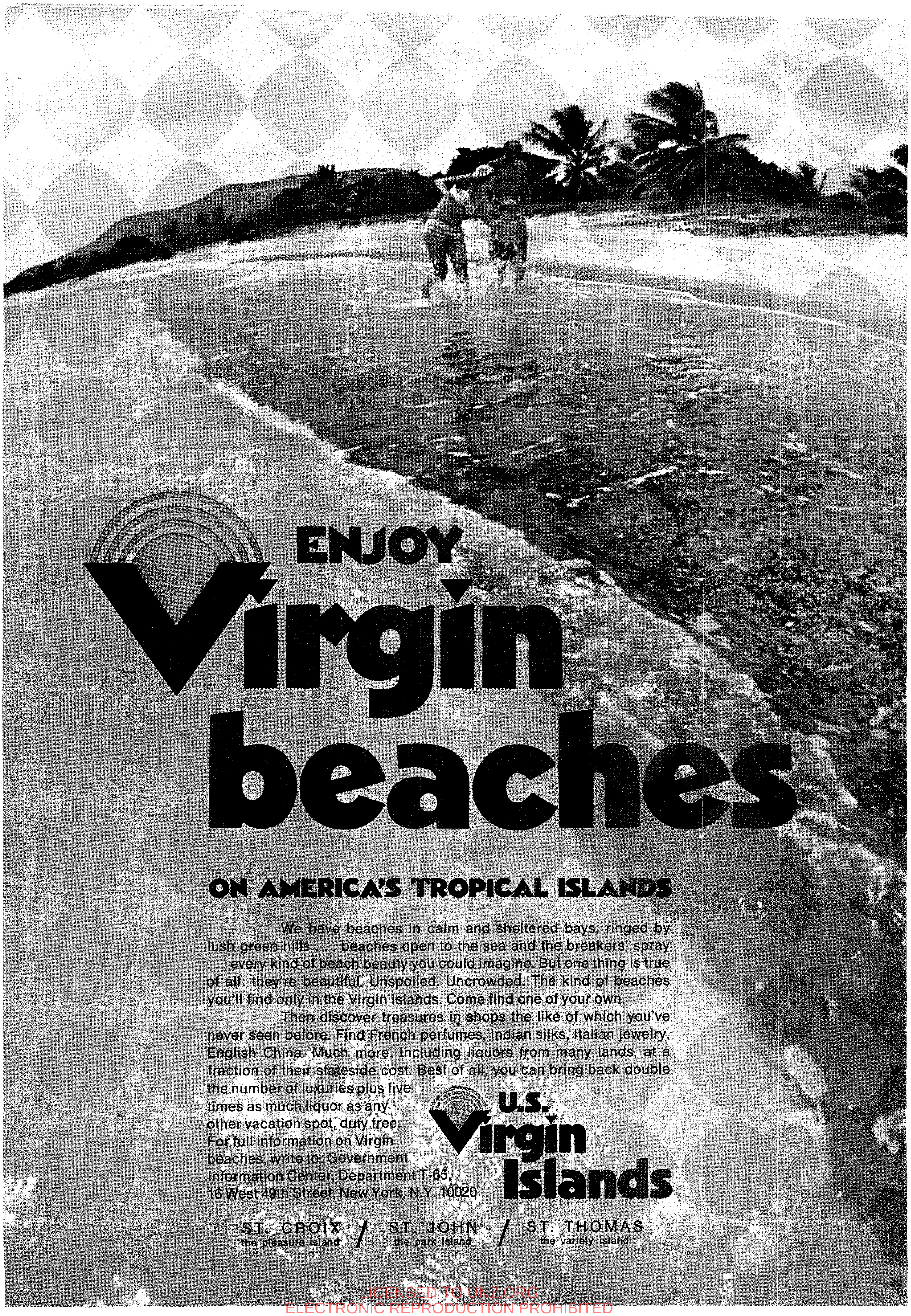
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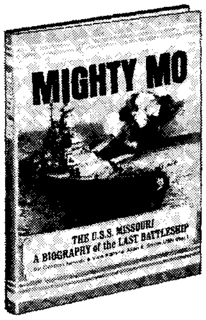
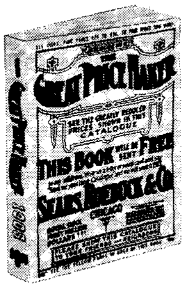
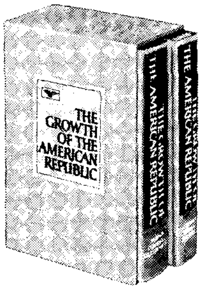
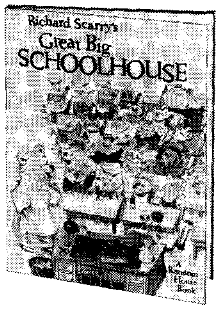
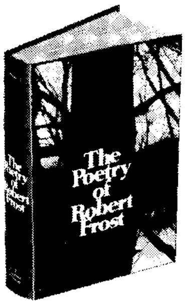
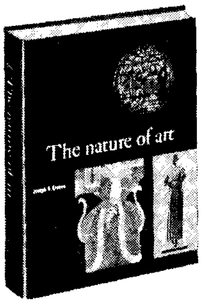

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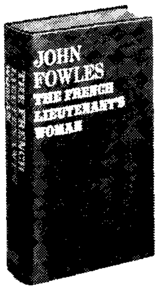

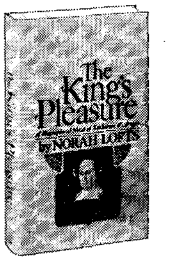
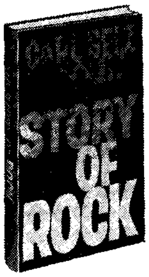
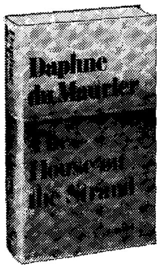
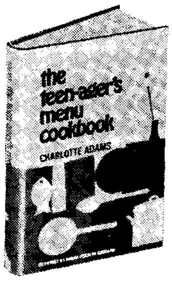
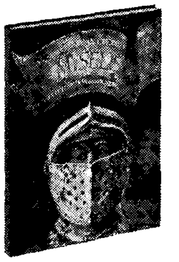

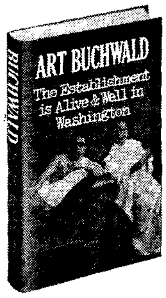

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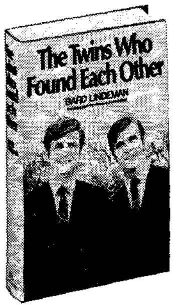

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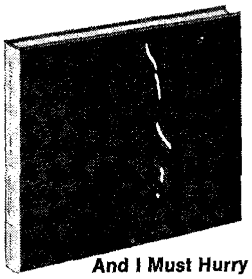
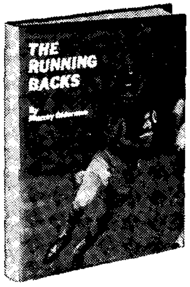


And I Must Hurry for the Sea is Coming In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THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

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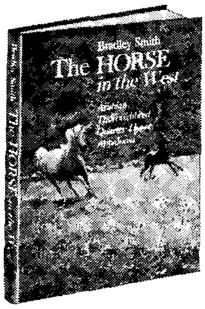
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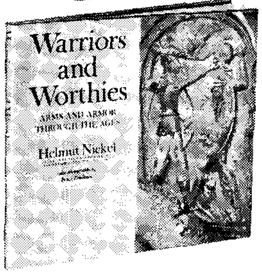
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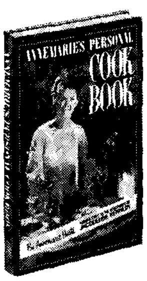
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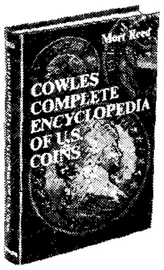
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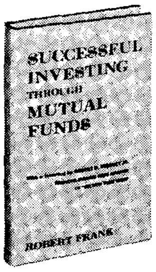
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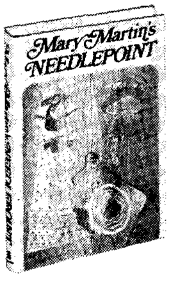
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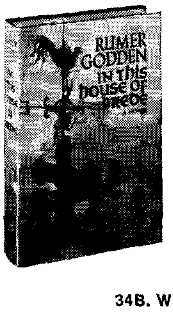
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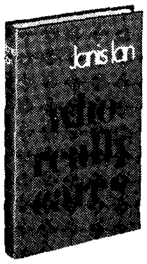
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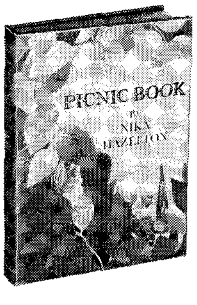
who really cares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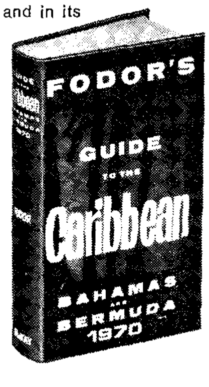
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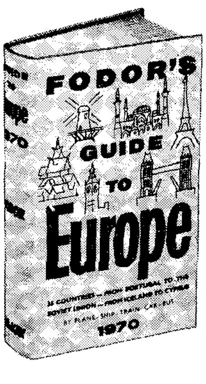
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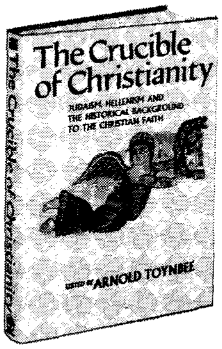
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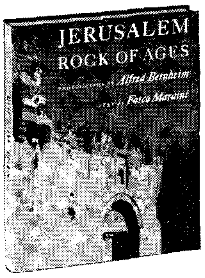
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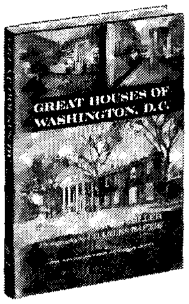
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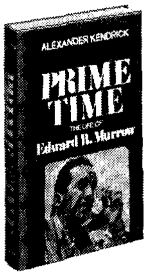
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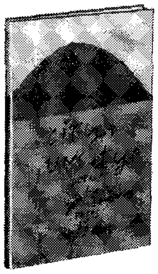

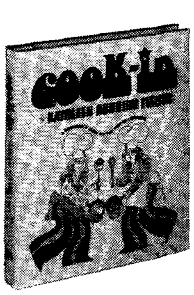

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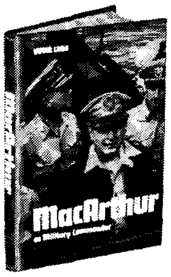

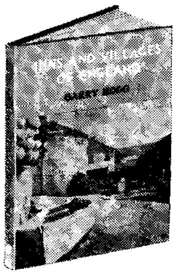
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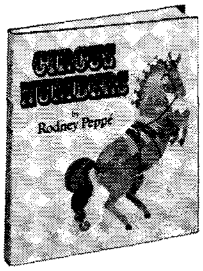
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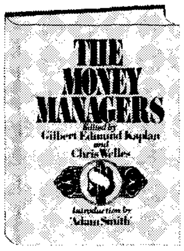
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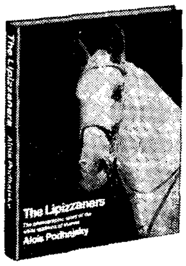
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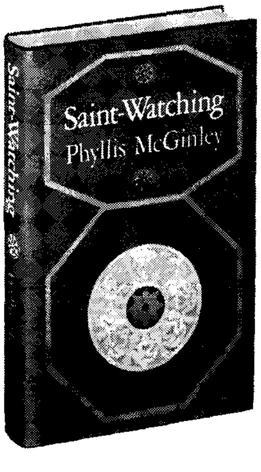
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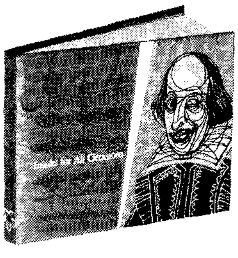
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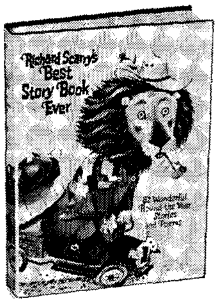
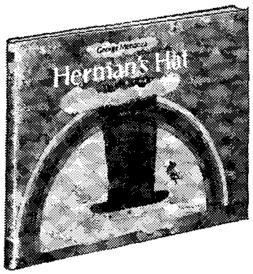

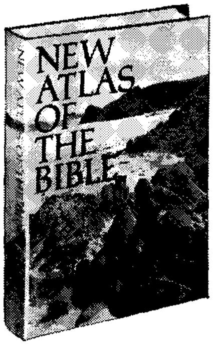
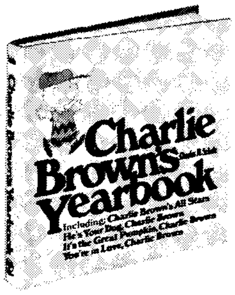

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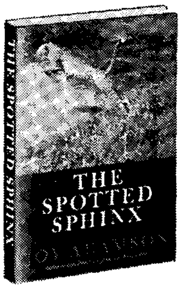

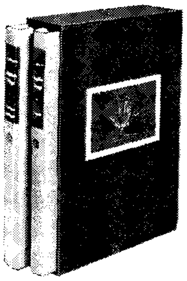

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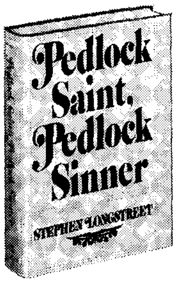

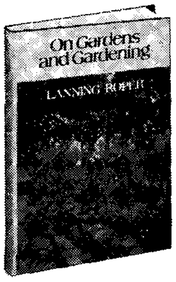

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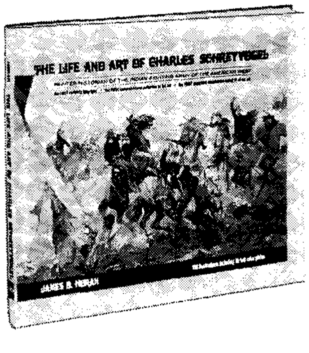

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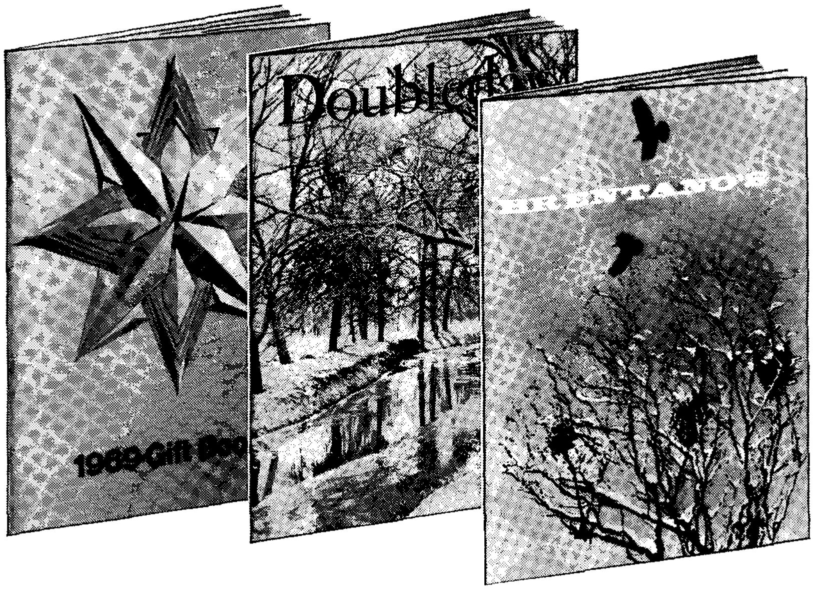

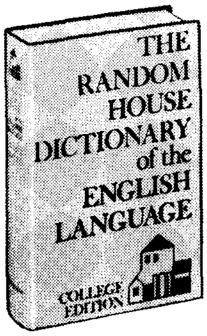

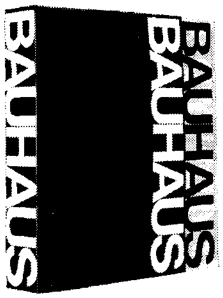

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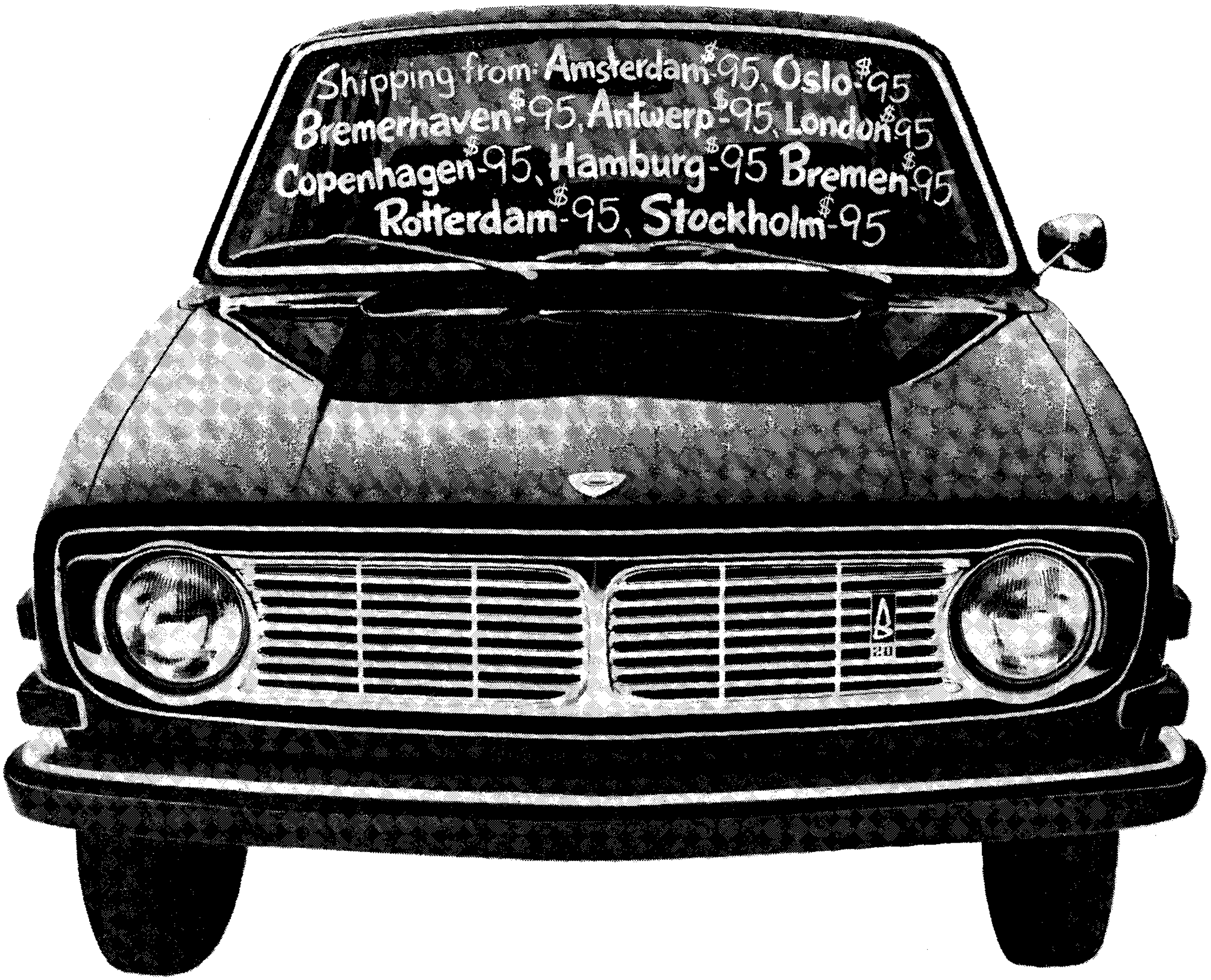
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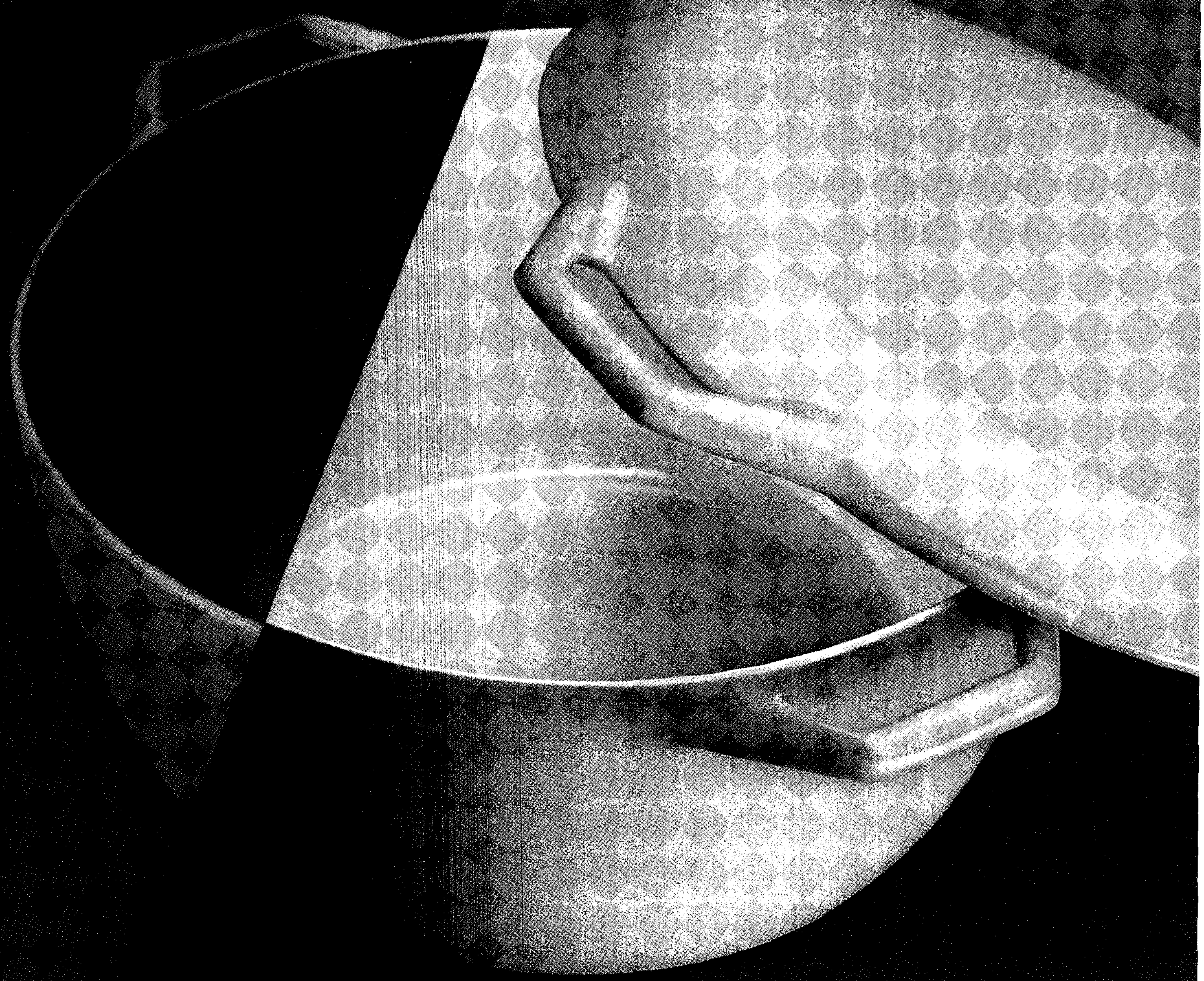

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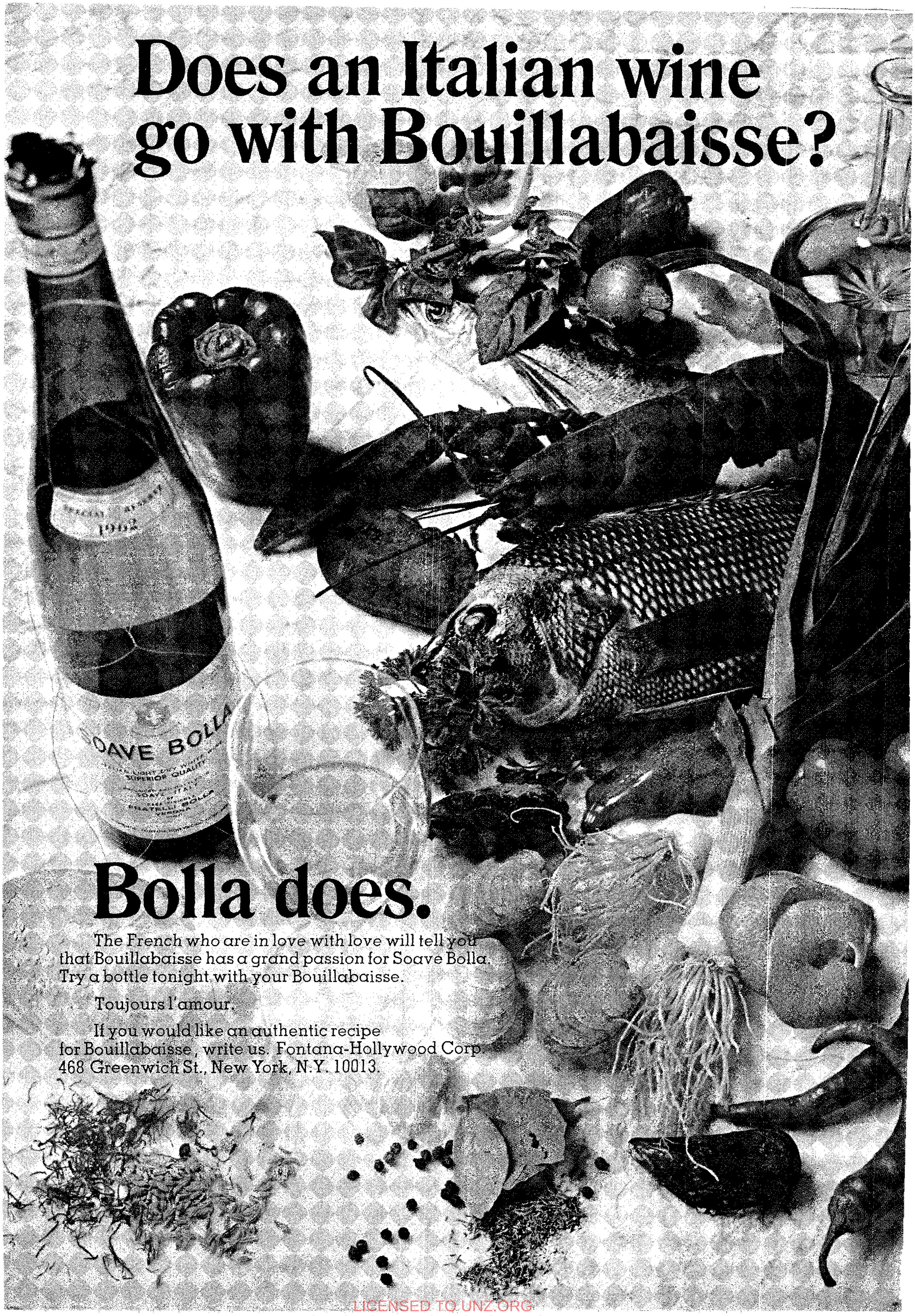
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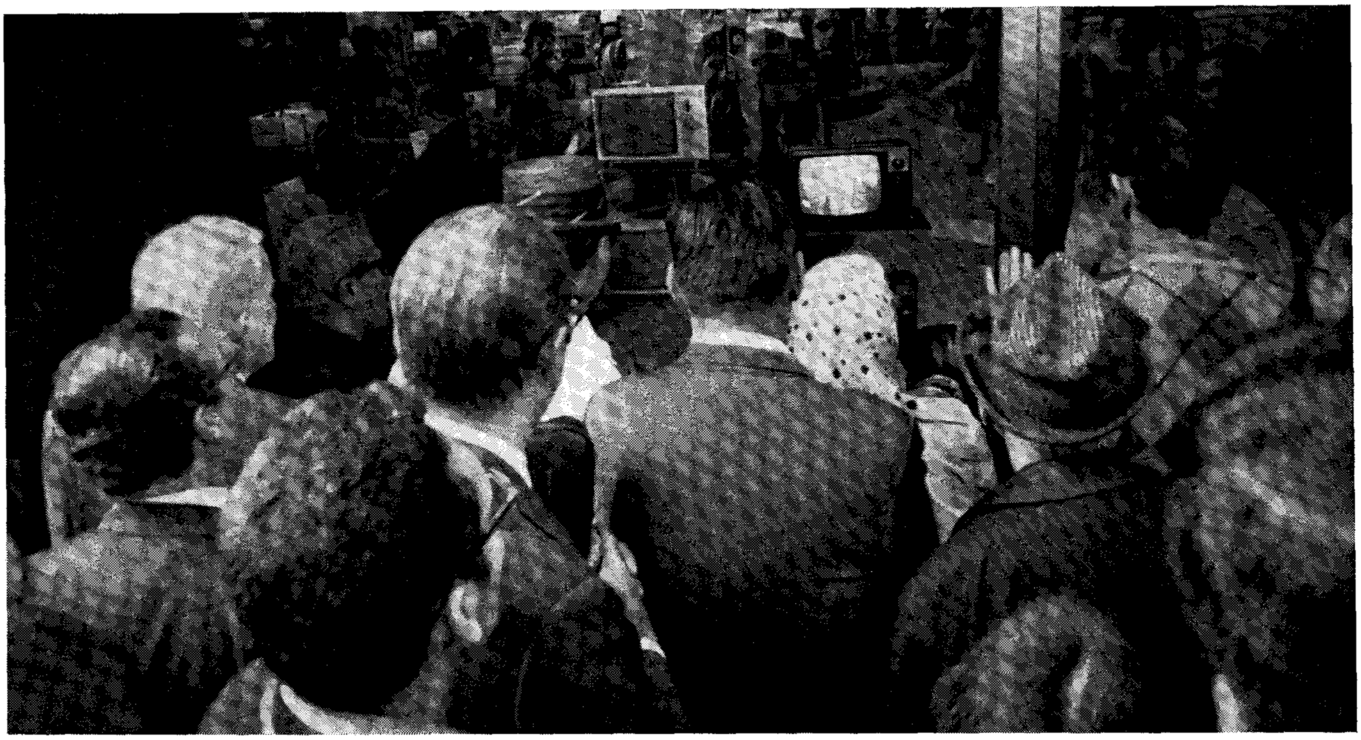

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November, like every month in this life of ours, is going to be interesting. Some of the reasons why are in this partial list of programs. And what is unpredictable—pleasant or not—we'll show you too, because you have the right to know.

Discovery. The Young Oceanographers; The Thundering Waters of Niagara; Lights, Cameras and Underwater Adventure; The Strangest Mammals of All; The Great Salt Lake. Sundays, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Job; Gandhi; Prodigal Son; The Nun—Parts 1 and 2. Sundays, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Summer of the Badger; Beneath Kilimanjaro; Return of the Salmon; Wildfire!—Parts 1 and 2. Sundays, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (7-7:30 pm).

A Conversation with Dean Acheson – Part 2. CBS News Special with the former Secretary of State. Tuesday, Nov. 4 (10-10:30 pm).

Sinatra. Frank Sinatra, in a one-man show, reviews his career. Wednesday, Nov. 5 (9-10 pm).

Roberta. New production of the musical comedy, starring Bob Hope, Janis Paige, Michele Lee, John Davidson. Thursday, Nov. 6 (8:30-10 pm).

An Evening with Julie Andrews and Harry Belafonte. Musical-variety directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. Sunday, Nov. 9 (9-10 pm).

Hey, Hey, Hey—It's Fat Albert. Animated special based on characters created by Bill Cosby. Wednesday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8 pm).

Norman Rockwell's America. Musical-variety special bringing to life the works of artist Norman Rockwell. Starring Jonathan Winters, Dick Smothers and Michele Lee. Wednesday, Nov. 12 (10-11 pm).

The Wolf Men. G-E Monogram Series—Study of the wolf and attempts to save it from extinction. Tuesday, Nov. 18 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The File on Devlin. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Play based on the Catherine Gaskin novel of intrigue. Starring David McCallum, Judith Anderson, Elizabeth Ashley. Friday, Nov. 21 (8:30-10 pm).

Mirror, Mirror, Off The Wall. Prudential's On Stage—Comedy-fantasy starring George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton. Friday, Nov. 21 (10-11 pm).

How Life Begins. Broad look at reproduction in many species includes filming of a human birth. Friday, Nov. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Simon and Garfunkel Special. Contemporary music and comedy with the singer-composer duo. Sunday, Nov. 30 (9-10 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester / The Today Show / Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month) / CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour / Jambo / G-E College Bowl / ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up And Live / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Directions / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Eternal Light / Issues and Answers / Wild Kingdom / The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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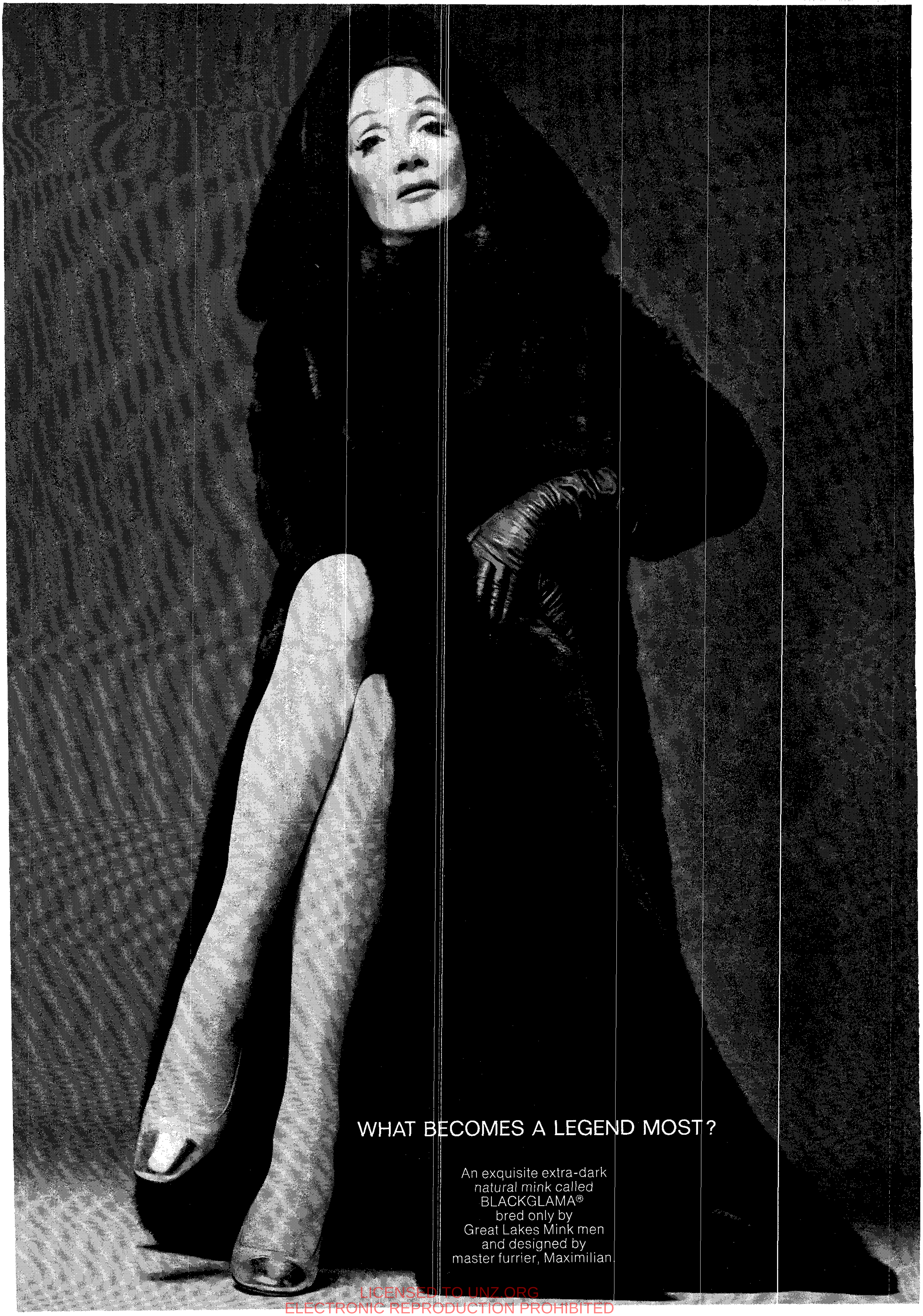
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

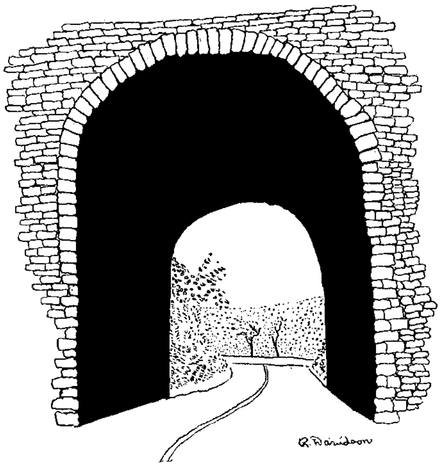
Notes and Comment

THE manufacturers of soft drinks responded to the government's ban on cyclamates with a burst of energy that did not come from any sugar substitute. Less than forty-eight hours after the Food and Drug Administration's announcement on the artificial sweetener, the Pepsi-Cola Company was spreading itself in full-page newspaper ads that had this tidbit buried in the middle of three solid columns of type: "We have immediately formulated a completely new Diet Pepsi which is not only free of cyclamates but which tastes noticeably better than our previous product. The secret is sugar—pure, natural sugar." This may be the most significant piece of news from the applied-sciences community since it announced the device that utilizes the position of the sun's shadow to tell time. Just as we had begun to think that technology was coming up against the outer limits of invention on this well-plumbed planet, we were struck by the realization that it may in fact be entering a new age of discovery—one that promises dairy products made entirely of dairy products, pesticides composed of eager birds and praying mantises, and a new kind of atmosphere containing plenty of oxygen. Apparently, there is no end to the wonders on earth.

October Afternoon

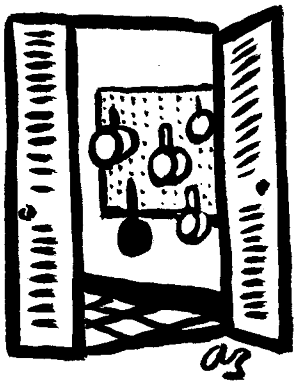
LAST week, we wrote of Vietnam Moratorium Day here in the city, and now, from a man in northwestern Connecticut, we've had this letter describing the day in a small New England town:

"We live in the foothills of the Berkshires, my wife, my son, and I, in an isolated house on a dirt road in a town called Sherman. People in Sherman live mainly apart from each other, in converted barns in the woods, or on farms, or in old Colonial houses that stand alone on forty or fifty acres of cleared land, and there isn't much to that part of the town known as Sherman Center—a dozen or so white clapboard houses, a library, a post office, a firehouse, a red brick elementary school, Bennett's general store, and a Mobil gasoline station and garage run by a man named Giddings. In other words, a one-horse town, if anybody had a horse. And because of the peculiarly private nature of the twelve hundred people who live in Sherman I hadn't expected that any particular public notice would be taken here of Vietnam Moratorium Day. I'd thought only that, as an opponent of the war, I would mark the day by wearing a black armband when I went down to Bennett's in the morning to pick up the *Times*. On the eve of the Moratorium, though, we had a phone call from Mrs. John Price, the mother of a high-school girl named Meg whom we've had baby-sit from time to time for Joe, our son, who is a year and a half old. Mrs. Price said that some people of Sherman who wished to make known their support of the Moratorium were gathering on the front lawn of the elementary school the next afternoon at five. No one was sponsoring the gathering, she told us—no church or political group. A few housewives had simply decided on their own to assemble and were calling around to let their friends know that such a meeting was to take place. Mrs. Price asked if we'd care to come, and we said we would.



"Up here in Connecticut, the day of the Moratorium was cloudless, windy, and cool, the temperature somewhere around fifty-five, the air smelling crisply of autumn as dead leaves gusted from the trees in bright sunlight—in short, an almost heartbreakingly beautiful New England fall day. At a quarter to five, I strapped Joe into his car seat in the front of our battered 1962 Thunderbird while my wife, Karen, who was then eight and a half months pregnant with our second child, got in the back seat, and we drove three miles down to the elementary school, which is next to the post office and across the road from Giddings' garage.

"When we got there, at a few minutes before five, a crowd of around seventy-five people was standing in the late-afternoon sunlight by the flagpole on the small front lawn of the elementary school. I parked the Thunderbird in a parking lot at one side of the school, and, hoisting Joe up on my shoulders, walked over with Karen to join those by the flagpole. The crowd, I saw, was fairly miscellaneous, ranging in age from a child even younger than Joe to a frail, hawk-nosed woman who must surely have been eighty-five. A number of elderly people were present—white-haired men and women in their sixties and seventies, who were standing silently arm in arm together. There were also perhaps twenty teen-agers on hand, home by school bus from New Milford, six miles away, where, since Sherman has only the elementary school, the local teen-agers go to high school. Most of the teen-agers looked the way we looked when I went to high school, twenty years ago, though a hippielike few wouldn't have been out of place in Tompkins Square Park. One of the boys, for instance, had hair to his shoulders and was wearing an old Eisenhower jacket and a pair of white bell-bottom pants on the back of which an American flag had been stencilled. Another, almost Christlike in appearance, with a beard and flowing hair, whom I took from his youth to be a high-school boy, turned out later (I learned about him from Mrs. Price) to be an Army veteran who had been in combat for over a year in Vietnam. The mass of the crowd, though, was made up of people like Karen and me: married types in their thirties and forties—housewives in maroon car coats, kerchiefs, and jeans, and a handful of their husbands, in wool sweaters and khakis, who were painters and writers who work at home, of whom Sherman has quite a few, or were back early from their jobs at some place like the Kimberly-Clark plant in New Milford. Almost all of them had brought their children along, though most of the littler ones—except the smallest fry, like Joe—had been sent off to play in a playground beside the parking lot, on a slide, swings, and a pair of seesaws. Anyway, there we were, a small crowd standing somewhat sheepishly in the middle of an elementary-school lawn at the end of a Connecticut autumn afternoon. Everyone seemed to know four or five people in the crowd, as we did, but most of us were strangers to each other, and all of us, I think, were more than a little self-conscious about being there.

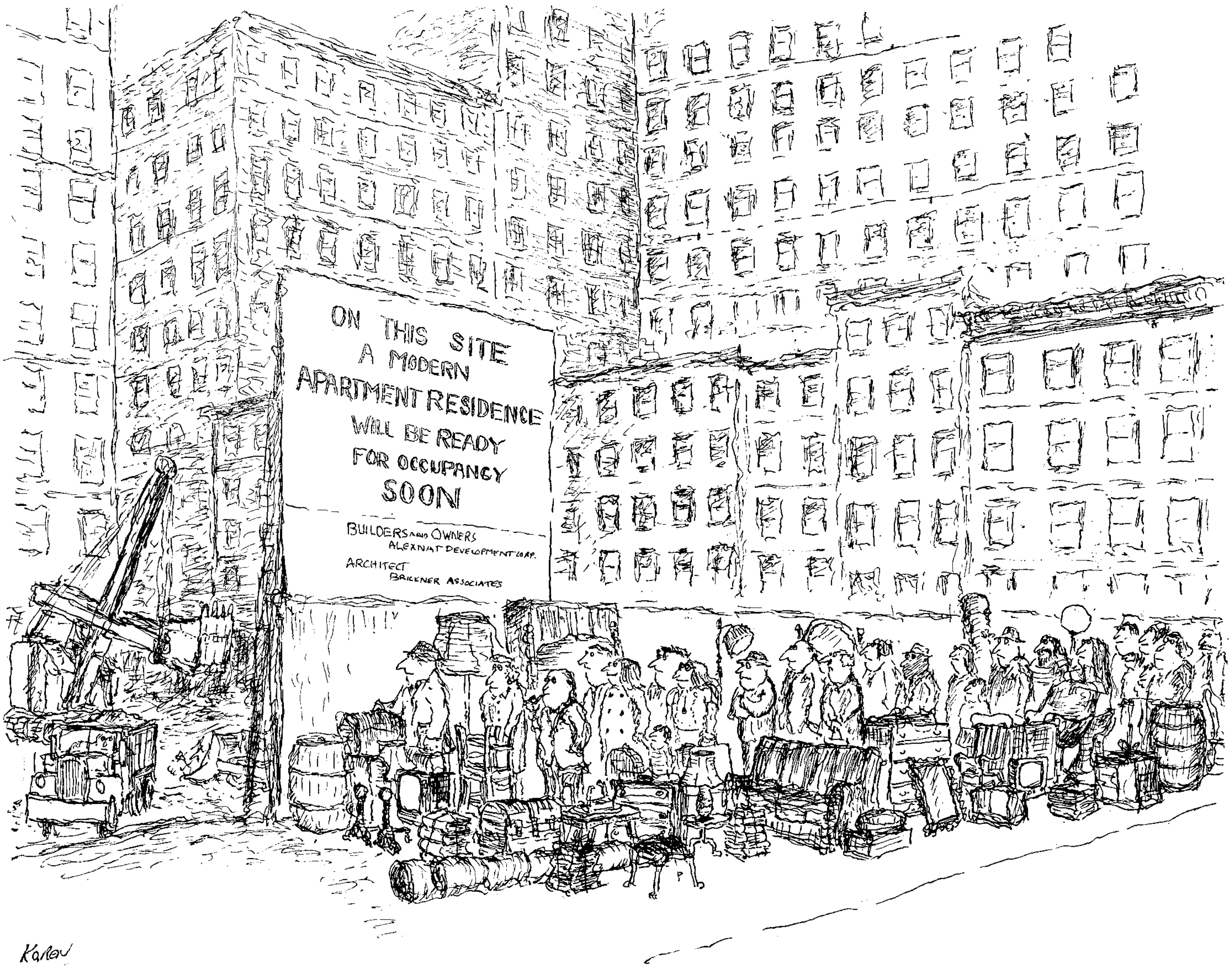


"My wife and I hadn't known exactly what was to take place at the meeting. Speeches, we'd thought, and certainly a prayer or two. As matters turned out, there were prayers—one at the beginning of the meeting and another at the end—but there were no speeches other than some brief opening remarks by Mrs. William Burnett, a blond, pretty housewife of perhaps forty, who had been one of the two main organizers of the gathering. Mrs. Burnett, pulling a dark shawl about her shoulders against the growing coolness of the October afternoon, observed simply that although President Nixon had said he would not allow Vietnam policy to be made in the streets, he hadn't said anything about village greens, churchyards, or elementary-school lawns. Once she had spoken, the meeting, until the closing prayer, was taken up with the reading aloud of the name, the home town, and the year of birth of each of the four hundred and sixty-eight young men from the State of Connecticut who, from January 1, 1966, to June 30, 1969, had been killed in Vietnam. Mrs. Burnett had got the list of names—twenty pages long and known officially as 'List of Casualties Incurred by U. S. Military Personnel in Connection with the Conflict in Viet-Nam by Home State of Record, Connecticut. Deaths Resulting from Hostile Action'—indirectly from the Pentagon, and it had the look, like a voter-registration list, of having been printed by some sort of I.B.M. machine. Before the reading began, Mrs. Burnett asked all of us to move nearer, so that we could clearly hear each name, and we did, huddling so close together that the crowd seemed even smaller than it had before. The idea, Mrs. Burnett explained quietly, was that one of our number would step out, face the rest, and read a page of the names of the dead, after which he'd step back into the crowd and pass the list on to someone else. We stood with the school behind us, facing the flagpole and the road, and the first page was read by Herbert Kennedy, one of Sherman's selectmen—a burly, bespectacled carpenter of maybe fifty, with close-cropped gray hair, who was wearing a black armband on a bulky white sweater. 'Argenta, Allen Charles, Watertown, born in 1938, dead in Vietnam,' he began in a firm, clear voice. 'Artkop, Arthur James, Sterling, born in 1948, dead in Vietnam . . .' Later, a couple of the high-school girls, shy, nervous, and red-faced, read in voices that were scarcely audible even from a few feet away, and others, like one white-haired old man who wore a hearing aid, boomed out the names so loudly that their voices could surely be heard all the way across the road, a hundred and fifty yards off, at Giddings' garage: 'Doneski, Henry John, Derby, born in 1947, dead in Vietnam. Donovan, Thomas Edward, Norwich, born in 1945, dead in Vietnam . . .' Peter Blume, the painter, who is one of Sherman's most famous residents, read a page. The high-school boy in the Eisenhower jacket and bell-bottom pants read, and so did the bearded young veteran of Vietnam.

"It takes longer than one might suppose to read four hundred and sixty-eight names, towns, and years, along with, in each instance, the words 'dead in Vietnam,' and quite a time passed before all the names had been read. Everyone on the lawn was very still, and other than the voice of whoever was at that moment reading—'Lamoureux, Edward Donald, Plainfield, born in 1949, dead in Vietnam. Layman, Robert Emmett, Jr., Poquonock, born in 1948, dead in Vietnam. Le Blond, Donald Chester, Rockville, born in 1947, dead in Vietnam'—the only sounds in the late afternoon were those of the children in the playground behind us, of cars and pickup trucks that went by every minute or so on the road in front of the school, and of a dog barking somewhere down by Bennett's store. From time to time, though it was still fairly light out, one of the passing cars would go by with its headlights on, indicating that the driver was a backer of the war. Across the road, Giddings' garage looked, in the slanting autumnal sunlight, almost as though it might have been painted by Edward Hopper, and I could see Giddings and the group of local men who hang around the garage standing in the shadows by the Mobil gas pumps and staring silently over at us. Giddings, a crew-cut man of about fifty who almost always has a cigar in his mouth, is, I knew, a strong supporter of the war. His teen-age son and his wife, though, were standing on the lawn with us.

"After a time, as the reading of the names went on, the light in the sky began to fade somewhat and the wind to rise, scattering leaves across the school lawn. And it began to get colder, too—the temperature dropping, I suspect, to below fifty. Not far off, someone was burning leaves in his front yard, and the smoke drifted on the wind to us—that quintessential smell of fall in small American towns. Karen and I always call our son Joe, but his given name is Joseph, and I counted twelve of the dead who had been named Joseph. If our second child is a son, we're thinking of naming him Daniel, and I counted three Daniels among the dead. None of the dead were from Sherman, but many of them were from towns around here—New Milford and Roxbury and New Fairfield and Litchfield.

"No one had left the group when, toward six-thirty, the last of the names were read—'Zambrano, Bernard Anthony, New Haven, born in 1946, dead in Vietnam. Zastowsky, Donald John, Plainfield, born in 1949, dead in Vietnam'—but once the closing prayer had been said, all of us on the lawn simply walked away and, without speaking to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one another, got in our cars and went home."

Habitability

FOLLOWING the scheduled lunar landings, the next big project in space will probably be an orbiting space station, and the first station (a "dry workshop"), which may go into orbit two hundred and sixty nautical miles above the earth in the mid-nineteen-seventies, will be made out of the hull of a Saturn booster rocket. Though other units may be added, the eventual space station will be a cylinder approximately a hundred and ten feet long and thirty-three feet in diameter, and how best to arrange this space for the astronauts and their equipment is currently the subject of a good deal of discussion between the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and several aerospace corporations that are working up proposals. The problem cannot be solved by reference to the Apollo spacecraft, for the difference between building a craft in which three men spend eight days to make a round trip to the moon and one in which groups of a dozen men will be spending six-month hitches in space is the difference between designing a car and designing a house. Accordingly, the Grumman Aerospace Corporation—one of the firms looking into the subject for NASA—has retained a firm of New York architects to work with it. "Engineers just don't have a good handle on habitability," the engineer in charge of the project explained to us.

Grumman's grasp of habitability has been reinforced by Danforth W. Toan, a tall, urbane-looking man with a penchant for loud tweed jackets, who is a partner in the architectural firm of Warner, Burns, Toan & Lunde, at 724 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Toan, who is more accustomed to designing college libraries than to working on space stations, and whose education, like that of most architects, was weighted heavily on the side of the liberal arts, says his association with the engineers, whose education is traditionally weighted toward engineering, has been a refreshing experience for both parties. "Normally, engineers wouldn't go out of their way to get the kind of inputs an architect has to offer," Mr. Toan said, and then he stopped in confusion. He seemed to have picked up some words and phrases—verbal inputs—from the engineers, he confessed, and he went on to say, "Lots of new words, such as you find in engineering, show that a field is alive. I have a theory that when a field is growing it rapidly rebuilds the language, because it is constantly redefining things to keep up with new developments. There aren't many new words in architecture, because architecture isn't redefining itself, the way engineering is."

We asked Mr. Toan to tell us about some of his architectural inputs for the space station. He said that on his first visit to Grumman he had taken one look at an enormous wall covered with index cards headed "Mission Objectives,” “Life Support System,” “Electrical System,” and the like—his introduction to what engineers call systems analysis—and groaned. Dealing with the components one by one—the engineers’ way of doing things—meant, he felt, that not enough attention was being paid to the over-all design. “I told them we should be talking not in terms of systems analysis but in terms of systems *synthesis*,” Mr. Toan said. What disturbed him most was that the engineers seemed to expect the astronauts to get along as best they could among the consoles and black boxes—as if, he said, a motorist were expected to live under the hood of a car. “You *can’t* locate the machine first and the man last!” Mr. Toan told them. “You *can’t* live among the conduits!”

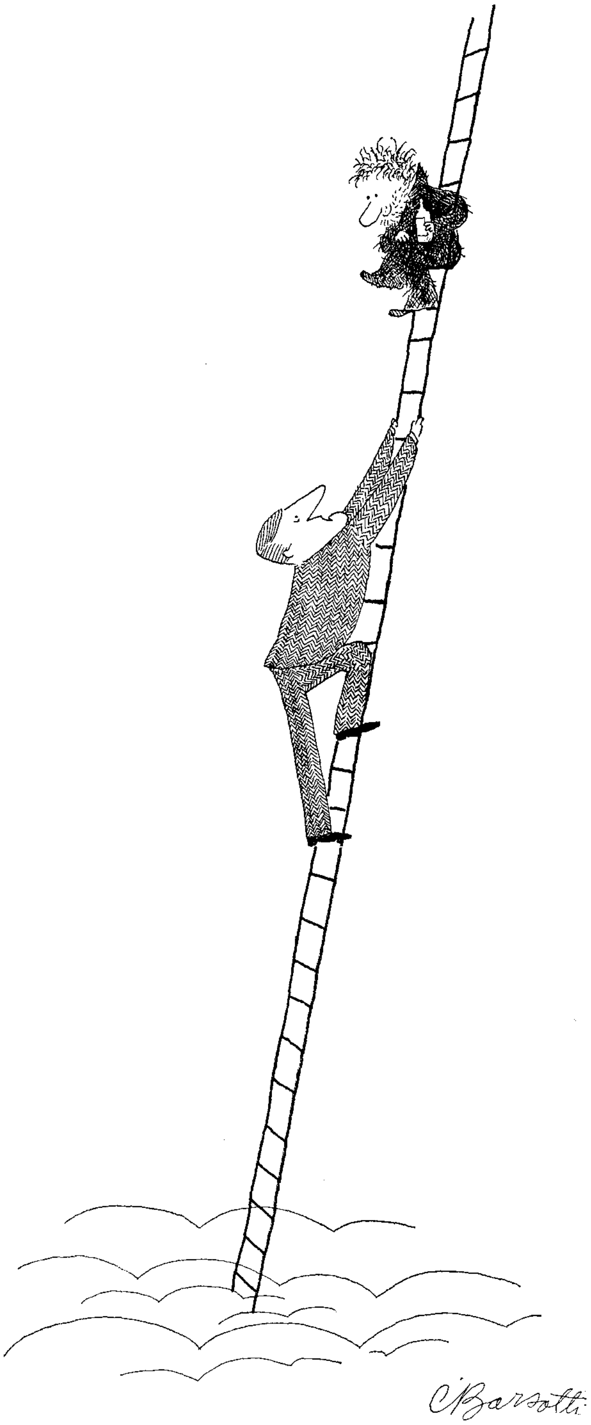
The engineers, for their part, were a bit wary of Mr. Toan, and, indeed, one of them went as far as to say that he thought habitability was a black art. After some reflection, Mr. Toan agreed with him. “I was forced to do a little redefining myself,” he told us. “Since nobody had built a house in space before, I had to go back to the basics to find out what the elements of a house were that made it habitable, and then make sure we incorporated these elements in the space station. Think of the most pleasant environment you can imagine. A room. Got it?”

We said we had it.

“O.K. Imagine yourself staying there for four hours,” he continued. “Now how about four *days*? How about four *months*? And now try four *years*. Even the Metropolitan Museum begins to pall after four hours, let alone four days. It soon became clear to me that habitability is critically related to how long a person is going to be in a place. We studied psychologists’ reports on groups of men who had been confined for long periods—in prisons, in submarines, in bases in Antarctica. The reports from Antarctica suggested that confinement problems weren’t so very serious—until we began looking at the plans for the Antarctic habitations under the snow. The figures for the areas of living space didn’t take into consideration the large working areas and, in particular, the long connecting tunnels under the snow, where the men could walk off their animosities. These extra spaces wouldn’t be available in the space station. And in Antarctica, even with the extra room, there *were* incidents of fighting and excess drinking among the men. Stresses built up, so that when winter finally broke, the men walked out onto the ice until they almost disappeared. When we considered men in submarines, we found that the longest any submarine had stayed submerged was about ninety days—or half as long as the average tour in the space station—and by that time most of the men on board had had it. Another matter we had to redefine was the characteristics of space—*architectural* space—in *outer* space. On earth, architectural space is sometimes defined as a functioning area with its contributing volume, which includes light, air, and ambience, but in zero gravity the functioning area *is* the volume; astronauts live a three-dimensional life, and architects have to handle space differently. This, we found, works to our advantage, because a space expands in proportion to how much of it you can use, almost as if you had increased its size. A cell seven feet square is very constricting, but if the cell were seven feet high, making a volume of three hundred and forty-three cubic feet, and if the man inside it could float around, reorienting himself however he wanted—curling up on the ceiling if he got tired of the floor—the space would seem much bigger. The psychologists had a lot to say about architectural space, too. If the space that a group of men are confined in is chopped up into a lot of small rooms or is on a lot of separate levels, the men within an area become cliquish and grow suspicious of the men in the other areas. One group of psychologists experimented with two men who could communicate with each other only by means of keys on two consoles. When the consoles were in separate rooms, one technician would get quite angry at the other for making a mistake, but if the consoles were in the same room the technicians got along much better.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. It’s just another instance of senseless violence.”

Accordingly, Mr. Toan's first proposal for the space station was to divide it longitudinally down the center, using half of the cylinder for the engineers' electronic systems and the other half for the men's living quarters; this provided the largest amount of usable living space, he thought, and inside the resulting hundred-and-ten-foot room there would be no out-of-the-way nooks to nurse grudges in. NASA found this scheme unacceptable, because when the space station was standing vertically on the launching pad, the technicians at Cape Kennedy, being unable to float in Mr. Toan's redefined architectural space, couldn't check it out. NASA stipulated a design with five horizontal decks, but in his current design Mr. Toan has managed to retain something of the longitudinal structure, for the decks are connected by a tunnel running the length of the space station, like an airy gallery. If an astronaut becomes irritated by too long a stay on one of the isolated decks, he can float angrily from one end of the craft to the other until he has cooled off. (Mr. Toan hopes the astronauts will be able to take space walks outside the station as well, if only to break the monotony.) His tunnel doesn't run down the center of the five decks but down one side—an arrangement that allows a bigger uninterrupted volume on each deck. Mr. Toan has also planned things so that a man on one deck can see onto the other decks, through the tunnel, and so that the space station can be either a horizontal or a vertical space, depending on how the astronaut wants to look at it. In addition, Mr. Toan has anticipated the need for a certain amount of privacy, and, accordingly, on each deck there are four private rooms, each of them a cubicle seven feet on a side. He says his architectural drawings of the astronauts in their rooms remind him of Leonardo da Vinci's drawing of a man sweeping his arms in a circle—a motion that the astronauts will be able to perform unimpeded in their cubicles.



"If this isn't the Ladder of Success, what is it?"

• •

One element of a habitation that Mr. Toan hasn't had to redefine is perhaps the most basic of all—the floor—for the architects and the Grumman space team feel that even though the astronauts will be floating, they will still need a floor, *one* floor, under their feet, to serve as a common plane of reference. "Anything else is too confusing," Mr. Toan says. "We have to keep one man's feet out of another man's face, and that is easier to do if the men are parallel. It's hard to talk to someone if you're upside down in relation to him, for you can't read his facial expression that way. Also, you can't read dials. People are *built* to be one way up. At one point, NASA considered using a space station with artificial gravity—something that could be done if the station were a giant spinning wheel, like the one in '2001.' I've been reading a good deal of science fiction in the line of duty, too; it stretches your mind, and that's essential for somebody designing a space station. The argument in favor of artificial gravity is that it would make life in the space station easier to get used to. Scientists, and even the astronauts' families, could go up without special training. But a revolving space station isn't a steady enough platform for telescopes and other scientific instruments. Also, there are many experiments, such as growing certain crystals, that are best performed in zero gravity. And, finally, the astronauts said they preferred a space station with zero gravity, because that's what's *there*."

Mr. Toan ran some colored slides of his space-station designs through a projector for us. The first one showed a modern-looking room lit with garish red and yellow lights, and he explained that the colors would vary from time to time, sometimes becoming extremely vivid, to give the men the sensation of a changing environment. "They might very well have a regular light show up there," Mr. Toan said. The lights would change according to a twenty-four-hour cycle—an important point, according to psychologists and physiologists, for otherwise men could become disoriented. Another slide showed a console with a couple of uncomfortable-looking chairs in front of it, the seats being simply wide metal bands whose ends turned up and over to hold an astronaut down, but Mr. Toan said they would be comfortable enough in space. A third slide showed a seven-foot sleeping room, which, thanks to a wide-angle lens, looked vast; Mr. Toan had solved the problem of keeping an astronaut down in his bunk by providing a strap to go across his waist, but he said he wasn't sure this was the best solution, because the head and feet would be left floating. He was now thinking of putting the astronaut into a sort of lightly restraining sleeping bag.

HARK! WHENCE CAME THOSE PEAR-SHAPED DRONES?

I SAY, would it be indiscreet of a married man to kiss and tell—to confess that the other day he found himself in the same boat with an appealing Englishwoman who stirred his senses? Oh, I can read your mind; you doubtless visualize a blissful pair out of an early Compton Mackenzie novel, drifting lazily downstream in a punt past the dreaming spires of Cambridge, with Cicely trailing the tip of her parasol in the lilies and I, Leslie Howard reborn in my immaculate flannels, poling our craft along and apostrophizing her with a verse of Robert Herrick's. (While all unbeknownst to us a fanatical Serb in faraway Sarajevo prepares the coup that will end our golden dream forever.) Well, you're wrong—I was merely using a metaphor in a quite prosaic sense. I just meant that when I read a letter in the London *Times* from Mrs. Janet Barney, of Pangbourne, Berkshire, appealing for help, my heart warmed toward her because I'd once been involved in a plight almost identical with hers. Mrs. Barney—whose letter, by the bye, confirms her as a lovely person, the sort you actually would apostrophize—was imploring the women's page for advice on how to cope with girls imported from the Continent as mother's helpers. "I'd like to appeal to your more experienced readers," she wrote, "for a set of simple rules for *au pairs.* I'm not sure where I go wrong. I suspect it is my fault that the girls take more and more liberties. By the time they leave us, they are eating us out of house and home, staying out late, using all the bath water, borrowing the children's socks, and disappearing when needed most. I do keep my end of the bargain with continuous English lessons, generous pocket money, trips out, special traditional dishes, and so on, but somehow I end up washing dishes while the *au pair* plays tennis with my racquet with my friends. Who will advise me before I spoil the next one?"

Though children played no part in my own predicament, the complications that arose from harboring two young foreigners paralleled Mrs. Barney's so strikingly that her words gave me gooseflesh. (Well, metaphorically.) I should explain that about a year ago I began to be concerned about the burden imposed on my wife by life in the country. Instead of playing Chopin on the pianoforte or painting skillful, evocative watercolors, as I'd envisioned, she was busying herself with a score of menial tasks, as exhausting as they were unnecessary. She was forever upstairs and down, pushing a carpet sweeper into dark corners, suspending rolls of Tanglefoot from the ceiling, polishing the isinglass in the coal stoves, and hoisting hundredweights of ice, which bade fair to slip out of the tongs and crush her foot, into our icebox. In addition to whitewashing the hens—a chore whose value, to say the least, was arguable—she had started to fashion souvenir birchbark canoes as a source of pin money, as if the allowance I made her were not already lavish. It offended me that a woman of refinement and intellect, a bluestocking and a product of the best finishing schools, should expend her energy on such footling pursuits, and I said so in no uncertain terms. To my surprise—for I foresaw strenuous objections—she signified her readiness to abdicate at once if I could furnish another drudge.

"Now, wait a minute," I demurred. "Cleaning women don't grow on trees, you know, and they're not cheap. Some of them get as much as thirty-five cents an hour. . . . What did you say?"

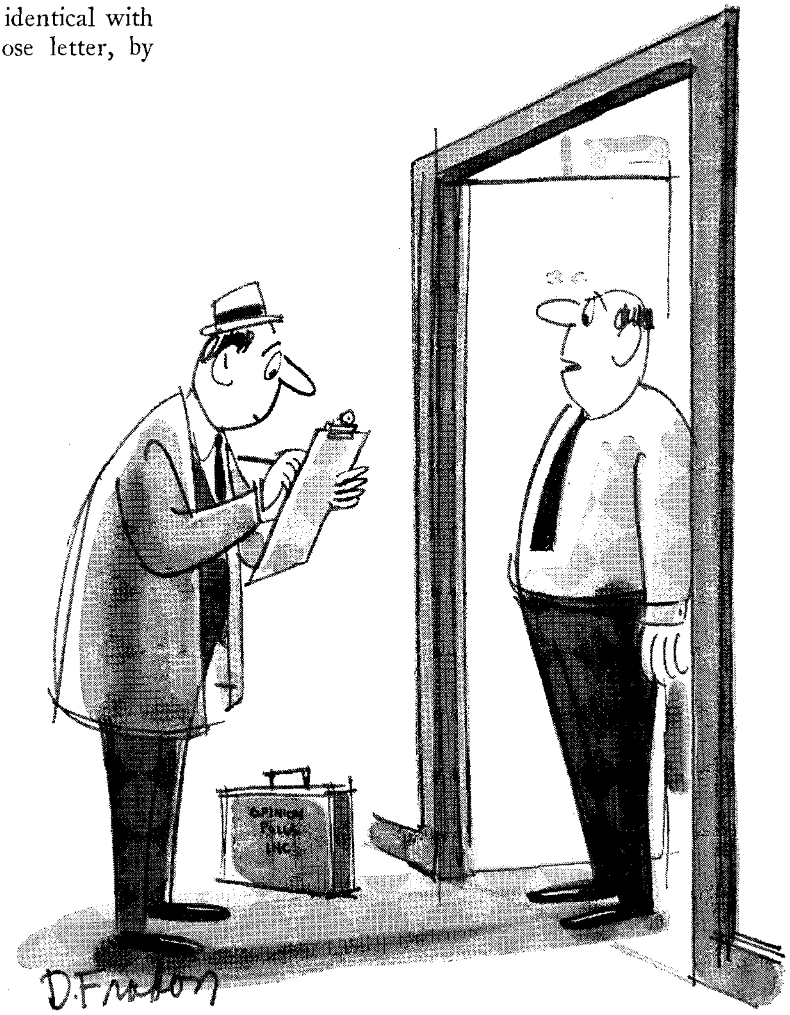
"Nothing," she said. "O.K. How about a nice couple?"

"Honey," I protested. "It stands to reason that if one person earns thirty-five an hour, two would be twice as expensive."

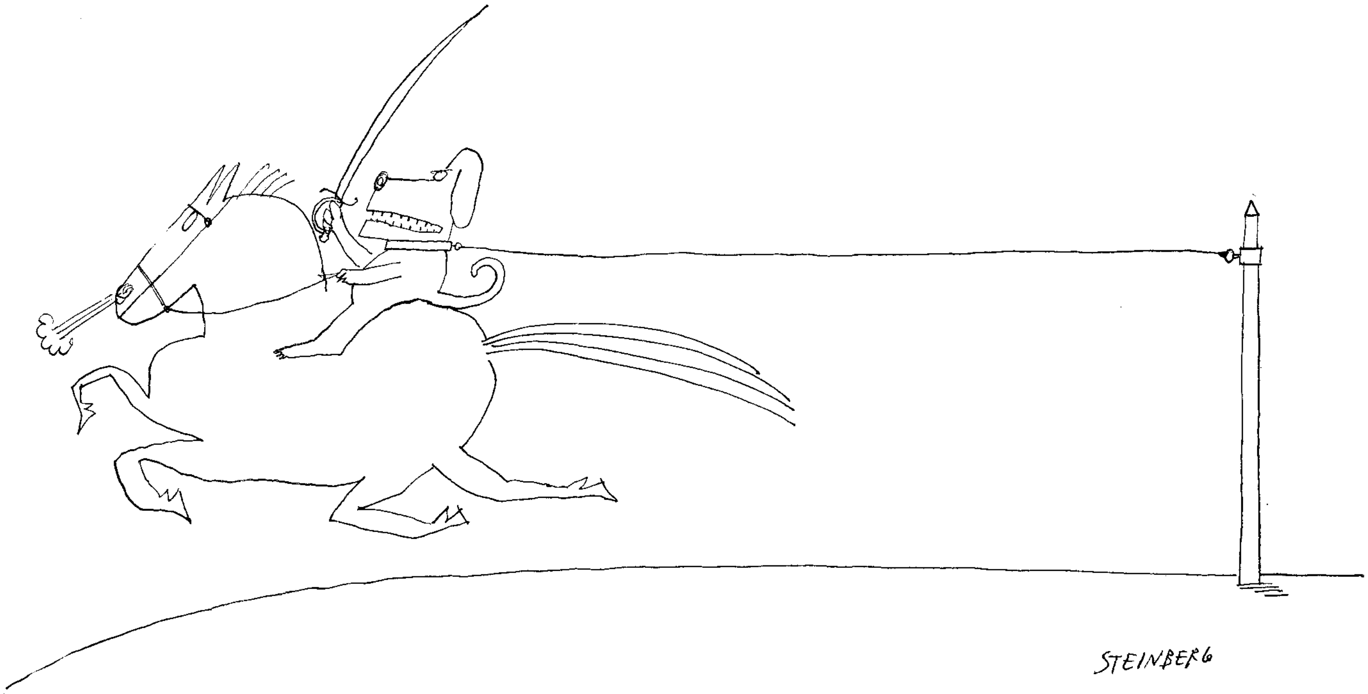
"Well, then, we'd better look around for a robot," she snapped, with an abruptness that sounded like the slam of a zinc-lined icebox door. "You don't expect anyone to work for free, do you?"

"Hold on—you may have thrown me into an idea," I said. "Why don't we spring for *au pairs*—a couple of European youngsters who'd appreciate a good home in the country, rambles galore, and the chance to brush up their English on our Linguaphone records?"

The prospect of supervising two immature aliens, to be truthful, dismayed her at first, but she finally capitulated, and I called an agency in New York specializing in placements of the sort. Ten days later, I was notified that Denise Savoureux and Cosette Oscillant were arriving by bus in Trenton the following noon, and I drove in to meet them. The moment the girls appeared in the terminal, a sensation overcame me as of one



"How would you like me to answer that question? As a member of my ethnic group, educational class, income group, or religious category?"



who has just put foot in quicksand (*qui a posé son pied dans un sable mouvant*). Far from being adolescents, the two were young ladies whose conformation caused a perceptible stir at the gates; in fact, our introductions were well-nigh inaudible, owing to wolf whistles in the background. Denise was a lush green-eyed blonde of the type you see ogling sailors on sentimental French postcards, her companion a sultry brunette with a teasing smile that coiled itself around the male passerby like a boa constrictor. Accompanying me toward the exit in their pitiful miniskirts and blouses, the latter plainly woven of cobwebs, they seemed to undulate rather than walk. A hot blush suffused my face, and I suddenly felt myself transported to Marseille, a trafficker in the South American export trade. Rather than suntans and a madras shirt, I ought to be wearing a turtleneck sweater, a cap, and a quarter inch of Gauloise depending from my nether lip.

Luckily, the illusion that I was Pépé-le-Moko dissipated on our journey homeward, enabling me to correct a few misapprehensions about the girls. The agency's description of them as former students at the Sorbonne was fanciful; Denise had been a coatroom attendant at the Crazy Horse Saloon, on the Right Bank, and Cosette a manicurist in the barbershop of the Hôtel George V. In consequence, their English, which I had been led to understand was minimal, was far more fluent than mine, and much racier. It had improved, as well, under the tutelage of their first employer in America, a sportswriter on Long Island—a goatish character whose hands, they confided, smiling reminiscently, were always straying. And where had they worked thereafter, I inquired. Most recently in Las Vegas, in a Lido-type floor show at Caesars Palace. Pleasant and cool though the ambience, their costumes consisting of no more than a handful of feathers, they much preferred a home environment like the one I was taking them to. I dummied up and said farewell to the brioches, croissants, and quiches Lorraine I had promised ourselves. How on earth was I going to install a ramp of the kind these babes were accustomed to in our dining alcove?

My wife's reaction to Denise and Cosette was, at any rate, heartening; if she felt either dizziness or an impulse to faint, she concealed it and behaved with signal worldliness and aplomb. She did, however, insist that they be lodged elsewhere than in the house, since, as she lightly explained, our proximity could easily degenerate into a French farce. She conducted the girls, accordingly, to guest quarters in an outbuilding a few yards distant, and, with the injunction to slip into something less comfortable than their peekaboo blouses, invited them to relax and familiarize themselves with the premises.

"They're awfully disappointed we haven't a pool," my wife disclosed in the kitchen as she set about preparing a traditional dish to make the two feel at home—a blue trout with almonds. "Maybe you should get a quotation on what it'd cost to put one in temporarily. Oh, yes, and while you're about it, find out about the barn—I think it would make an ideal casino. This place must be such a letdown after Vegas."

From the restraint shown toward the pièce de résistance and the significant glances her aides exchanged, it was clear Madam's cuisine had not swept them away. They displayed tolerance toward the wine, however, deeming a bottle of Beaune I had cherished for twenty years a decent enough vintage. In the hope they would assist with the dishes, I washed a few to acquaint them with the technique, but they retired yawning to the piazza and partook copiously of my *vieux marc*. The television set having broken down some weeks earlier, we amused ourselves watching the fireflies. Cosette asked if there were any velodromes in the area, or a discothèque for young folk.

"There's a roller rink in Frenchtown," my wife imparted. "Boys? Hmm, not too many in this section. We have one who mows the grass, but he's just been here."

"Well, phone him to cut it again," said Denise, green eyes glinting like a leopard's on stalk. "*Mon Dieu*, listen to how quiet it is, Cosette. This place is a sepulchre."

THE stillness prevailed only until the arrival next day of the milkman, who, after one glimpse of our charges, sped off to rouse the countryside. Within an hour, the driveway was choked with vehicles of every description—pickups, tractors, sports cars, scooters, and buckboards. Carpenters and plumbers we had vainly besought for years to make vital repairs swarmed over the place offering their services and undercutting each other's estimates. A truck appeared with Nards and Beck and Reedsworth Smiles, a trio of electricians eager to rewire the house at cost, and farmers who had spurned our fields for years as eroded and sterile clamored to plant them, pressing free seed on us. Amid the cataclysmic uproar, Denise and Cosette held court in the kitchen, dispensing Cokes by the dozen to their red-faced, perspiring swains and teaching them to dance the Java. So distracting was the resultant pinching and squealing that I could abide it no longer and bore my wife off to a barbecue stand where we could lunch in peace. The girls had taken French leave in our absence, but a note informed us that they had gone swimming in the Delaware, whose many eddies can be treacherous if there are no hands to pull one out. Apparently there were, for when they reached home at 3 A.M. the playful slaps and oo-la-las that rang through the valley reassured us that they were still alive, if somewhat shopworn.

What with the black coffee, the Bromo-Seltzers, and the icebags their hangovers required that morning, it was small wonder my wife mistook me for Eric Blore miming a sympathetic manservant in an R.K.O. musical, yet the eternal feminine in her would not be stilled; did I linger an extra moment in the guesthouse, she stalked in with arms akimbo and extricated me gently but firmly by the ear. Her casual suggestion to Cosette and Denise over breakfast that they help with the housework evoked only a sullen silence that persisted until two pustular youths materialized with a power boat on a trailer to escort them to the Jersey Shore. In the ensuing three days, we saw them hardly at all. They flew in sporadically to use the phone or to bathe—with, I may say, reckless disregard for towels, which cost us a mint to launder—and it was painfully apparent from their chill behavior that our attempt to befriend these petrels from an alien shore had failed. One evening, though, their mood seemed to have undergone a magical change; eyes sparkling mischievously, giggles convulsing their abundant frames, they were radiant with suppressed excitement. Investigation revealed that our neighborhood art festival, an annual affair, was featuring a revue, the director of which had invited them to participate. It was a splendid opportunity to involve themselves in the artistic life of the community, and I approved wholeheartedly.

"What sort of specialty will you do?" I asked, glowing with pride that the family was to be represented. "Characteristic folk songs—*chansons* from Brittany and Provence? Or plaintive ballads, like those of Edith Piaf and Aznavour?"

"*Oui, oui—peut-être*," they replied distractedly, and rushed off to rehearsals. Instinct told me that it was unwise to catechize them. They wanted freedom to choose their own creative outlet, to express themselves wholly and untrammelled. I respected that. It showed spunk.

It showed much more than that, as it developed. The spectacle attracted a capacity audience—the largest in years—which included many carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and farmers not normally patrons of the theatre. We ourselves sponsored a party of friends prominent in the musical world and eager to hear the girls vocalize. The setting of their act was an old-fashioned minstrel number performed by local teen-agers, who rattled their tambourines with engaging professionalism as the end men exchanged jokes about chicken-stealing and wooden razors. When the mirth subsided, an orchestral flourish and roll on the snare drums brought our protégées weaving sinuously out of the wings. They wore deeply incised evening gowns threatening to burst at each breath, opera-length gloves, and aigrettes improvised from broom straws in their hair. To the strains of "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," the pair began a slow strip as calorific as Georgia Sothern's, interspersed with grinds and bumps that lashed their admirers to frenzy. Urged on by hysterical chanting, they had peeled down to G-strings and pasties and were preparing to discard those when a flying wedge from the ladies' auxiliary shot over the footlights and swept them offstage.

NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP
STOP

EN ROUTE to the Trenton bus terminal early next day, Cosette expressed chagrin that our association had withered on the vine (*devenu jaune sur la vigne*). It always happened when there was a bossy woman around, Denise observed with a typically Gallic shrug; actually, they had longed to prepare me a few regional dishes like *cassoulet* and *ratatouille*, but what would you—the mistress of the house would have scratched out their eyes in jealousy. As I was stowing their luggage on the rack, I overheard the driver agree to deposit them at an establishment outside Perth Amboy called the Diamond Bikini. I must stop by there sometime. It's probably the only roadhouse in New Jersey, if not the world, that can boast a couple of authentic, dyed-in-the-wool *au-pair* girls.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE HARKNESS PAVILION

Earliest of all rectangles,
I see from my bed
A slab of building, gray out there,
Then rose-dusted; then it's whacked
By light, as the Arab
Sun hits it pell-mell—a lateen
Rig among shadows.

Becalmed in my bed,
I wait out the tidal hours;
Nurses, from their corridor-jetty,
Ferry forth and back
Their soundless
Emollient nostrums; a silent
Bell buoy nudges the rocks,

Which lie like cranked hospital
Cots among shallows, teethed. . . .
Beyond my bulrush bed, the eraser
Sun rubs out buildings; over it an Arch-
Bishop, tall in gauze mitre, white gown,
Leans. A Prophet? A Martyr?
He looks down.

—BARBARA HOWES

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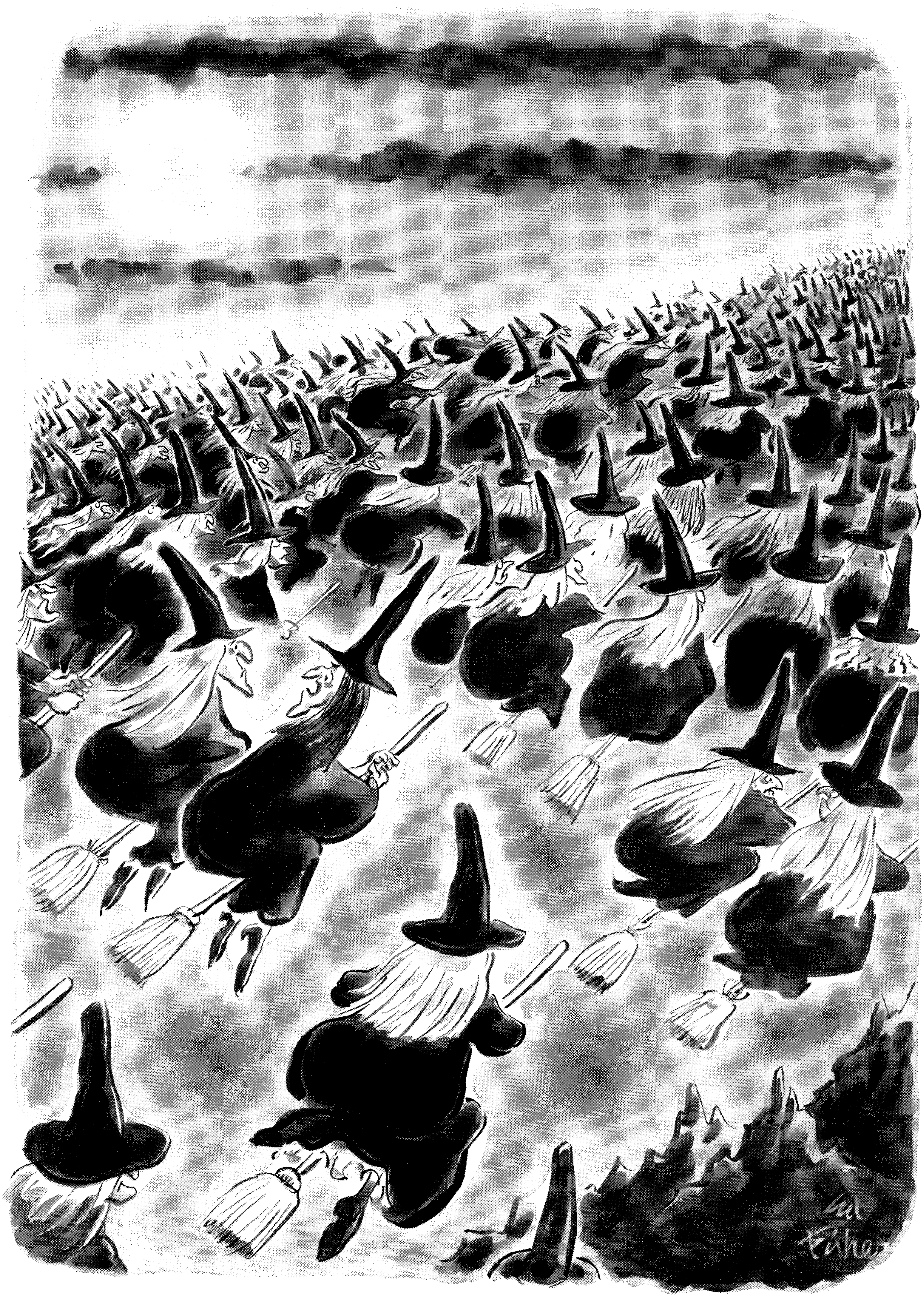


"It seems to get worse every Halloween."

THE CONTEST

HELD at arm's length, he watches her eyes travel over the front of his body and fill up with pure, unabashed pride. Thanks to her trip to the attic and her work with awl, needle, and thread, he at last feels properly dressed; the chaps ("*sh*aps," she instructed him, is the correct pronunciation) covering his overalls are the same chaps that her father wore when he rode through the buck brush and the buffalo grass of the unbroken Dakota plain. The stiff cowhide legs, turned up at the bottom to fit him, are faced with shaggy goatskin which she has brushed until its finger-length strands of silvery hair glisten. The holster belted below his hip is weighted with a silver pistol. He is also wearing a plaid shirt and a blue bandanna. Their eyes meet and there is a smile of complicity between them.

"Here," she says, and takes a felt hat off a hook on the wall.

"But it's Dad's!"

"His old one. Come here once." She squats so that her face is on a level with his.

"But it's too big!"

"With that head of yours, I wouldn't be surprised if it fit."

Her tone of voice makes him feel as unpleasantly exposed as when she examines him to make sure he has bathed well. She tilts up his chin, sets the hat on the back of his head, rises up and steps back a step, placing her hands on her hips and crossing one leg over the other at the ankle. "Well!" she says. "Not *quite*."

If she were not his mother, the boy would say she was giggling—something he detests. And even though that's precisely what she's doing, it doesn't register that way. What she is blinds him to what she does.

"I'm anxious to go over it now that we've got you in costume," she says. "Aren't you?"

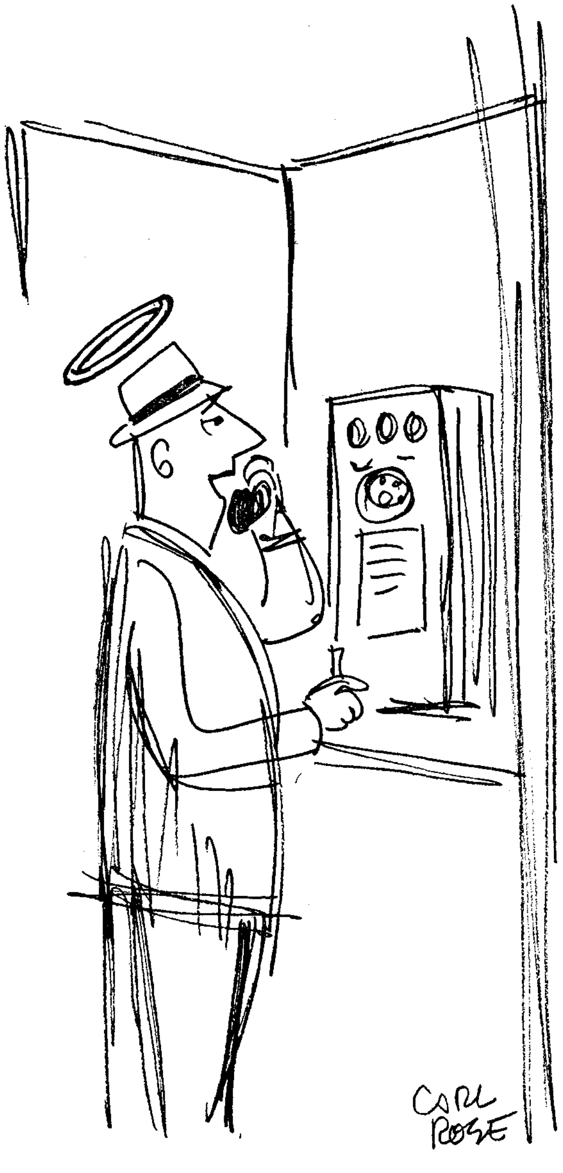
He nods eagerly, the hat falls over his eyes, and there is another outburst of laughter from her.

"See, Mom, I can't wear this big old thing."

"Stop whining! You sound like a girl. And keep it on for now. We'll put some tissue in the crown before tonight. Where's the script? Where did I put the script?"

"On the table. Where you always put it."

"I'm so nervous I can't *think*," she says, her voice revealing more delight than nervousness, and she goes to the table and sits down. She has been working with him for two weeks, an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon, on this reading. Even though the boy's father has been through college (where he dabbled in speech and dramatics) and she has not, it was assumed that she would train the boy. Her husband, who is kind and cheerful, aware of his limitations, and wholly ingenuous, defers to her in fields where he feels she is superior, and in matters of taste and critical judgment. She is brilliant, as her husband, who doesn't have her kind of pride, would be the first to admit, and she has an innate air of refinement about her, as some people are born with enviable features. Whatever she does, from letter writing to housework, she does with a professional attitude, conscientiously, self-critically, always striving for perfection, and she expects others to do the same. The other women of this North Dakota village, plain, rural women, look upon her learning and refinement with mistrust, and none of them will make friends with her. As a result, she assumes an aloofness toward them, though she is warm and sympathetic within the walls of her own home.



"Operator, I just found sixty-five cents in the coin-return slot. What should I do?"

She folds back the top page of the script, spreads it flat on the table, and inclines her head over it, chin in her hand. To the watching boy, her profile against the bright square of the window is no more than a silhouette, dark and featureless, and when she turns and looks at him he bends back the brim of the hat and squints to see her better.

"You look like a fool!" she says, and now there is no doubt that she's laughing. He takes off the hat and throws it on the floor. "No, no," she says. "Don't do that. You don't look so bad looking like a fool!"

Perhaps, the boy thinks, his father is right when he says to her, "You know, sometimes you act just like a kid"—a criticism that makes her turn white with indignation and walk out of the room. But his father is just as bad as she is, or worse. He plays games and works jigsaw puzzles with an exuberance that exasperates the boy, who is dead serious about everything he does. Unlike other fathers, he doesn't smoke or drink or swear. Instead, he sits at home and reads books, and sometimes even cries over them, which embarrasses the boy. And his father is as easily affected by radio dramas, which provoke his mother to remarks like "Nonsense, I don't believe you!" Or, "Would you hurry up and get this miserable scene over with!" Or, turning from the radio to her husband, "How did she get a job as a professional? Listen to that shoddy articulation. Listen to that twang!" But in the end she usually succumbs to the drama in the same way that the boy's father does, and when this happens she stalks into the kitchen and busies herself with something there until her emotions are under control.

Two or three nights ago, when she was out shopping, the boy's father took him through a rehearsal. Studying his father's

"Il Penseroso."

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large eyes as they swept back and forth over the page, the boy went through the entire monologue without once being interrupted. That surprised him. He didn't think he was doing well, and his mother always stopped him the moment he made a mistake and had him correct it. He waited, with dread, for his father to criticize his phrasing, his comic timing, his emphasis, his pronunciation—wondering if his father would be as severe a perfectionist as his mother and make him go over and over the speech until he had it right. Instead, his father said, "I don't know what to say. I really don't know what to say to you. You've got this whole thing memorized word for word!"

"Ready?" his mother asks now. "Hat and all?"

"It's not funny."

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. If you're ready, let's begin. Remember, now, try and do it the best you can. Most likely, this will be your last rehearsal before tonight."

The word "tonight" settles below his lungs and sends out long, thrilling appendages that cut off his breath, upset his self-control, and threaten to destroy everything that he's mastered in the last two weeks. Feeling somewhat ill, but knowing he must not show the least sign of weakness, he begins:

> "I'm a buckaroo from the Wild West,
> I rope and I ride and all the rest...."

The words are no longer words. Repetition has robbed from them every trace of meaning, and they affect only his vocal mechanism, which grapples with them, subdues them, and molds them into familiar shapes—patterns and pictures he can visualize as he speaks. At first the words won't join up with one another, and each one comes out as a separate, clumsy geometric—an oblong, an oval, a triangle—and drops to the floor. Then, as he grows more sure of himself, the shapes begin to link together and flow from him to his listener, making a bond between them. That sentence, done up in garish primary colors, strings together the apples, bushel baskets, marbles, and coins in his first-grade arithmetic book. That pause, coming before the last fat, rhymed word of the line, is a beheading. In this sentence a locomotive takes shape, colored cars link behind it, the train starts down the tracks, and just as its wheels settle into a regular clacking, a metallic singsong, the train explodes and the scattering fragments become flushed quail roaring toward the cover of trees.

These images and rhythms, these colored phrases, he uses only for one purpose: to affect his mother. Giving back to her his version of what she has taught him, he watches for her slightest response, and when she has to shield one side of her face to hide her pleasure, or when her laughter draws her head toward the script and her loose hair swings over her cheeks, he feels himself growing huge and adult, filling with adult sensations—overpowering, inexplicable sensations, which, for some reason, despite their vastness and desirability, are not quite satisfying.

"No, no, no, no, *no!* You brandish the pistol in the air. You *brandish* it. You do *not* click the trigger." The tone of her voice and her stare—uncompromising, deep blue, a blue he can see and feel even though her features are in shadow—make him shrink back into the constricting limits of his six years. "It's distracting. If you do that, no one's going to pay attention to that line. You understand? All right, no more of it. Let's take it from there. Don't bother to go back to the beginning. You were doing fine with the speech itself—it was just that pistol." Turning back to her script, she adds, "The next thing I know, you'll be wanting caps for it."

"Can I?"

This time all it takes is the stare. He lowers the pistol into the holster, dwelling on the action as though he hopes it will last forever. He focusses his eyes on the linoleum and goes on with the piece, feeling each word ring thin and colorless in the air because he's disappointing her. In despair, he reaches the end.

"Now let's have a look at that hat," she says, in a voice that, to him, sounds suspiciously nonchalant. There has been no praise, no encouragement; not even the usual criticism. Because he knows she can't lie, he thinks that in her silence and her concern for the hat (she puts on an imitation of one of her scowls as she studies it) she's withholding the truth of his failure out of kindness, knowing it would upset him so badly he

NIGHT WALK

I

I give you your head   but you cannot leave
well enough   you make your way like the shy
hand of a determined lover   strain
after sweeter liberties   insult my grace.

I stiffen   the chain goes suddenly taut
I feel the length of my arm   the blow
against your throat   you put on that
hangdog look
I leap
your cry
your cry holds me back   your cry is a
chain around my neck.

II

I cast you into the wind   a black lure
twitching in the current   you snag
on a sunken thorn   chain-snap
the leaves
swim past   fish-pale   the cloudy sky
sways overhead like frog-spawn   I ride
downstream   tugging impatiently.

III

I wind the chain around my fist till it
rides   mailed   arrogant as a templar
between your shoulder blades   impossible
to walk now without being kicked
but you do
and choose the way in the bargain   it's hard
to believe all this is not calculated
to enrage me.

And the chain
a woman's invention   my fist to your throat
so cunningly linked   these silver scales
we're bound to each other as the two
halves of a metaphor
we wade through the wind
as through spider-threads   my nerves
whicker under her frail caress   I scrub
my cheek with my fist
we drift on trailing
her moony filament   a blind man drawn
by a blind dog   into enemy country.

IV

Home stretch   neck-and-neck   it's hard to know
who leads and who is led   in the porch light
our shadows unreel behind us   like distance
like speed
we sail by   feet barely
scraping the ground   two ghost-dry leaves
in the thin October wind.

—Donald Finkel

• •

couldn't perform in the evening. But her silence is just as destructive. He wants to run somewhere and hide, to vanish. He doesn't even care about the contest, even though his secret goal for two weeks has been to win first place, which is to be his gift to her.

He is more than surprised then, and wonders more than ever about his mother, when she tosses the hat into the air with a cry of delight and gives him, most rare and consummate of her rewards, a kiss on the lips.

PEOPLE are appearing on the main street of the village, which is a block long, and moving toward the Town Hall, a great long gray building covered with sheets of pressed tin that simulate blocks of stone. A few feet from the foundation the surface of the tin has become polished a bright silver from children running their hands along the building as they walk past, making a miniature thunder. Tonight, burnished by the orange sun, the building looks portentous. Tonight it will not house the usual friendly social gathering: a card party, a carnival, a basketball game, or the weekly serial movie, which are never announced in the newspaper—because there is no newspaper—or by posters; everybody knows of their occurrence. Tonight is the annual talent contest, with prizes donated by the local businessmen.

With a cloth laundry bag containing his costume slung over his shoulder, the boy steps into the entry. He looks at the ticket booth (knotty pine, the same as the walls) and sees a half-moon cut out of the bottom of the glass, and on another half-moon—the wooden tray for counting out change—a white hand is resting. Because of a reflection in the glass, the hand is all the boy can see, and the anxiety he has been repressing during the walk from home to the Town Hall, now that the disembodied hand is there to serve as a focus for it, rises up in him and makes him weak.

"Don't just stand there," his mother says, nudging him gently. "Go on in. They know we're competing. We don't have to pay."

As they go toward the double doors that lead to the auditorium, the reflection on the glass slides to one side, revealing the heavily made-up face and the bejewelled breast of Mrs. June Koenig, the wife of the village dentist. "What's the matter?" Mrs. Koenig cries, her shrill voice made miniature and flat-sounding by the enclosure. "Is he scared already?"

"No, he's not," the boy's mother says, and guides him through the double doors. Inside the auditorium, he is surrounded by a familiar smell compounded of old varnish, damp crêpe paper, mildew, and human sweat. He sniffs it as carefully as an animal would, testing it. Tonight it will be carrying the sound of his voice. He looks toward the far end of the auditorium. The basketball backboard has been hoisted against the ceiling, and the curtains are drawn shut across the stage. The smell is so much a part of the building, and so overpowering, it seems responsible for the curtains' particular shade of purple, for the way the folds fall in them, the way the shadows are pressed between the folds, and the boy, too, feels affected by this force, locked within it, unable to move. Then a pair of tiny feet patter across the stage, the curtain billows out, and he is conscious of voices beside him: "... Children's Division is first, and that's, of course, the one he'll be in."

The speaker, Dr. Koenig, possessor of the biggest hands and broadest fingers the boy has ever seen (a judgment that has nothing to do with seeing them close up when the Doctor

"Please! Not at a major breakthrough!"

works on his teeth), is the master of ceremonies for the evening. Having got through the preliminaries with the boy's mother, he turns to the boy, and says, "Got the jitters?"

"Not half as bad as I have," she answers. "In fact, I don't think he's worried at all. He has no reason to be. He's well prepared."

"Well, you can't blame a kid for a case of the nerves. I've got them myself, just knowing I've got that introducing to do."

"He'll be all right."

"I'm glad to hear it!" the Doctor says (in the same tone of voice he would say, holding a tooth in front of the boy's eyes, "I got it!"). "And I hope you end up with that first prize. I'm rootin' for you! Ten silver dollars is a pile of money. Why, I bet it's more than you've had in your hand at one time."

"No," she says. "It's not. Anyway, money isn't the important thing."

"Just a second," the Doctor says. He shakes a quart Mason jar filled with scraps of paper, and his loose bluish jowls also shake. As he holds the jar out to the boy, he explains to her, "He has to draw a number to ascer . . . to certi . . . to find out when he'll come up on the program."

"Don't get your hand stuck in there," she warns.

After unfolding the scrap of paper, the boy looks at his mother, then at the Doctor's round eyes, then at his mother again, and says, "Five."

Dr. Koenig sets the jar on the seat of a folding chair, takes a piece of paper from his shirt pocket, takes a pencil from behind his ear (each movement displaying the same precision and mysterious significance the boy finds so frightening when he's in the dental chair), traps the paper against the wall with one big hand, and says as he writes, "Number Five, Children's Division, Chuckie Neumiller. . . . You'll go on right after Nick Hammes. The boys and their mothers are using the dressing room on the left of the stage, so that's of course the one you'll use. The girls are in the other one. Oh, does your play-act have a name?"

" 'Broncho Boy,' " she says.

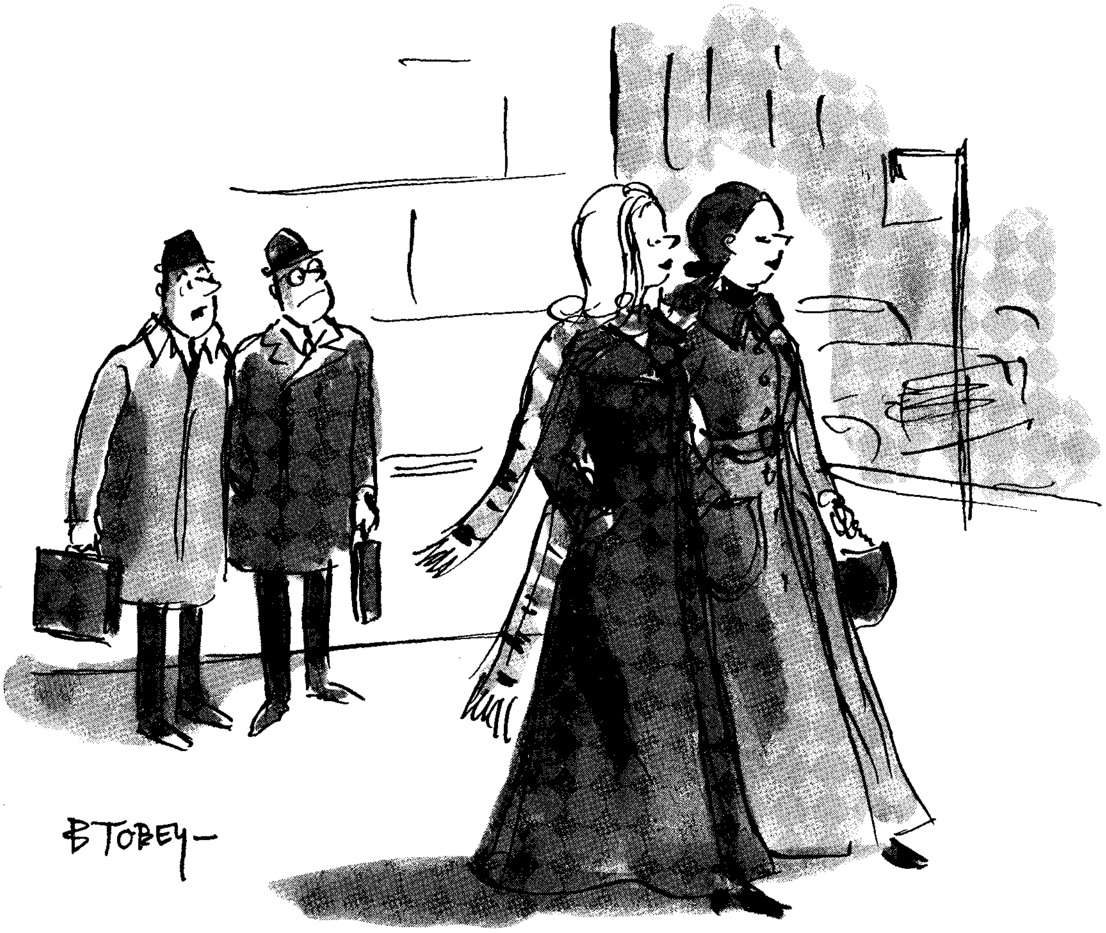
The Doctor tilts back his head and laughs his resonant laugh, which, as always, ends as abruptly as it began, with a look of bewilderment and perplexity on his face. " 'Broncho Boy'! Sounds like a good one, all right!"

"I didn't title it," she says, and takes the boy by the hand and, after a jerk to get him started, leads him toward the dressing room at the far end of the auditorium. As yet there are no people seated in the wooden folding chairs set up on the floor of the auditorium, and the stage lights have not been turned on, but the cold blue twilight filtering through the high windows fills the building with a dim theatrical atmosphere, and the chairs themselves seem to the boy to be the audience, cold and implacable, waiting for the slightest mistake, the least betrayal of fear.

He looks away from them and sees, on the walls and the ceiling, dangling from thumbtacks, scraps and short strips of crêpe paper of every imaginable color, some of it faded and stained, some of it new-looking. At the carnival last winter he was allowed, for the first time, to stay up until the children were told they could tear the decorations down. But he didn't really enjoy it. His mother wasn't there. She had sat at a side table most of the evening, toying with some trinket he'd won at the Fish Pond, and finally she said she was tired and went home, leaving him with his father.

Now, as he and his mother draw near the dressing room, he hears a murmur of excited voices, and the sound increases in volume when his mother opens the door. The boy takes in the sight of feminine legs (the dressing room is up a few steps), the bright lights, the smell of makeup. Inquisitive faces turn toward the door, there is an instant of recognition, and the voices drop to a lower pitch. She takes him by the hand, precedes him up the steps, and leads him down the long dressing room, narrow as a corridor, past mothers who are putting rouge on their sons' pale cheeks, wiping away streaks of dirt with handkerchiefs moistened with saliva, going over the *do re mi* of the scales, and, in one instance, gingerly taking the Scotch Tape off a swatch of hair that's been taped in place to a boy's forehead. In spite of all this animation and forced intimacy, no one in the dressing room greets his mother.

Near the back, one woman is telling her son, who is sitting on a bench cry-



"We might as well face it, Harry. It's the end of an era."

ing, to grow up and act like a man, because he has to go out there and sing whether he likes it or not. Nick Hammes. Charles's mother stops and releases his hand. "What's wrong?" she asks.

"Oh, don't ask *me!*" Mrs. Hammes says, and in her exasperation blows a stream of air from her lower lip, causing a wisp of gray hair on her forehead to fly up. "I've been after him for weeks now about the contest, and a couple of days ago he seemed all for it. He said yes, he'd love to be in it, sure enough. Everybody else was going to be in it, so why shouldn't he? And now at the last minute he wants to up and quit on me."

"He decided to be in it only two days ago?"

"That's right."

"When has he had time to rehearse?"

"Well, you know, he's been singing in school all along. And at home he sings, too—so much that it gets on the husband's nerves. So all there was to do was settle on a piece he liked. One I could play on the piano."

Charles's mother squats in front of Nick and takes his hand in hers. "Are you scared?" He nods at her, his lower jaw trembles, and his tears, having wet paths already prepared for them, slide easily down his cheeks.

"What grade do you get in singing at school?"

Nick Hammes takes a deep breath, opens his mouth wide, and bawls, "AAAAAA's!"

"Do you know what Charles gets? C's. I try to comfort him by telling him a C means he can sing like a canary, but I know it's a lie and he does too. Have you ever heard him sing?"

Nick Hammes snuffles, and then stares at her with a mixture of skepticism and fascination.

"What does he sound like instead of a canary? Think now. What does he sound like? Think of an animal that has a name that begins with C."

Nick Hammes wipes the tears off his cheeks with the back of his hand, screws up his eyes, and looks at Charles. Then a slow grin spreads over his face. "A cow! He sounds like a cow!"

"Exactly. Now, knowing there are people who sound like that, and knowing how good you sound, and what a wonderful gift it is to have a voice like yours, don't you think it's a little strange for you to be afraid? Aren't you even ashamed of it some, old as you are?"

Nick Hammes lowers his head and after a minute or two he nods.

"Good," she says. "That means you're sorry for acting the way you've been acting, causing your mother so much worry. Which means you'll sing twice as well—see if I'm not right!—to make up for it."

She pats Nick on the knee, rises, and leads Charles to the back wall of the dressing room, where she sits him down on a wooden bench. As she begins to undress him, she says quietly, "Don't be jealous. It's not his fault. She had no right bringing him here so ill prepared. If you'd like, you can be a little angry with him. I didn't like the way he said that, either—about the cow. But he had to forget about himself and it's best he said something about you, because you know what you're doing. And you're grown-up enough to understand why I talked to him or I wouldn't have. Here, now! Stand up straight."

Then, as she helps him on with his costume, which feels chilly and stiff after his street clothes, the two of them luxuriate in a silence that makes the boy feel shielded from the tumult of the room. He's aware only of her closeness, of her hands moving up the buttons of his shirt, her eyes travelling over his face and clothes, examining them unconsciously yet with care to each detail, her breath passing over the side of his neck, pausing, passing over the side of his neck again—and once more he feels he's an adult, and he thinks, This will last forever. And, as if in confirmation of the thought, a pleasant sensation passes over him.

Through the gentleness of his mother's touch, more than from her words, he understands what she meant about Nick Hammes. Then he realizes that this same gentleness, present in her no matter how straightforward or unpredictable she might be, was also communicated to Nick Hammes when she took him by the hand. And then jealousy strikes him.

When he is finally dressed to her satisfaction, and she has rechecked the tissue in the hat, the bandanna, the belt of the holster ("Whatever you do, don't click that thing!"), and the wide tooled belt of the chaps, she says, "Just do what you've learned," and leaves him.

To preserve the serenity she has given to him, he goes out the side door of the dressing room and stands in the darkened wing of the stage. Still, he feels vulnerable. He walks over to a travelling drape gathered at the back of the cyclorama, takes hold of the edge of the drape with one hand and turns in several slow circles, wrapping himself up in its folds. He remains there until he's heard applause for the first performer, and when he unwinds himself and reappears, there is a detached, trancelike expression in his eyes.

Mary Beth Stahl, in the opposite wing, makes a hurried sign of the cross, and walks into the brilliant light in a white dress (her First Communion dress minus the veil) and sings "Dear Hearts and Gentle People." Applause. Everett Hyerdahl, dressed as Uncle Sam, does a tap dance to "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." Applause. Nick Hammes, with blackface covering whatever remnants of fear his face might betray, stands with his back to the audience, polishing imaginary shoes, and sings "Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy." Applause. Then Dr. Koenig's bass voice: ". . . doing a thing called 'Broncho Boy'!"

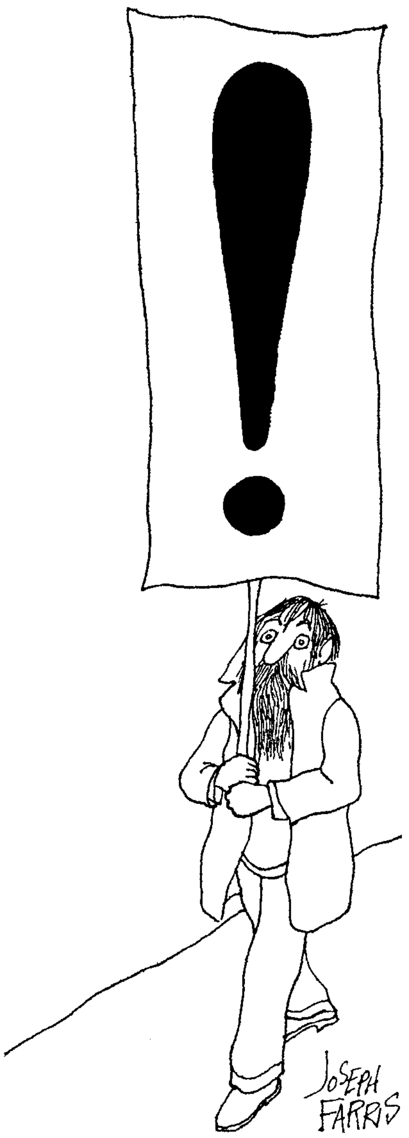
A nameless feeling he's had only a hint of before—the presence that brushes over him whenever he thinks of performing, making him feel hollow in the stomach—falls over him with its full weight. His tongue is hard and dry; there's a rope around his throat. He feels stifled, yet at the same time detached and weightless.

He walks into the harsh light, blinking against it, and even though the presence exerts so much pressure it seems to him he is growing visibly smaller with each step, his composure keeps it from becoming a part of him. The pressure, however, has an exhilarating effect. Bearing down on all his senses, it compresses them, makes them more keen. He takes in details that he wouldn't have noticed under normal conditions—the deep shade of his thumbnail (why is it so purple?); a particular strand of goat's hair on the chaps, longer than the others, that is slightly discolored (what from?); the intricate grain in the boards of the stage; the specks of dust, brightly lighted, that seem to have been arranged over the grain of the wood with an eye for symmetry; a piece of blue thread stuck to the sole of his boot, and the shadow of the thread, also blue.

Though the houselights are off, he sees row on row of faces and identifies them. He even sees that the contestants who have finished are now sitting on the floor of the auditorium in front of the stage. And then he realizes he has not only made it to the front of the stage and executed his bow but is smiling at the audience, ready to open his mouth and begin, absolutely under control, prepared for anything but what happens.

There is giggling from the audience, and some children in the front row are pointing at him. The pointing (bad manners) and the giggling (he hates it) are directed at him because of the shaggy chaps, the chaps that once belonged to his grandfather (who would thrash them all if he knew they were laughing at anything he wore), the chaps his mother has taken pains to sew up—and from all these impressions, and others hinted at in his mother's attitude, he renders a judgment: The people out there are stupid. He hates them. And once emotion has broken through his composure, the vivid details fall away and he sees only white.

He races through his lines without any thought to the phrasing and coloration he's practiced. His anger gives the lines a fierceness and spontaneity they've never had before, and at the climax of the speech, to shut himself off from those stupid fools, he grabs the hat and pulls it down over his eyes. The large hand of Dr. Koenig settles across the width of his back and propels him in the proper direction, offstage.



Safe in the wings, he lifts the hat free, and the tissue lining its crown falls to the floor. With the return of his sight, his sanity returns and he's aghast at what he's done. What will his mother say? He tries to recall whether or not he clicked the trigger of the pistol and can't. He can't even say for sure whether he finished the speech. And that isn't all. Above the steady noise of the audience, he hears Dr. Koenig's voice, beseeching, joking, saying something about wool over the eyes, and finally, after another swell of laughter, the audience quiets down. Now he's positive he has done something wrong, and since he has no memory of anything, he's sure it must have been something awful, and he starts trembling.

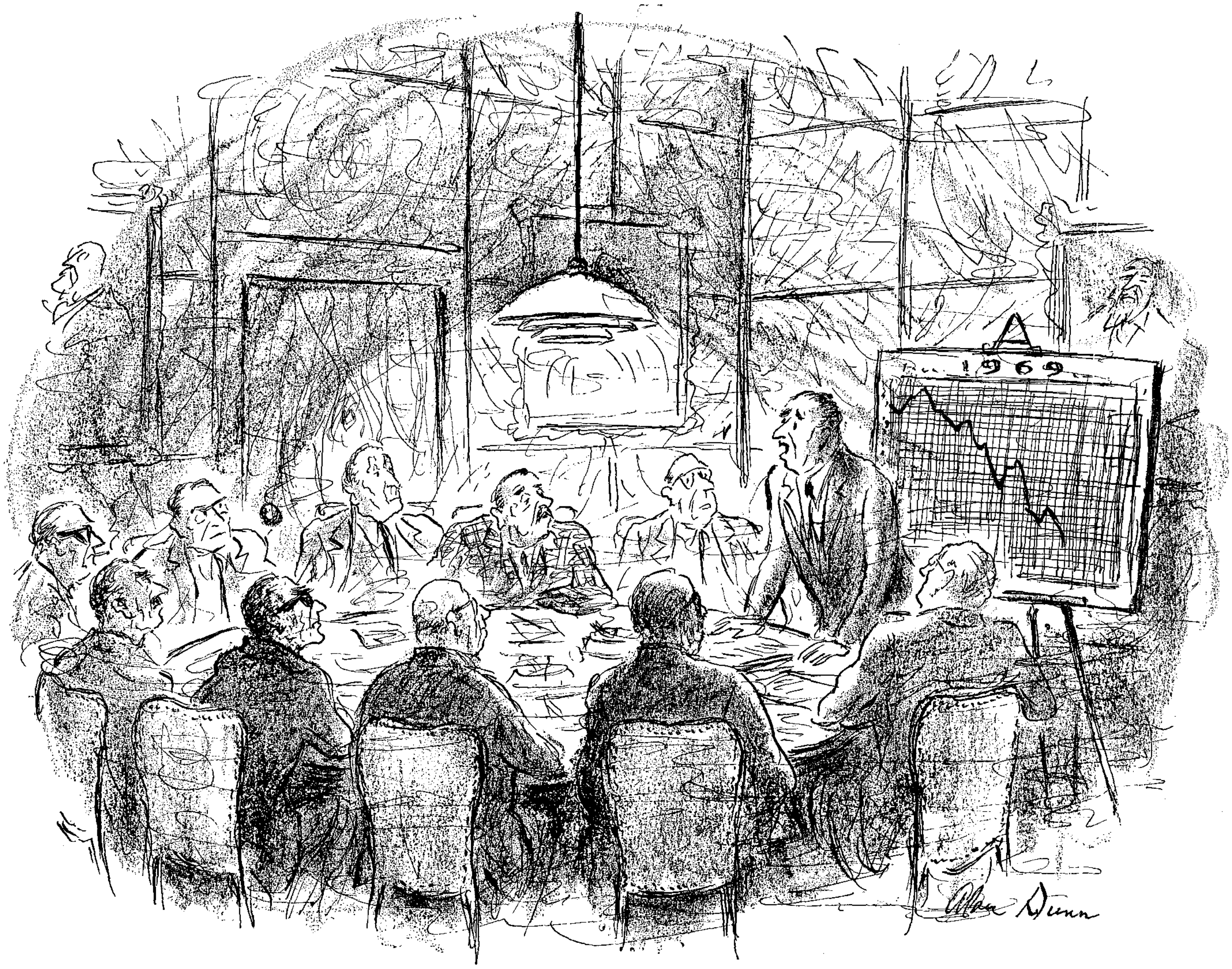
He bends down and picks the tissue off the floor, as though it's essential to salvage everything he *does* have, and goes into the dressing room. His mother is there, alone, waiting for him. Before he can speak, she grabs him by the scruff of the neck and, half dragging him (a button pops off his shirt), half lifting him, she takes him to the rear of the room and sits him so hard on the wooden bench that a warm pain branches from his tailbone.

"Why did you pull that hat over your eyes?" she asks, shaking him by the shoulders. "What kind of second-rate performer are you?"

A wave of emotion breaks over his words before they can form.

"I've never been so mortified in my life! Do you think I took you through two weeks of rehearsal just to see you ruin it at the last minute with a cheap piece of slapstick!"

She begins to undress him, and his shirt rips under the armpit. No one but a child—whose earliest memories of comfort are associated with touch, whose only way of expressing love is through touch—is capable of feeling with such acuteness what is communicated to him through hands, especially when the hands are those of his own mother. As she undresses him, her



"May I suggest that we strike from the prospectus the sentence reading, 'Such brilliant management as we have enjoyed is unobtainable without the inducement of continued stock options'?"

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touch is so rough and unloving that his body, and his whole being, too, feels desecrated. In her harsh handling of him there isn't even the underlying gentleness, the tremor of understanding he can usually feel even when she spanks him. For the first time, her hands give him no quarter. The tears that have been building up beneath his eyelids gather on his lower lashes, and when she starts tugging wrathfully at one of the legs of the chaps without unbuckling the belt, they fall off and start down his cheeks.

"After pulling a stunt like that," she says, "you don't deserve to win first place."

"I don't want to win now!"

"Whether you want to or not, it makes no difference. You've performed, and you'll be judged. Except for that bit of slapstick at the end, it's the best you've done the speech. I thought they'd never stop applauding!"

"I did that with the hat because they laughed at me!"

"That makes no difference. When you're performing, you have a duty to yourself and your audience, and you can't afford to lose your temper. That's something you better learn right now. (Oh, you were so good!) And when you're onstage you might well expect to be laughed at. Isn't that one of the reasons you're out there? You're certainly not there to vent your temper. There's opportunity enough for that in real life. And if you don't start learning to control your temper there, too, in real life, I mean—your temper and that terrible pride of yours—life's going to give you a whole lot of trouble, believe me!"

She squats down in front of him, picks up the piece of crumpled tissue he's dropped to the floor, puts it in his hand, and closes his fingers around it. "Here," she says. "Dry your eyes. Pretty soon they'll be announcing the winner. You."

He is not consoled. He is not freed from his grief. Her confidence in him does not restore the complicity that bound them together before. Something has changed between them, and it stays changed.

A FEW minutes later, he walks onto the stage to receive, as his mother has predicted, the first prize of ten silver dollars. Though the houselights are now on, he sees the faces of the audience only vaguely, and their applause has no effect on him. They don't have the power over him he believed them to have. He takes the roll of silver dollars from Dr. Koenig and walks across the stage into the wing and places the money in the hands of his mother, his real, his unequivocal, and, as the slow unfolding of years will come to prove (in spite of the sudden, unexpected end, within three years' time, of her physical life), his only competitor. —L. WOIWODE

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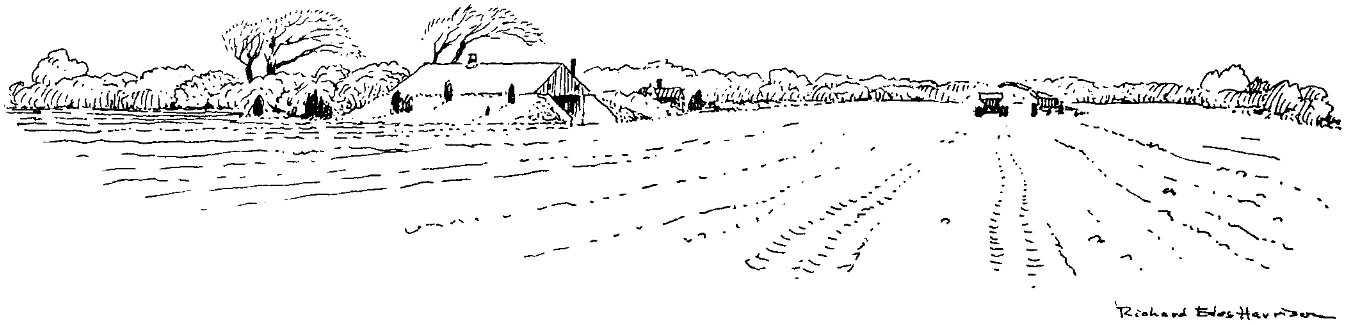
Concerto No. 13, Inc., for Piano & Orchestra, K. 415—Mozart.—*Program of music on a United Air Lines flight.*

Wolfgang was so businesslike!

ANNALS OF AGRICULTURE

THE THREE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETEENTH GROWING SEASON



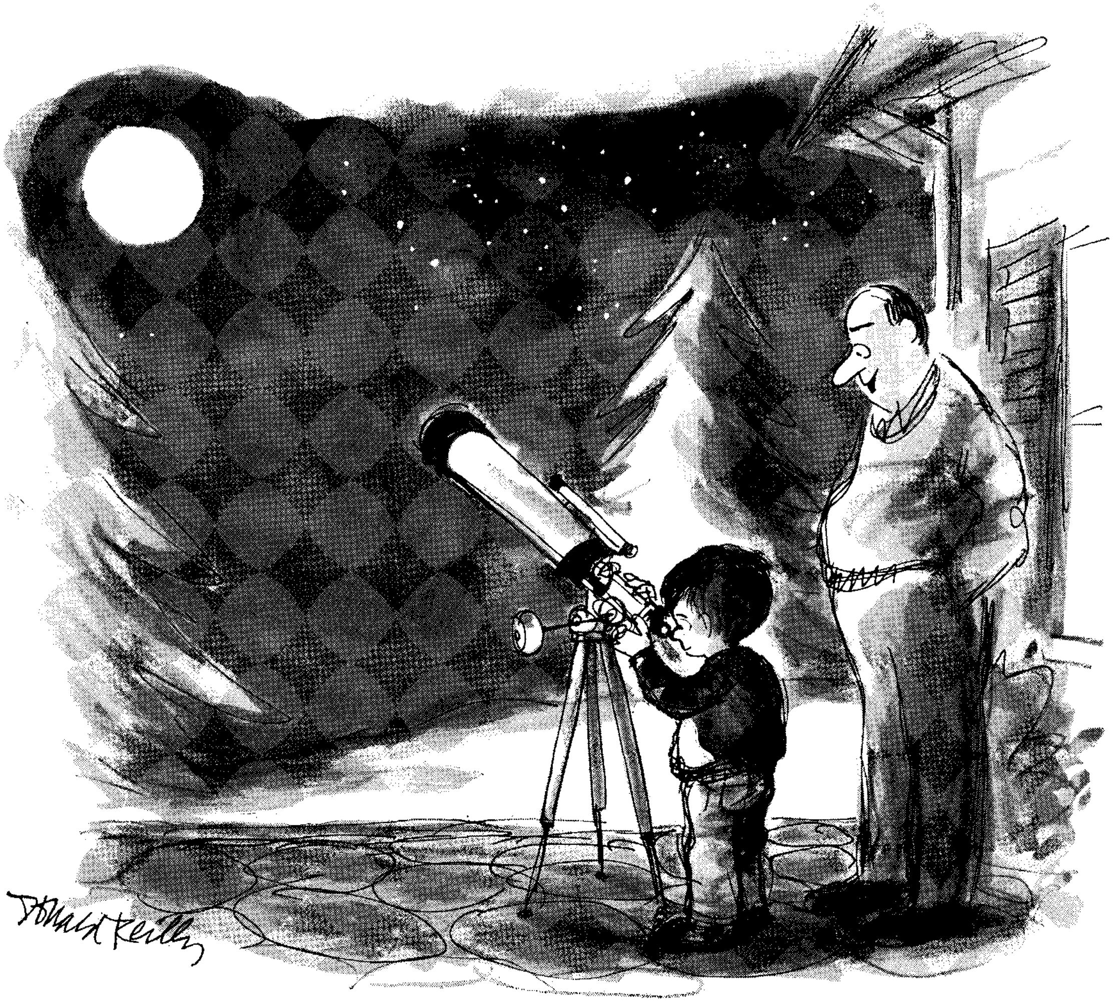
MARCH 9TH: Today in the mail, at my apartment in Manhattan, was a document conferring a new status upon me. I am now a landlord, in the original sense of the word: a lord of the land, renting out farming acreage—a tiny corner of a very large field across the road from my summer house in Amagansett, Long Island. The crisp, crackling paper, the blue binder, the stilted traditional phrases (“the Lessor has letten” and “by these presents does grant, demise and to farm let unto the Lessee”) give me hope that some signs of the old order will survive for a while. All around the villages of East Hampton and Amagansett, despite the upsurge in their popularity as summer resorts, the land, I trust, will remain richly fruitful: broad, flat potato fields, green and dense, will bask in the summer sun; the wind will send slow ripples sweeping across the pale golden-brown seas of rye; horses grazing behind barbed-wire fences will stare at me with their large, moist, bored eyes as I bicycle past; on the counters of local roadside stands strawberries and tomatoes, corn, peas, and lettuce will be heaped in lavish profusion, freshly picked and brimming with pastel flavors unknown in the dry, pallid fruit and vegetables of New York City. Such are my mid-March reveries after a day in which, stung by pelting rain and sleet, I have hailed cabs in vain on a dozen Manhattan street corners, jammed myself into a busful of steaming bodies, milled around in crowded lobbies among scurrying automatons, and sat at a lunch counter staring in revulsion at a gray hamburger decorated with several leaves of limp lettuce and two slices of almost white, almost juiceless tomato.

It is sweet, this evening, to dream of the countryside in which I have spent the past three summers and will spend the coming one, of 1967. Most New Yorkers, I imagine, think of Wainscott, East Hampton, Amagansett, Sag Harbor, The Springs, and Montauk—all villages within the jurisdiction of the Town of East Hampton—as fashionable seashore resorts chockablock with bluebloods, literati, artists, intellectuals, and a vast rabble of psychoanalysts, publishers, successful business people, and eager young men and women from the pubs of First Avenue. The villages are indeed crowded with just such people in summer, but I value at least as much the other, and quite unpublicized, side of life there—the workaday farming that makes the area so lovely to the smog-reddened eyes of the refugee from the city. The origins of agriculture in this region go back to 1649, when the first Puritan settlers, from Lynn, Massachusetts, started to work the “plantation” of East Hampton. The light, loamy soil rewarded them generously, and to this day three of the villages—Wainscott, East Hampton, and Amagansett—are surrounded and checkered by fields of potatoes, corn, cabbage, strawberries, and so on, bordering motels, rooming houses, tennis courts, art galleries, and beach houses.

Here and there throughout the village of East Hampton, fields are cultivated between the imposing houses and impeccable lawns of the very wealthy, and crops grow alongside some of the holes of the exclusive Maidstone Club’s golf course. In a field on one side of the Tennis Club of East Hampton, cattle graze; on the other side corn grows stiff and tall. In the very center of East Hampton village, behind the Maidstone Arms Inn and amid numerous houses, a farmer cultivates and sprays twelve acres of potato land, to the occasional exasperation of late-sleeping weekenders from the city. It is this curious juxtaposition of the rural and the chichi, the rustic and the worldly, that I find most appealing; sometimes, nearing the end of the long, hot, tedious drive from New York, I have been stuck behind a slow-moving farm tractor on the road and have been so pleased by the sight of clumps of earth on the cultivator spikes and by the leathery brown neck of the man in the driver’s seat that I scarcely minded the delay.

For three years, as the fields changed from brown to green and the crops flourished, I have seen the distant, slow-crawling machines diligently weeding and spraying and in October I have watched the high-piled wagons of potatoes rumbling by. Despite the modern equipment, it has all seemed reassuringly primal and immutable. Yet recently I have become aware that it is anything but immutable; under the surface, hardly root-deep, is an economic reality that, more surely than blight or the golden nematode, can wipe the fields clean of crops and replace them with streets of suburban homes, stores, and motels. From the front window of my summer house I look out over a couple of hundred acres of potato fields framed by low, wooded hills; practically all of it, I now know, belongs not to the farmers who till it but to several large speculators—though they detest this pejorative term and prefer to call themselves investors—who lease the land for farming for one, two, or three years at a time.

And now I, with all of eight acres, am in their category. So I read my lease with mixed feelings. On the one hand, by owning eight acres of farmland and seeing to it that it remains under cultivation I am keeping things from changing. On the other hand, this is only a temporary truce with change; I, in my tiny way, and the other landowners, in their far larger way, are subject to the pressures of taxation, the need to meet mortgage payments, and, above all, the ultimate urge to profit. Under these pressures, how long can it be before the clanking bulldozers move in and little houses



"Never forget, Son, that your father sold office supplies to the company that made the box that carried the rocks back from the moon."

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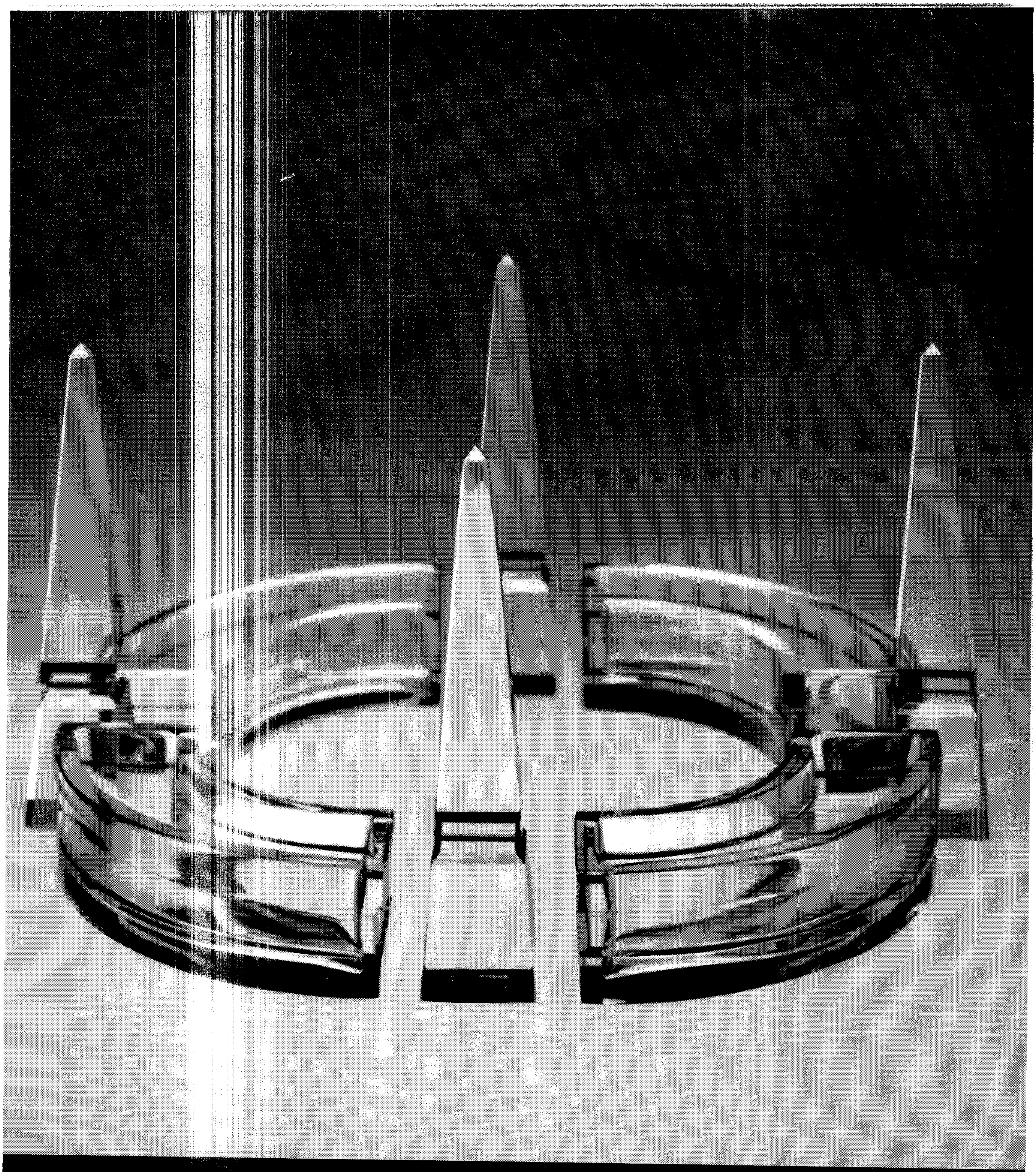
sprout across the landscape? *Vanitas vanitatum!* How is it that man, in pursuing and seizing his heart's desire, so often manages to destroy it?

APRIL 15TH: Often, all the talk about the cancerous growth of the megalopolis seems only a bogeyman story. In the mail today is this week's issue of the East Hampton *Star*, and I am at least momentarily convinced that the old order changeth not. Farming still makes page 1, just as it has for the eighty-two years of the paper's existence. "POTATOES OFF TO LATE START," reads the banner headline, and the story under it informs me, "Long Island farmers finally got going this week on the big spring job of making a new potato crop. They are off to the latest start in many years, delayed by the carry-over of wintry weather which has put them at least ten days behind normal plowing-planting schedule. . . . The prospective Long Island potato planting [in 1967] is 38,500 acres. . . . The greater part will be in Riverhead and Southold Towns on the North Fork, with the South Fork Towns of Southampton and East Hampton and the mid-county Town of Brookhaven contributing substantially to a total production expected to approximate ten million hundredweights." The article added that Suffolk farmers would later be setting out strawberry plants, lettuce, cabbage, spinach, peas, cucumbers, and cauliflowers, that Suffolk County was the state's largest county in terms of farming, and that the value of its farm produce last year was more than seventy million dollars.

So, even though a cold rain is pelting my apartment windows, and outside all is howling wind, wet brick walls, and streaming pavements, I am able to think of how, a hundred and thirteen miles east of here, in the field across from my house, the seed-potato pieces have been snugly thrust by the planting machine eight inches under the blanket of earth and are beginning to sprout. Soon—perhaps even now—bold robins will dare to build their nests in the swaying branches of my spruce trees, rabbits will emerge to search for succulent clover on my lawn, blue jays and red-winged blackbirds will arrive from somewhere farther south. Even though this April is a harsh one, it is messenger to May, as Chaucer wrote (no doubt blowing upon his frozen fingers), and soon all will be well again, all will be as it always has been, time out of mind.

APRIL 23RD: I have just spent my first weekend of the season at Amagansett, and though it was chilly, cloudy, and rainy, I was pleased and reassured. Here and there, it is true, a few new houses are being framed in, and just outside the village shopping area a new supermarket is being built, but all else seems much the same. The woodlands are still bony and sullen, but if one stops and looks one sees the neatly wrapped buds on every twig, waiting their chance. The fields are stripped bare—there is only furrowed brown earth to be seen—but somewhere beneath the surface the shoots are pushing upward; it takes seed-potato pieces about forty days to germinate, break through into the air, and really establish themselves. On Windmill Lane, I saw horses in a pasture, but they were there primarily for exercise rather than for grazing, since the grass has hardly begun to grow; they must be getting hay. Yesterday morning, a ring-necked pheasant strutted slowly across the field, iridescent and vainglorious, followed at a respectful distance by his harem of three small gray hens. I listened for but did not hear the repetitious, improbable call of the bobwhites, which each season come back to live in a tangled thicket at the edge of the meadow just behind my house.

MAY 7TH: Another weekend of cloudy skies and long periods of steady rain. The fields across from my house are no longer dark and lifeless; across the expanse of brown are the first neat lines of pale-green hemstitching. Here and there, on other fields, a wash of vivid-green lawn has appeared; it is not really lawn but rye, a cover crop that is planted every third



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Hobson
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or fourth year in each field, by turns, to rest the earth and to lighten the soil when it is plowed under. I saw no farmers at work this weekend; they cannot begin weeding and spraying until the plants are well enough set so that the tractor wheels can be steered down the furrows between the rows.

There being nothing I could do outdoors this weekend, I spent part of each day before the fire, browsing through several books of local history I borrowed from the East Hampton Free Library. These same flat or gently undulating fields, free of rocks, light-soiled and fertile, had, I learned, been the chief attraction for the first colonists migrating from New England. Compared to the pinched, rocky, hilly fields of Connecticut and Massachusetts, these seemed almost the Promised Land. The Puritans, unlike the Spaniards and the French, sought neither gold nor furs but only fertile soil on which to labor from dawn to dusk; their goal was not luxury but a virtuous, Spartan life, whose signs of grace would be a good harvest and a houseful of children. In 1648, two Colonial administrators bought from the Montauk Indians the western, and broader, half of South Fork, the twenty-two-mile-long peninsula that became the Town of East Hampton. The purchase price was twenty coats, two dozen apiece of hoes, hatchets, knives, and looking glasses, and a hundred small hand drills, for the speedier making of wampum. The cost of these goods was a little over thirty pounds, and about thirty-one thousand acres changed hands, so the rate works out to more than fifty acres per shilling; even if the value of the 1648 shilling was fifteen times that of the present one (about twelve cents), it was a good buy. The following year, nine men arrived from Massachusetts Colony, and within the year after that thirty-four families were established in thatch-roofed log or board cabins clustered about a small pond and an open green, which still exist in East Hampton village. The early settlers were all farmers, with names like Barnes, Hand, Mulford, Talmage, Dayton, Osborne, and Gardiner. Clearly showing signs of grace, they were able to bring the land all around their village under cultivation immediately, and in four years they had also tamed and begun to use two large outlying meadows of several hundred acres each, which they referred to as "the Eastern Plain" and "the Western Plain."

I am delighted to discover that the Eastern Plain is none other than the square mile or so of open farmland that

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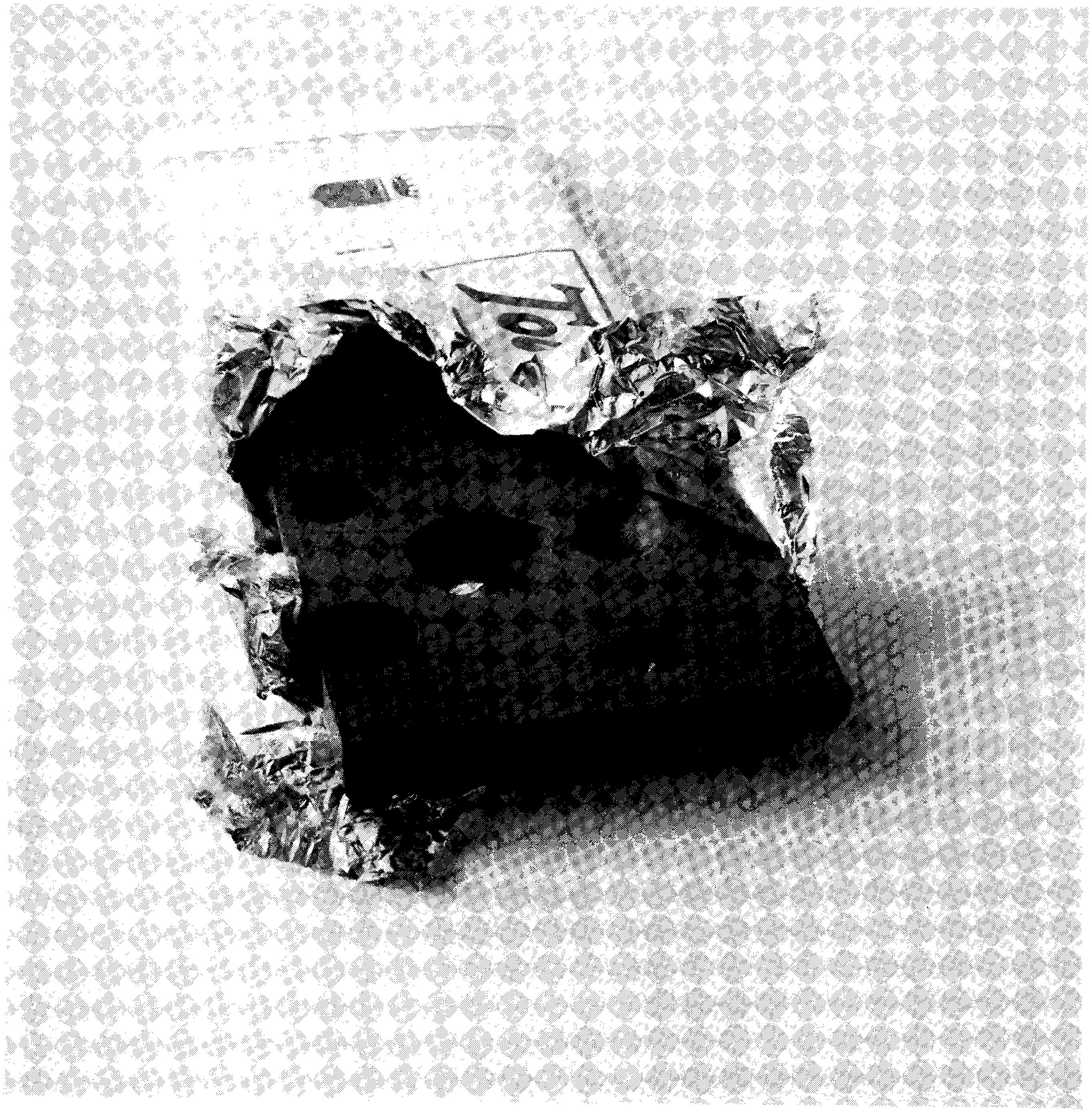

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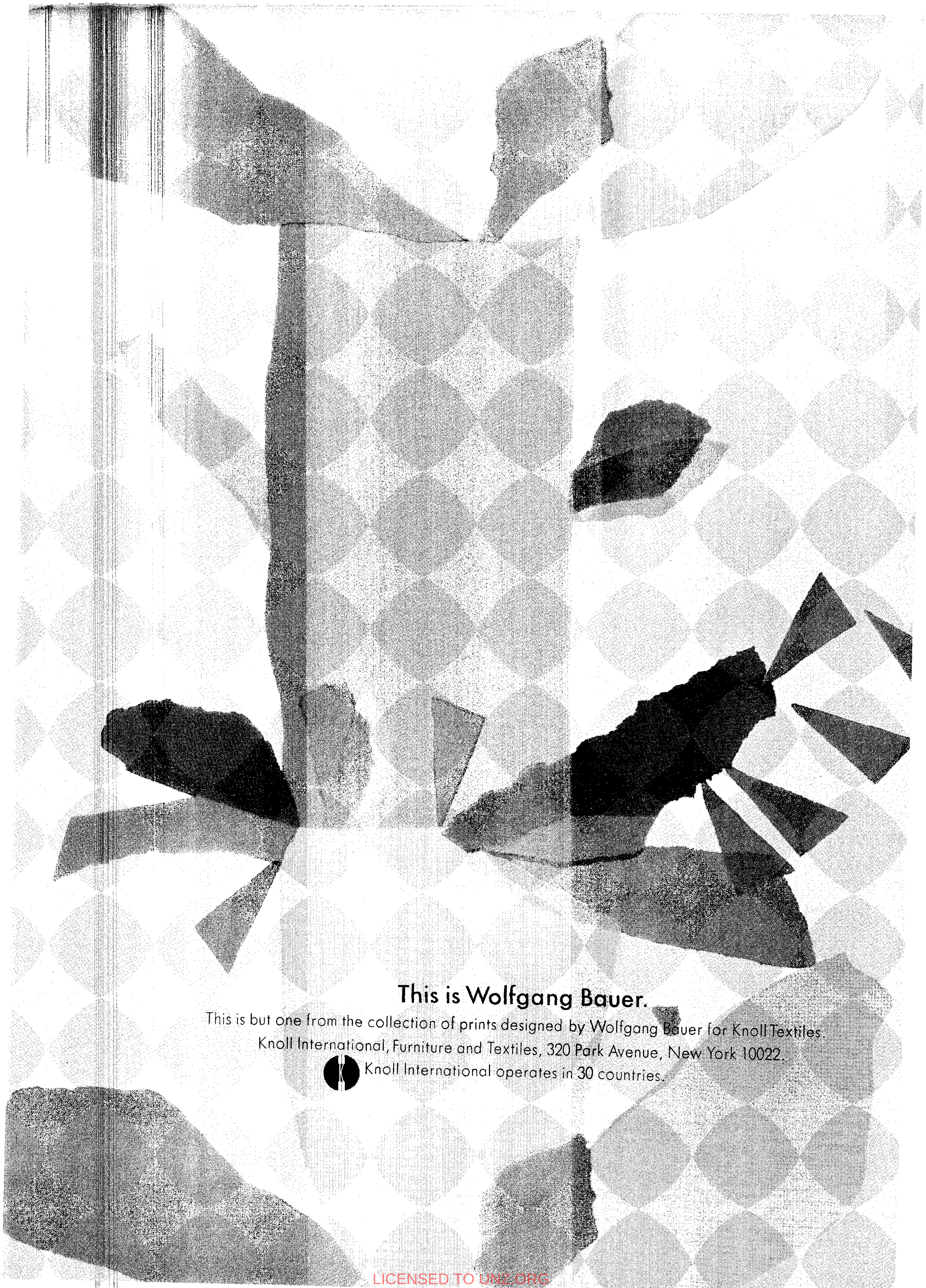
I have been looking at for three summers from my front window; the fields that this weekend are beginning to show the first traces of the new crop have been lovingly worked by local settlers for three centuries and have freely given their bounty to ten generations. I even came across the names of the men who owned those fields, and also the land on which my own house stands. The principal figure was Abraham Schellinger, who was the second settler to move from East Hampton to Amagansett, three miles to the east, and make his home here. (Schellinger's father, Jacobus, who was one of three Dutchmen in East Hampton, had joined the Puritans there after New Amsterdam fell to the English forces and became New York.) Abraham Schellinger had bought all the land on both sides of my house and behind it, and a part of the field across from my front window. Even now, the road a quarter of a mile to the west of my house is called Abraham's Path and the road a quarter of a mile to the south is called Schellinger Road, and two months ago, when I had a new well drilled on my land, it was done by Erwin Schellinger, a tenth-generation lineal descendant of old Abraham.

MAY 14TH: Friday evening—night before last—I drove out to Amagansett at rush hour, and was made sharply aware of one of the newer phenomena of the affluent society: ten years ago, the "season" for weekenders began about July 1st; four or five years ago, it began for many of them as early as the Memorial Day weekend; this year, the Long Island Expressway was choked on May 12th with a metallic-rubbery-gaseous outpouring that did not thin out appreciably for nearly forty miles. On Friday evenings in the summer, this river of fugitives will flow solidly for seventy or eighty miles along the flat, monotonous roads of Long Island—the drivers tense, pale, and sweating, their eyes rigidly fixed on the tail-lights in front, their feet jerking back and forth from gas pedal to brake, their minds numbed by the thoughtless routine. It may be only a few years before Friday-evening traffic from April through October will be a dense, unbroken stream stretching from midtown Manhattan to Montauk Point, a hundred and twenty-nine miles away. Yet when I came to my own turnoff and reached my own house, it seemed as though the porous soil of Long Island could soak up any flash flood of people and be none the worse, for here, barely half a mile



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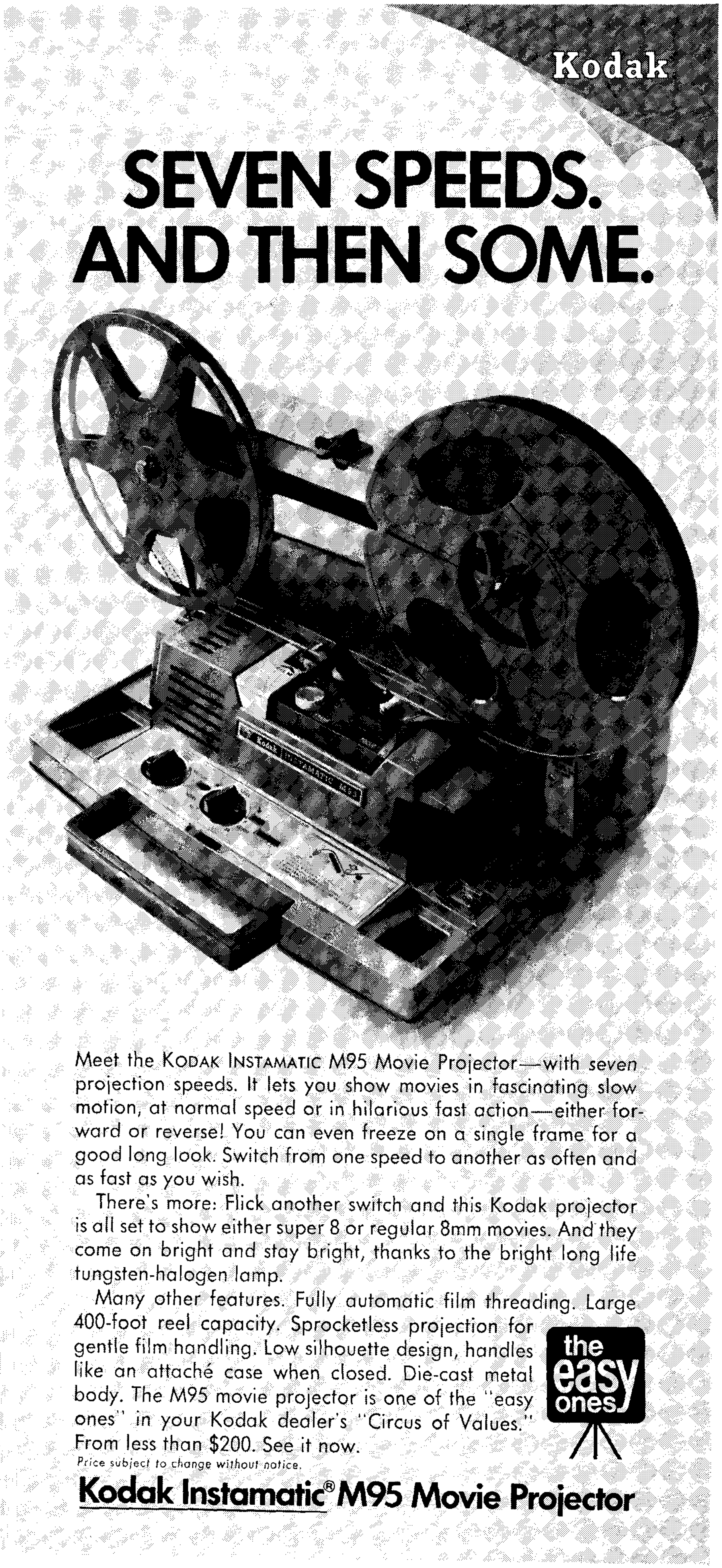
from the highway, the land, faintly visible in the last of twilight, lay darkly empty, its silent trees black-laced against the deepening sky, its air as pure and fresh as water from a mountain stream. Only two houses are visible from my property, and both were unlighted and quiet. Later that evening, I bicycled down the road to the ocean. The scattered houses along the way were mostly silent and asleep; the beach, in the starlight, was a spectral mist under my feet, and the ocean a resounding void of blackness out of which the wraithlike foam sped toward me, faltered, and expired with a sigh, dissolving back into nothingness.

Yesterday evening, my complacency was undone. With several friends, I drove to Montauk to have dinner at Gosman's Dock, an open-air waterfront restaurant overlooking the entrance to Montauk Harbor. The dock is a colorful place, but the ride through Montauk is a depressing forecast of the possible future of East Hampton and Amagansett. Montauk, too, was once a sleepy village, economically linked to the land and the sea. Its farming took a special form: for nearly two and a half centuries its land was the common pasture for the cows and sheep of the settlers of East Hampton Town. For a while, only three men and their families lived in Montauk, as herdsmen; they stayed in houses built at the collective expense of the settlers and named, with Puritan simplicity, First House, Second House, and Third House. According to Jeannette Edwards Rattray, a white-haired, magisterial *grande dame* who publishes the *Star* and is the author of "East Hampton History and Genealogies," somewhere between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred cattle from the South Fork would be rounded up each spring and driven east to Montauk and, in the fall, driven back for slaughtering or winter sheltering. As time went by, Montauk grew into a small village, primarily because of the fishing fleet that was based in the harbor. Then, in 1895, the Long Island Rail Road reached it, and changes began. Their pace increased after 1927, when a good highway was built from Amagansett across the neck of land that connects that village with Montauk. About that time, a promoter named Carl Fisher made extensive plans to turn Montauk into the "Miami Beach of the North," and though the Depression put a quietus on his more grandiose ideas—making Montauk a major port for transatlantic steamers, for instance—the tinsel and



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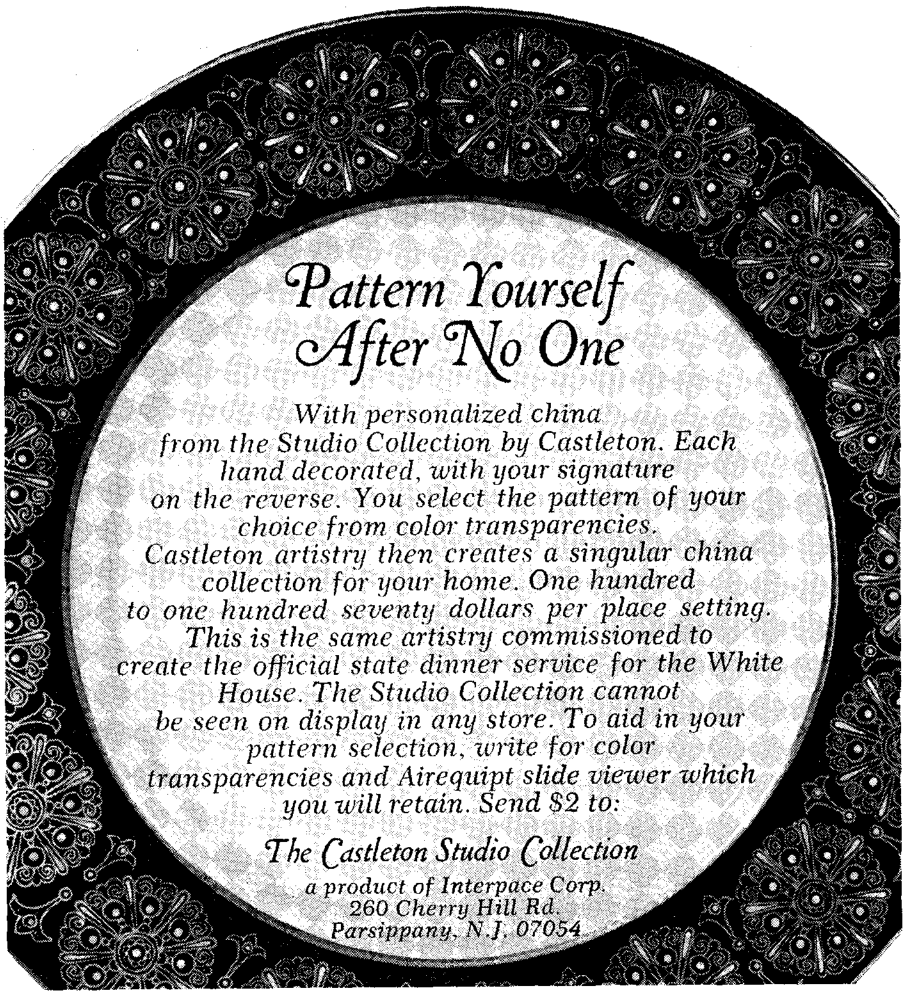

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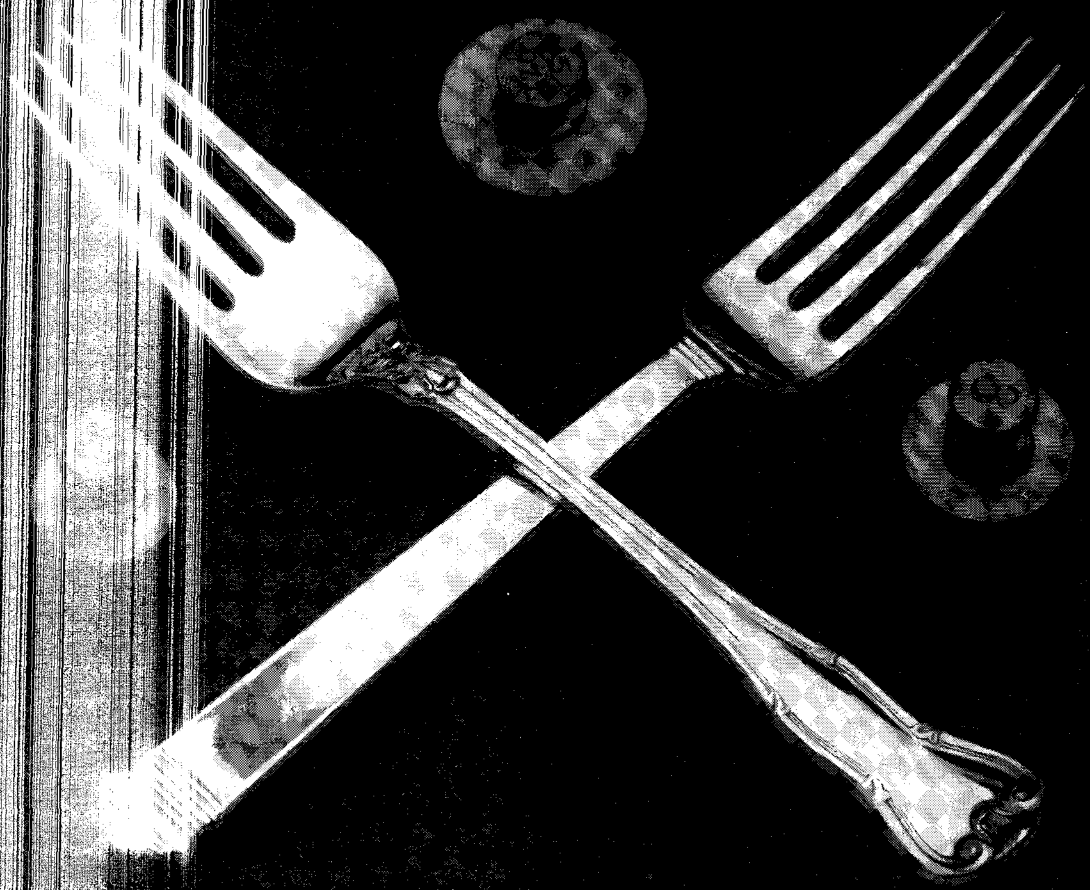
honky-tonk became a permanent part of the Montauk scene.

Today, Montauk, though it has some fine houses tucked away in the wooded hills, is for the most part "highly developed," as builders euphemistically say. There is a jumble of nondescript stores, gas stations, neon signs; a clutter of dreary little old-fashioned clapboard or fake-log tourist cabins, with their musty smell and sagging mattresses; a number of new motels with gimcrack modernistic facades, washed after dark in orange or blue light; suburban-style developments in which each little boxlike house, with no more individuality than a piece in a Monopoly set, boasts a tiny, viewless picture window, a bit of front lawn with perhaps a pink-painted iron flamingo stuck into it, and at the driveway entrance a coy sign identifying its owner. The waterfront—dirty, rugged workboats; neat, powerful sport-fishing boats; sleek, gentle sailboats; noisy little restaurants and snack bars—is, by comparison, so honest in its ugliness as to be charming. On the way home, we stopped for a drink at what used to be Third House. It is now called Deep Hollow Ranch, and has been done over as a dude ranch in a thoroughly synthetic Western vein: in the cocktail lounge we found benches covered with plastic rawhide and barstools upholstered in plastic pony, cowboy pictures, the skull and horns of a steer, and an old player piano, none of which has anything to do with the Montauk of history. I looked around at the noisy, cheerful weekenders and felt sure that none of them knew—or would have cared—about the real traditions of the area. What business had I to feel resentful or contemptuous of them—I, the merest Johnny-come-lately? And yet I did, and felt some curious pride in it.

MAY 30TH: The first thing I noticed on the drive to Amagansett this weekend was that at last the potatoes have come up a few inches and are turning into rows of low, lush little bushes. Now, finally, some two weeks late, the farmland has begun to look truly fertile. I have discovered that, statistically, there is not as much farmland as I had thought. I recently looked through a copy of Part I of East Hampton's Comprehensive Plan, published in January by the East Hampton Town and Village Planning Boards, and learned that only about eight per cent of the total acreage is now used for agriculture. It seems like a great deal more because of where it



SHOWN, FROM LEFT: HAMPTON AND PROVENCE FORKS

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is—beside or near main roads, in the heart of residential areas, and right next to the most desirable beachfront properties lying behind the guardian dunes. More than half the land area of the town is classified as "vacant"—that is, undeveloped and unused—and most of this is blanketed with a thin forest of oak and pine. A good deal of the forested area in the outlying East Hampton communities of Northwest (now vanished) and The Springs (now an artists' colony) was once cleared and was farmed for a couple of centuries; a state census of 1875 lists a total of over thirty thousand acres of farmland in East Hampton Town, and, according to the Comprehensive Plan, only thirty-two hundred acres are so classified today. Much of the soil in The Springs and in Northwest was suitable primarily for pastureland or for growing grain, and when the railroads began to bring cattle and grain from the Midwest, farmers abandoned these lands; in the past two or three generations, scrub growth has clothed the earth and obliterated all traces of man's labors.

The more fertile soil, lying closer to East Hampton, Wainscott, and Amagansett, was the first to be cultivated, and has been lovingly plowed and harrowed, planted and harvested to this day. This week, in fact, since the potatoes are well up and the soil is no longer muddy, the farmers are at work. Distant and unreal, their tractors crawl across the fields, each with a tiny figure sitting high up on it, sunburned and dusty in denims and peaked cap; behind the tractor there may be the spiky teeth of a cultivator turning the soil, or a spray rig exhaling white clouds across the rows. One such spray rig, after droning back and forth in a far corner of the fields in the late afternoon, trundled down the road toward my house and then turned in and began to work directly across from my front yard, on my piece of land; the man at the wheel was Henry Dankowski, my farmer tenant, whom I had never met. I watched him guiding his tractor back and forth, steering it carefully down the furrows so as not to injure even one plant. He dismounted, crouched down, and studied the plants closely, then plucked off a few leaves and inspected them; it was just such a bit of business as a stage director would have called for. At this point, he saw me watching him and waved, and a little later, when he came back onto the road, he stopped and leaned down from his tractor to introduce himself and offer me a large, rough hand. He is a youthful man, with simple good looks and an easy smile, and, except for blue eyes and strong white teeth, he was the color of the soil from his khaki cap and dusty, sunburned face to his muddy boots. "First good working day I've had for a long while," he told me. "My potatoes are two weeks late right now. But that's good land"—he nodded over his shoulder at my piece of the field—"and, with any luck, they ought to come along real fine from now on." I invited him to stop by for a drink at the end of his day, and, after thinking about it for a moment, he accepted. He appeared an hour later. We sat out behind my house in the late sunlight with Scotch-and-sodas. I asked how he had come to be a farmer in this area. "My father was a farmer in Poland," he said. "He came over in 1898 and started farming near Brooklyn. Then he moved to Hicksville, and finally he came on out here. It was clear to me even when I was a little kid that I wanted to be a farmer; it was the best thing I could think of doing. And this is a wonderful area—the soil is light, and you get a heavy dew that keeps things so moist you hardly have to irrigate. When I was a kid in Wainscott, we had a real farm—we had horses, hogs, steers, cows, and chickens, and we grew all sorts of things. We still have that land in Wainscott, but we grow nothing but potatoes on it now. You have to raise grain for cows and hogs, and the rental and taxes on land are too high for that kind of farming."

After taking a swallow of his drink, Dankowski continued, "Things have been changing fast. We used to cut the potatoes into seed pieces by hand and plant them by hand, and at harvest-time we'd turn the potatoes up with the digger and have a whole bunch of helpers following along on their hands and knees picking them up and sacking them. Nowadays, I have a potato-cutter—there's twelve hundred dollars just for that—and do that whole job myself. I plow by myself in the spring, and use a helper only when I'm planting and fertilizing. Then, from the end of April until October, I take care

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who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city
would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow. Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside.
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of the whole ninety acres myself. I can cultivate and harrow about twenty acres a day, and I do it to every field about every second week. I spray once a week—sometimes for bugs, sometimes for blight. That's a one-man job, too."

The information that one man could farm ninety acres surprised me, and I said so. Dankowski replied that not only was it possible but, with modern methods, fertilizers, and sprays, he could get several times as much from every acre as his father got. Later, I checked up and found that, if anything, he had been conservative; according to government figures, good East Hampton soil was yielding about sixty hundredweight of potatoes per acre sixty years ago and today Dankowski and other modern farmers get four to five times that yield.

"When harvesting comes, I need three men to help for three weeks or so on the combine and driving the truck from the fields to my potato house," he went on. "On a good day, I can get out eight acres of potatoes if I really hustle—and I do, because you have to get them out when the weather is good and the ground isn't muddy, and you have to put in your cover crop right away. A lot of days during the season, I work from six in the morning until dinner and then go back out until maybe eight in the evening. But it's a free life and a healthy life, and I find it real interesting to work on my equipment—improving it or repairing it—and, most of all, there's a real joy in seeing things grow. Yes, sir, a good piece of land—boy, I'd hang on to it until the day I died, and never let it go."

I asked how much land he was going to be able to hang on to. "That's the problem," he said. "I need about eighty thousand dollars' worth of modern equipment to do potato farming, but I rent about half the ninety acres I'm working. If that rented land goes, I won't be able to pay off on my equipment and I'll have to quit. Even now, I have to work as a carpenter and housebuilder all winter long to make ends meet. A potato farmer with a hundred acres can only make about eight or ten thousand dollars, and that's only if he's lucky. Like, if aphids arrive right after the rain washes the spray off the plants and you can't get to spray them again in time, why, they'll really dry up the plants and reduce your yield twenty—heck, thirty—per cent. Or if it rains too much in the spring, your seed might rot out. Or if it rains too little in the summer, the potatoes don't make weight. Finally, if everybody has a good year, the

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price falls. And, apart from all that, farming is getting more and more difficult around here the more summer people and tourists come out here. They're nice people, I guess, but, heck, they don't understand what a farmer has to do. If they're driving when I have to move my equipment back and forth, they get mad because the tractor is so slow on the road. If I'm cultivating or spraying near their houses early in the morning, I can get the devil for it from the ones who want to sleep. If my wheel track drags dirt out on the road, they complain to the police and I hear from *them*. And, worst of all, the summer people are buying up the land and building houses, and that means that the land I rent might go out from under me at any time. I'd be real sorry to see that happen. I could work as a builder all year round, but I like the land, I like the machinery, and I like the growing things. I don't want to get rich from farming—all I want out of it is a living. Other than that, I don't give a darn. I mean, why should I, if I'm happy in what I'm doing?"

I agreed with him, and offered to refill his glass, but he said he'd better be getting home for dinner.

JUNE 12TH: Of those thirty-two hundred acres of land in East Hampton that remain in agricultural use—and, being cleared and level, are the most desirable from a builder's point of view—some six hundred belong to a man who is the very antithesis of a farmer. He is a sixtyish bachelor and *bon vivant* named Evan Frankel, the owner of a superb fifteen-acre East Hampton estate and is an inveterate partygoer and party-giver, a collector of modern art and sculpture, and one of the largest individual landholders in East Hampton. I have known him for the past several years; indeed, I bought my eight-acre piece of field from him. I phoned him this morning, spoke of my growing fascination with land and my dismay at the imminence of change, and said I would like to talk with him about it. He invited me to have lunch with him and discuss the matter.

I parked in front of Frankel's large Tudor house and walked around to the back, over deep turf; there I found him sitting in the brilliant sunshine on a brick patio, gently stirring a tinkling pitcherful of Bloody Marys and gazing out contentedly over acres of rolling lawn dotted with sculpture. He was wearing Bermuda shorts, a yellow sports shirt, and leather sandals, and had the deep, even tan of a habitué of the poolside

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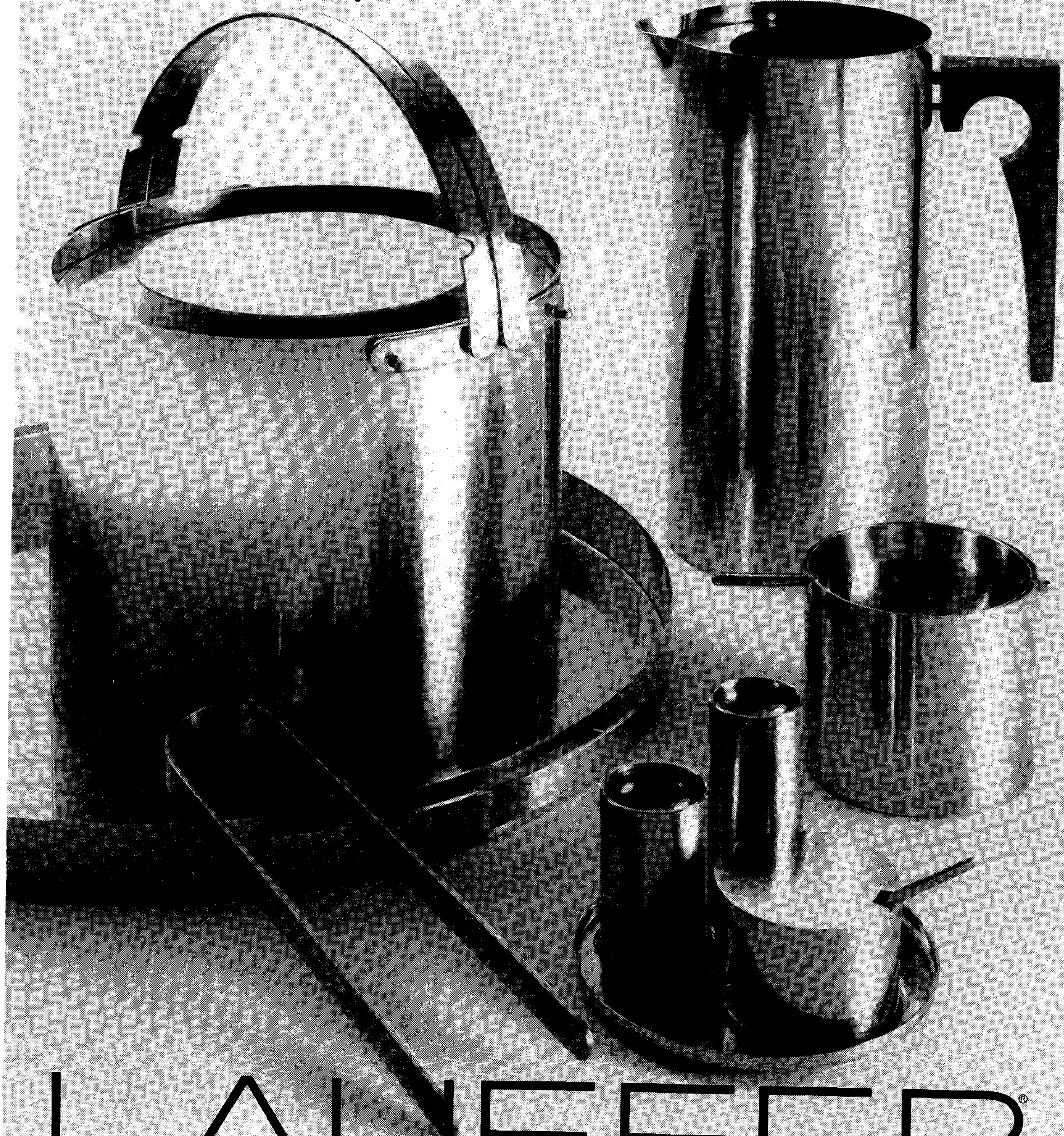

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or beach. (A farmer's tan, I had noticed, ends abruptly above the elbows and midway up the forehead.) Frankel greeted me genially and poured me a drink. Before we could begin to talk, a gardener stopped by to discuss the plantings around a new fountain, a housekeeper emerged from the kitchen to ask when she should serve lunch, and a stockbroker called from New York (Frankel took the call on an extension without having to move out of the sun) to discuss the state of the market as of noon.

I asked Frankel how he had become so deeply involved in farmland. He told me that he had been a store-designer and builder before the Second World War, and had done very well. During the war, he was given the job of designing and overseeing the construction of radar towers for the Signal Corps along the shore from Westhampton to Montauk. "I made my headquarters in East Hampton, and as I toured around working at my job, I simply fell in love with the land," he said. "It had a wonderful quality—an *ineffable* quality. I wanted to preserve that quality. I grew up on the streets of the lower East Side, and to me this land around here was more than mere countryside. It was beauty, it was poetry, it was art. Just as other people collect paintings, I decided to collect what I call my living paintings—a stretch of grassy dunes, a luxuriant potato field framed by hedgerows, a weather-beaten barn silhouetted against the sky."

I had already heard from gossips around town that Frankel drove a hard bargain both as a buyer of land and as a seller but that he often spoke about the land in this high-flown vein, and would be offended if one failed to take him seriously. I therefore nodded appreciatively, and asked how expensive such living paintings had been when he began to collect. In 1942, and for the next few years, he said, he had paid as little as fifty dollars an acre for woodland back toward the bay, a few hundred dollars an acre for farmland a mile or two from the ocean, and less than a thousand dollars an acre for beachfront farmland. Since he has recently sold small parcels of land for anywhere from ten to fifty times those prices (last fall, the New York *Times* reported that he had received six hundred thousand dollars for twenty-three acres of potato land and a series of stables and barns, which have now been converted into the East Hampton branch of a metropolitan department store), I ventured to suggest that perhaps he had been motivated as much by

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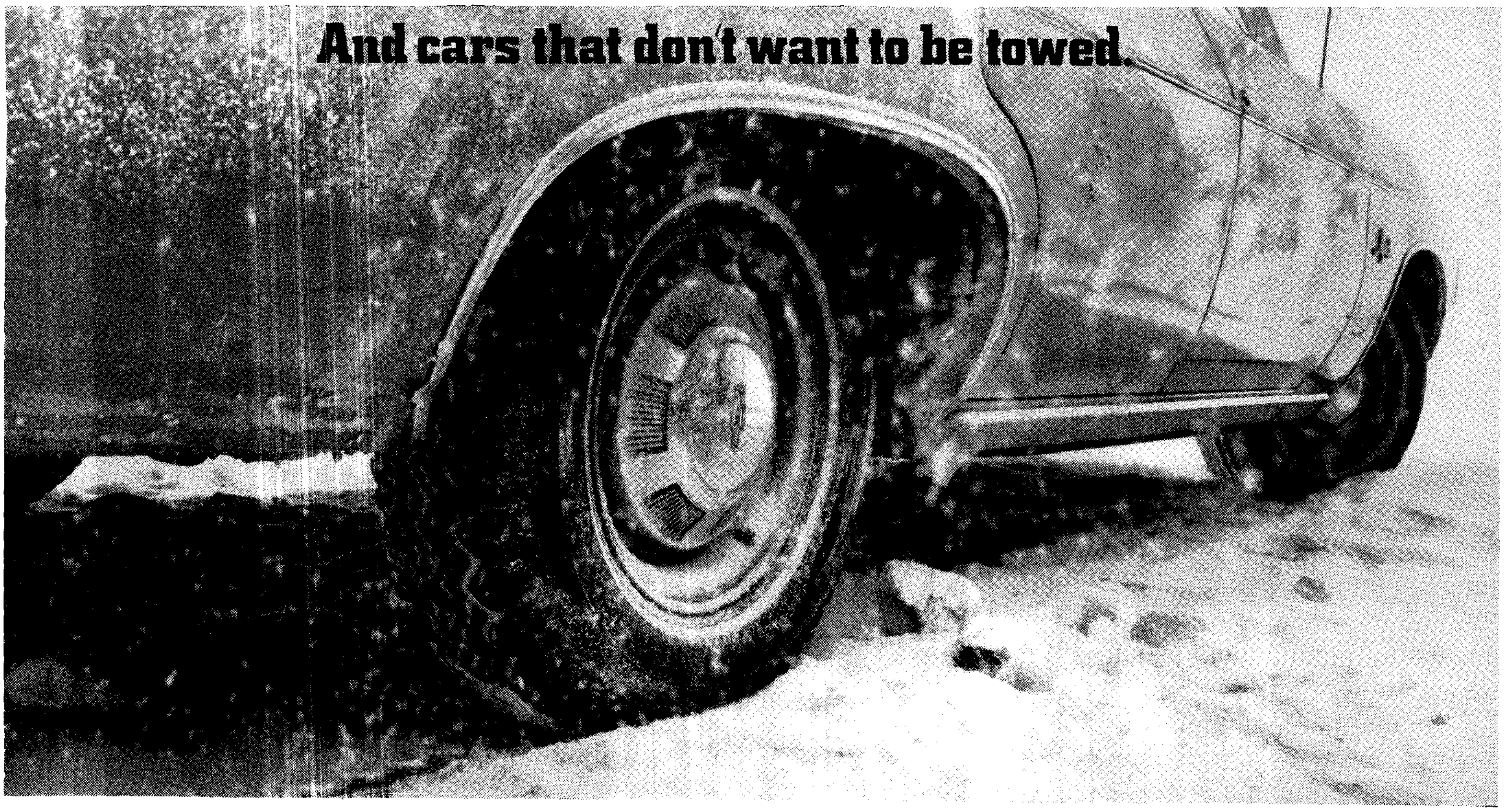

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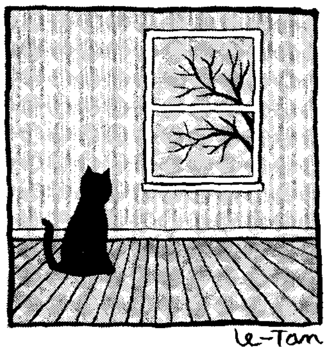
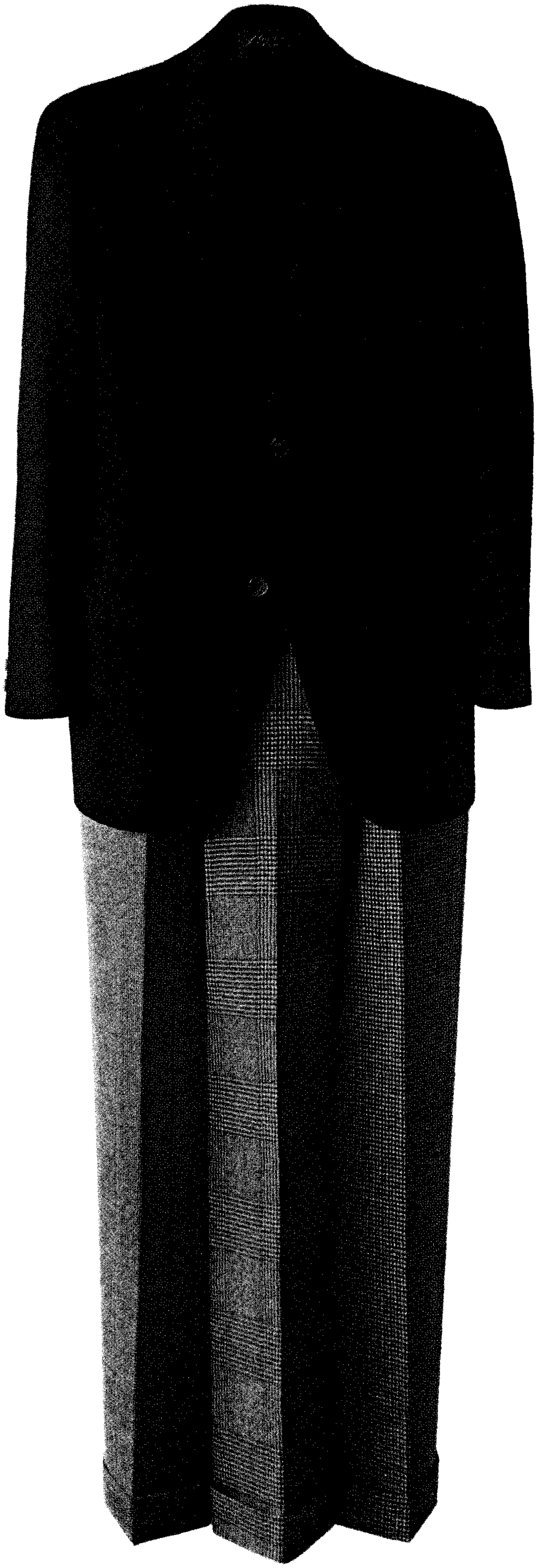
potential profit as by his love of beauty. He abruptly lost his look of beaming bonhomie and became severe—indeed, almost angry. “I *deny* that,” he said. “I *deny* that. I saw this as one of the most idyllic, peaceful areas anywhere near the city—a place of unspoiled beauty, rusticity, and Colonial charm. It had beach, village, countryside, all in one, and all less than three hours from New York. But it was in mortal danger. The land had been sold off by its original owners during a couple of booms back around the First World War and in the early twenties. Most of it, when I got here, was in the hands of people who didn't care about it—who just regarded it as an investment and wanted to resell it at a profit to a developer as soon as possible, or cut it up and develop it themselves. Along I came, a man who fell passionately in love with the land and was determined to keep it unchanged as long as I could. Little by little, I acquired acreage—the boom prices had collapsed during the Depression and had never come back—and I held on to most of it. Over the past twenty-five years, I've accumulated about a thousand acres, six hundred of it in farmland, the rest in woodland. My background has given me an insatiable hunger, a special neurotic need to own land. I enjoy nothing more than driving around looking across a sweep of beautiful land and reminding myself that it's mine. But you see what has happened—people call me a land hog, a monopolist, for refusing to sell them land so they can ruin it with their abominations, their cheap, tasteless developments, their ghastly neon lights. They call me a profiteer, an exploiter, who's holding out only so he can make the maximum profit.”



This, in fact, was precisely what I had heard about Frankel from many people in East Hampton. On the other hand, one of the old bluebloods of the area had told me, “I will say this for the man, that, with his ideas about zoning and development, he hasn't harmed anything he has had his hands on, and has perhaps done some real good.”

The housekeeper had laid a table for us under an arbor covered with bittersweet, and now we moved over to it. She served us an exquisite lunch of vichyssoise, roast lamb, purée of peas, a bottle of Château Haut-Brion '59, a fruit compote, and coffee. “It's a lousy position to be in,” Frankel continued as we ate. “Everybody, including my friends, is mad at me because I don't want to sell. But it's gratifying to feel that every time I turn down an offer I'm holding off despoliation—because nearly every development is just that. I can't hold on forever, of course, but my ultimate aim is a careful disposition of my land to the kind of people who will accept upzoning covenants and will treat it with good taste and with love.”

After our coffee, Frankel suggested we take a ride to one of his favorite pieces of property. We headed off along Hither Lane. Potato fields lay on either side of us, bordering stately homes and new ranch houses, and running up to the very back of a Miami Beach-modern motel named East Hampton House. “When you look at the fields, when you see the plants reappearing year after year, when you've watched the harvests for twenty-five Octobers, it doesn't seem possible that it's all going to end soon,” he said. “But all around every field there are more new houses each year—look over there, for instance, and there—and the land is being nibbled away faster and faster.” We turned right and headed toward the ocean on Cross Highway, a narrow lane with trees and dense underbrush on either side; a blue jay swooped across ahead of us, a black-and-yellow box turtle inched heavily across the road, and the perfume of honeysuckle blew into the car from somewhere out of sight. We made a jog to the right and went on, down a narrow private lane, toward the dunes and the beach. To our left, a broad, slightly rolling field, perhaps a third of a mile square, stretched eastward; much of it was covered with the familiar rows of potato plants, but the part nearest us and a part at the far side were deep with bright-green rye rippling in the wind. “I picked up these fifty-four acres back about 1950,” said Frankel, driving on to the far end of the field, which was bordered by a line of high dunes densely covered with beach plum and bayberry. “I bought most of it from James T. Lee, the grandfather of Jacqueline Kennedy. He was leasing it to a farmer, and I felt that it wouldn't stay in farming very long if I didn't control it. I paid Lee something under two thousand an acre for it. Last week,



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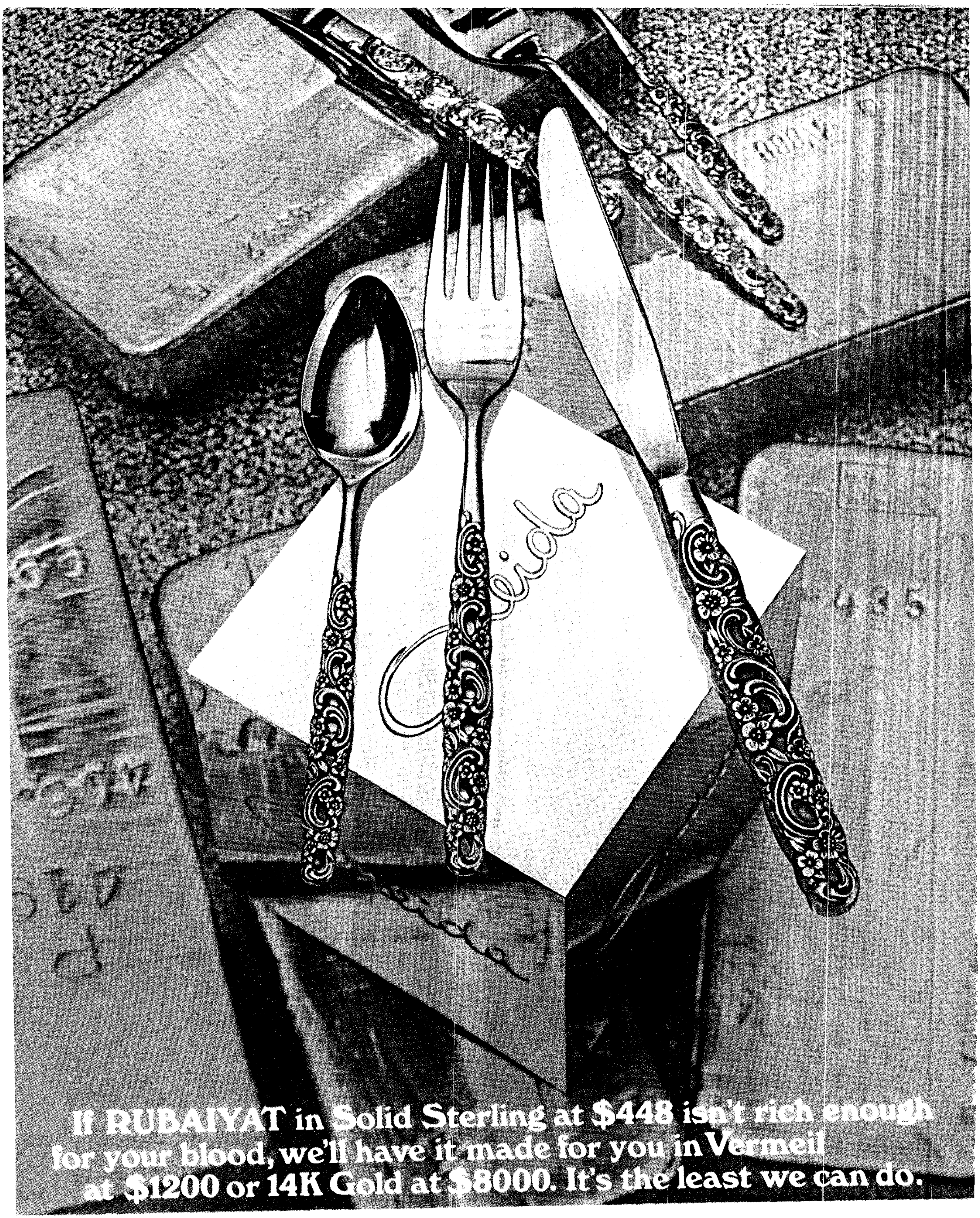
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three men offered me a hundred and fifty thousand for just six acres of it—the very part we're on at this moment. They pleaded and begged me to take their money, but I refused. I may sell some soon, and I may not. I don't have to until I feel like it." He looked out over the field with the placid contentment of a Buddha.

"I want you to see something," he said, getting out of the car. "Climb up on the hood—your tennis shoes won't do it any harm." I did so, and from where I stood I could see the blue horizon of the ocean on my right, over the rim of the dunes. Ahead of me, basking in the afternoon sun, the field rolled gently away eastward, to the border of trees on the far side. Around me, tall grass and bayberry rustled, but when I looked behind me I saw half a dozen expensive new houses; neat lawns, garden furniture, gravelled driveways, and split-rail fences had preëmpted the cropland on that side of the road, foretelling the inexorable victory of suburbia over the countryside.

We started back. "There are a couple of my fellows now," Frankel said, pointing to a truck parked in a corner of the potato field. We stopped and walked over to the truck, in which two farmers were sitting and having a couple of leisurely beers. Frankel introduced them: they were Bruno Tiska and his brother-in-law Chet Kalish. Both were in their fifties, and both had broad, Slavic cheekbones, snub noses, and pale-blue eyes. Like most of the farmers still working the soil hereabouts, they are sons of Polish farmers who had brought to this country a long tradition of loyalty to the potato, the basic foodstuff of Central Europe. Most of the Poles arrived here half a century ago or less, leased land from speculators, and single-mindedly began planting potatoes where vegetable, fruit, dairy, and poultry farming had formerly been practiced.

"How's it going this year?" asked Frankel. "Everything's pretty late, isn't it?"

"A good two weeks late," said Tiska. "But it looks like we're well started at last. We were just sitting here admiring it. Looks pretty nice, doesn't it?"

We agreed that it did.

"I take good care of my land," Tiska said. "No rye or weeds coming up through my potatoes. No blight. And my land doesn't blow—you never find me leaving it without a cover crop."

"People keep trying to buy it from me," Frankel said, with a mischievous

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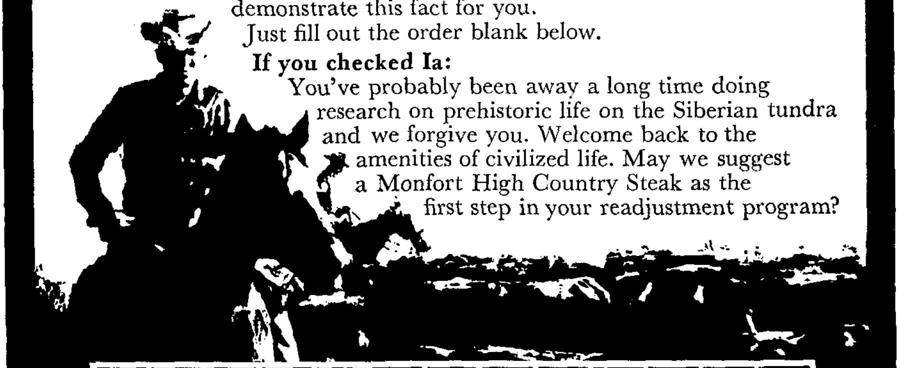

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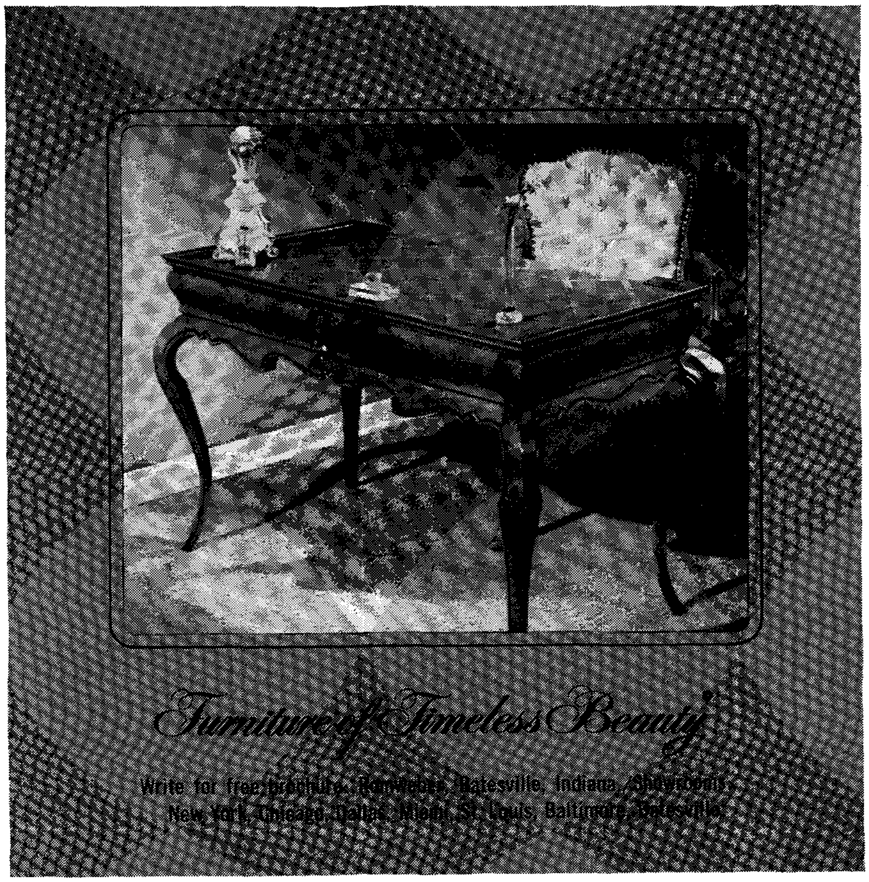

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smile. "They want to build houses on it. They're not interested in your potatoes."

Tiska grinned feebly and wagged his head. "Mr. Frankel, don't sell that land," he said, in a jocular, scolding tone, somewhat like that once used by elderly Southern Negroes with their employers. "You do and I'll be out of business. There isn't *any* more anywhere for me to rent. Don't sell that land. Just give me five more years—or ten. By then it'll all be done around here anyway."

His brother-in-law nodded and echoed him gloomily. "Ten years—then it'll all be finished. No more farming around here after that. It's nearly all over."

Tiska came back in with the coda: "All I want is five or ten years. But *time is running* out for the farmers—I'll be lucky to get that long."

On this lugubrious note, he fell silent, and we said goodbye and walked back to the car. Frankel had not reassured him about the future, and I could *only* suppose that the living paintings were in some jeopardy of being exchanged in less than ten years' time for non-living cash and mortgages.

JUNE 24TH: A few days ago, my twelve-year-old son, Jeff, came to spend a week with me before going to camp. (He lives with his mother, my ex-wife.) As soon as he got out of the car, he ran down the front lawn to look across the road to where, for the last two years, there had been an acre or so of strawberry plants. He was disappointed to find only uniform rows of the ubiquitous potato, now beginning to be sprinkled with a topping of perky little white blossoms. I reminded him that I had told him in the spring that the strawberries had been plowed under and would not be replanted. We agreed that that was a pity. When he was visiting me about this time two summers ago, the strawberry patch was at its best. A farmer named Bart Hadel grew the berries, and when they began ripening he and his wife would park an old open-body truck along the road and use it as a store, from which they would sell freshly picked berries to passersby for sixty-five cents a quart; or customers could pick their own berries for a mere twenty-five cents a quart. One golden afternoon, I gave a quarter to Jeff, who was then ten years old, just before dinnertime and sent him across the road for his first experience of harvesting. Hadel, a lean, dry, brown man, handed him a little wooden berry box, and soon saw that my

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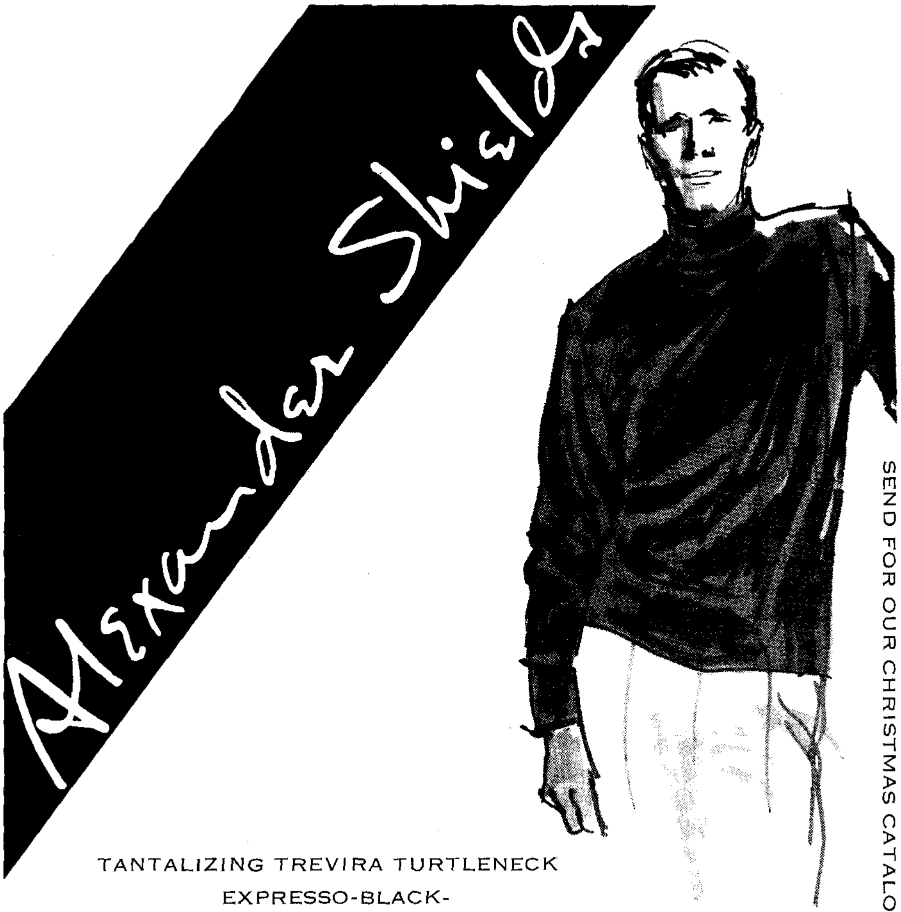
son had no idea how to find the better berries. He showed him how to lift up the leaves and look underneath. In a short while, Jeff returned proudly bearing a box full of large, fragrant, deep-red berries. Less than an hour later, we ate them for dessert, greedily inhaling their perfume and savoring the exquisite juices. To gather such fruit oneself, carry it home, and eat it is to touch Mother Earth, like Antaeus, and be strong again. I am glad Jeff had this experience before it was too late—which it now seems to be. Hadel died last year, and his widow and son, not caring to put the necessary time and effort into maintaining the berry patch, plowed it under and replaced it with a cover crop, and now Henry Dankowski is growing potatoes there. There are still five berry patches left in East Hampton, and many more farther west in Suffolk County, but it seems to me that again I have seen the shape of the future. One more farmer has died, one more farmer's son has chosen another line of work, one more experience has disappeared from my life and Jeff's. He will never again walk across the road to gather berries himself; in fact, by the time *he* has a son of ten there may not even be any fresh berries in all of Long Island. Suffolk County's population has doubled in ten years, and is likely to double again by 1985; at that rate, twenty or thirty years from now houses and streets, industrial parks and golf courses, shopping centers and jet-ports, highways and parking lots will cover the land from end to end. All the food that people eat will arrive by truck or train from hundreds or thousands of miles away, neatly wrapped in plastic, labelled, price-marked, sanitary, dead.

JULY 4TH—Today, I perceived in myself the parvenu attitude that can be summed up in the plea "Let *me* in, but close the door behind me." A little before noon, I went down to the Atlantic Avenue beach in Amagansett, and was revolted and outraged by the changes taking place there, which hint at the future of the entire village. Three summers ago, the broad white stretch of sand was dotted with widely separated groups of people; even on a major holiday weekend there were no more than a couple of hundred people—a staid assortment of parents and children, teen-agers, young single people, older folk, and a few Negro maids. But this hot, bleached Independence Day things were very different. I sensed it when I found the parking lot at the beach filled and a number of



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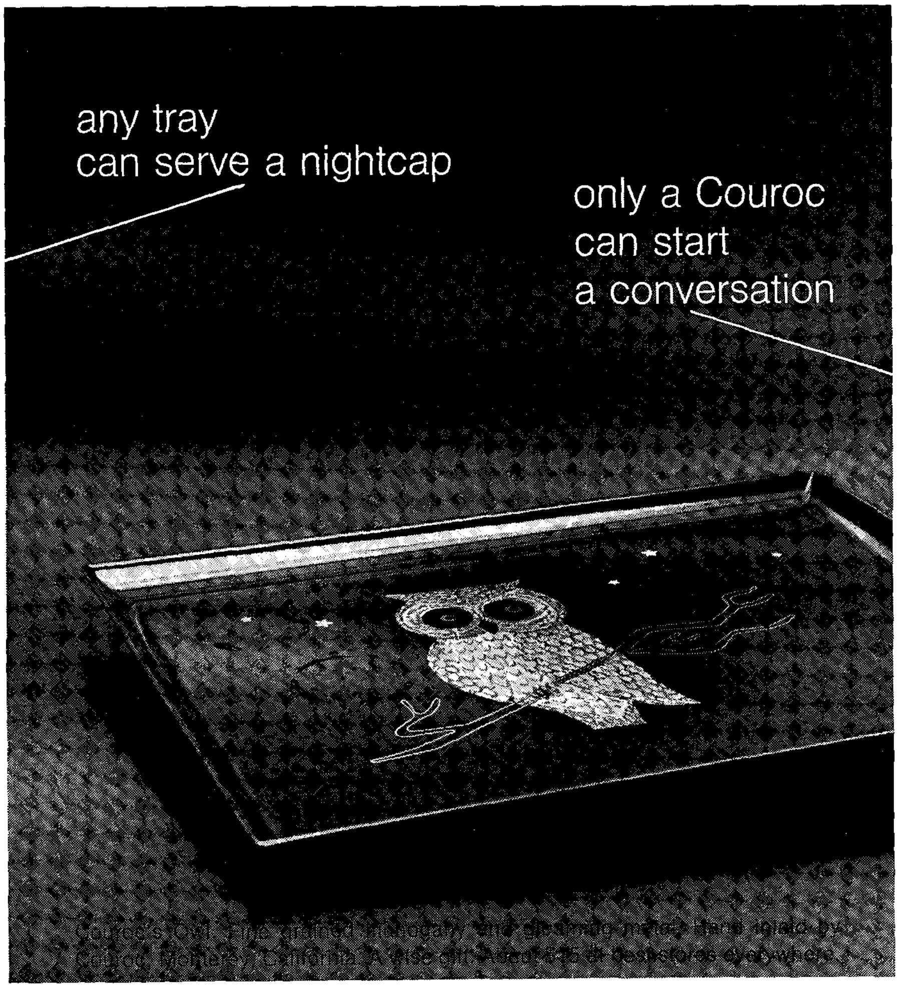
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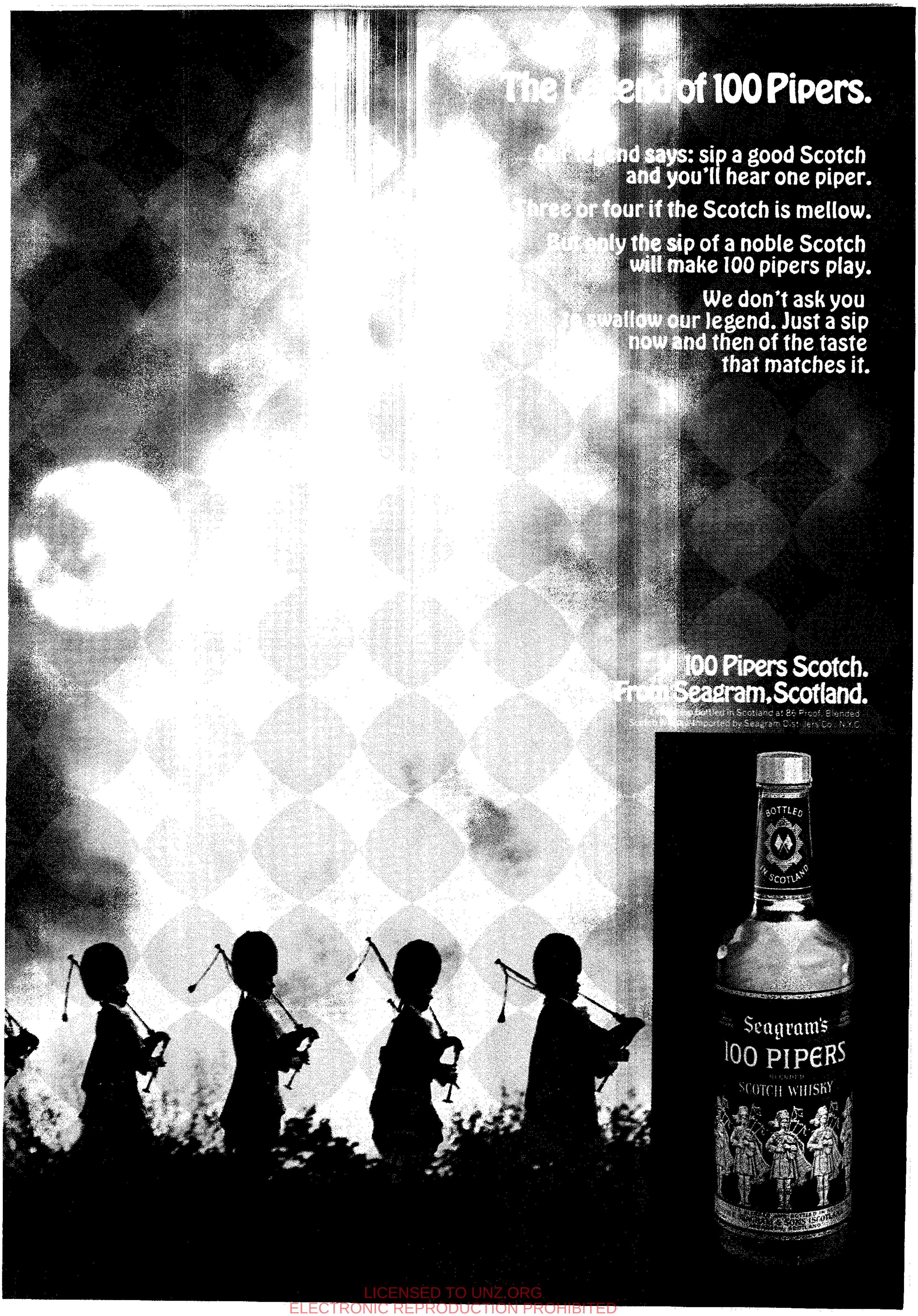
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Lasting Beauty

young men and women jockeying their cars desperately for parking spaces along the road, which was already lined with autos for nearly a quarter of a mile back from the beach. On the beach itself, hundreds upon hundreds of young men and women were jammed in almost solidly, beach towel adjoining beach towel. Even though there were miles of open sand off to either side, the steady stream of new arrivals carefully inserted themselves into the midst of this mob, so that they could take part in the basic activities of scrutinizing, comparing, maneuvering for position, striking up brief conversations, and disengaging if there was not instant rapport. A number of people—both men and women—wandered slowly about by themselves, peering this way and that in order to give the impression that they were looking for friends but actually hunting for a likely new face and form and hoping for a welcoming look. Except for the quantity of bare skin, it might have been a First Avenue evening mob scene outside Maxwell's Plum.

I watched the pairing activity for a while, but felt like some voyeuristic observer on Seal Rock in mating season; the mass effort had a depersonalized biological quality about it, and the sight of nearly naked female bodies in such oiled, burned, sweaty, and sandy abundance was discouraging to the appetite, like the overloaded buffet counter of a resort hotel at lunchtime. Muttering and grumbling to myself, I finally picked up my things and decamped, seeking out the relative solitude of a bay beach a few miles away, which I hoped the invaders had not heard about.

The invasion comes as no great surprise. In the last two or three years, one national magazine after another has written up the Hamptons, giving East Hampton and Amagansett in particular the cachet of being the current In-weekend resorts for what are known as "swinging singles." The high point, or possibly low point, of the publicity came late last summer when Allan Kaprow, the artist and teacher, staged a series of Happenings in East Hampton and on the Amagansett Atlantic Avenue beach; thereafter the swinging singles regarded this area as an obligatory port of call.

This, then, is the most advanced phase so far of the invasion from the metropolis. For a couple of centuries, the villages of East Hampton and Amagansett seemed more remote from New York City than any number of places actually far more distant. East Hampton had sprung from New Eng-

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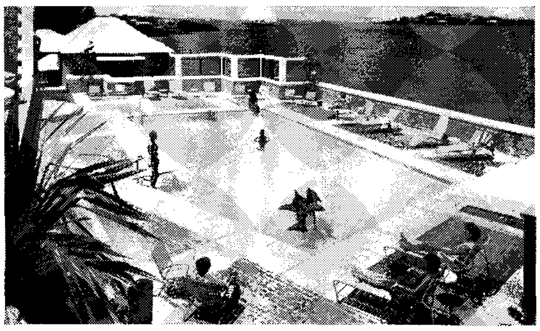

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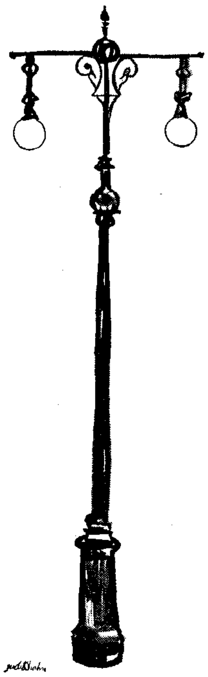
land, and always remained tied to it culturally and commercially. The roads remained primitive for a long time, and even in the middle of the nineteenth century a trip from New York to East Hampton by coach took three or four days. A few wealthy people, using their own coaches, came out and rented houses for the summer; the less wealthy few came by stagecoach, or by packet boat to Sag Harbor and on by stagecoach from there, to stay in boarding houses on Main Street in East Hampton, where the going rate at mid-century was a dollar a day for a good room and three meals.

The first large invasion came with the Long Island Rail Road, which brought the first weekenders. This meant money and employment to the local people, but they weren't quite sure they liked it, and they still aren't; the summer people intruded on the quiet, orderly life of the villages, and the locals have always regarded even those summer people who own houses and come back each year for decades as outsiders. A professor and writer I know who settled in East Hampton seven years ago and lives there the year round still finds himself classified under "Summer Colony" news in the *Star*. Mrs. Rattray, in her "East Hampton History," wrote, with tongue in cheek but in conformity with a local attitude, concerning a major local family, "The Lesters have been in East Hampton only about two hundred years." But I have no right to laugh at the local ethnocentrism, for today I am thinking seriously of writing indignant letters to the Town Board, the police, and the *Star* about the manners of the latest newcomers.

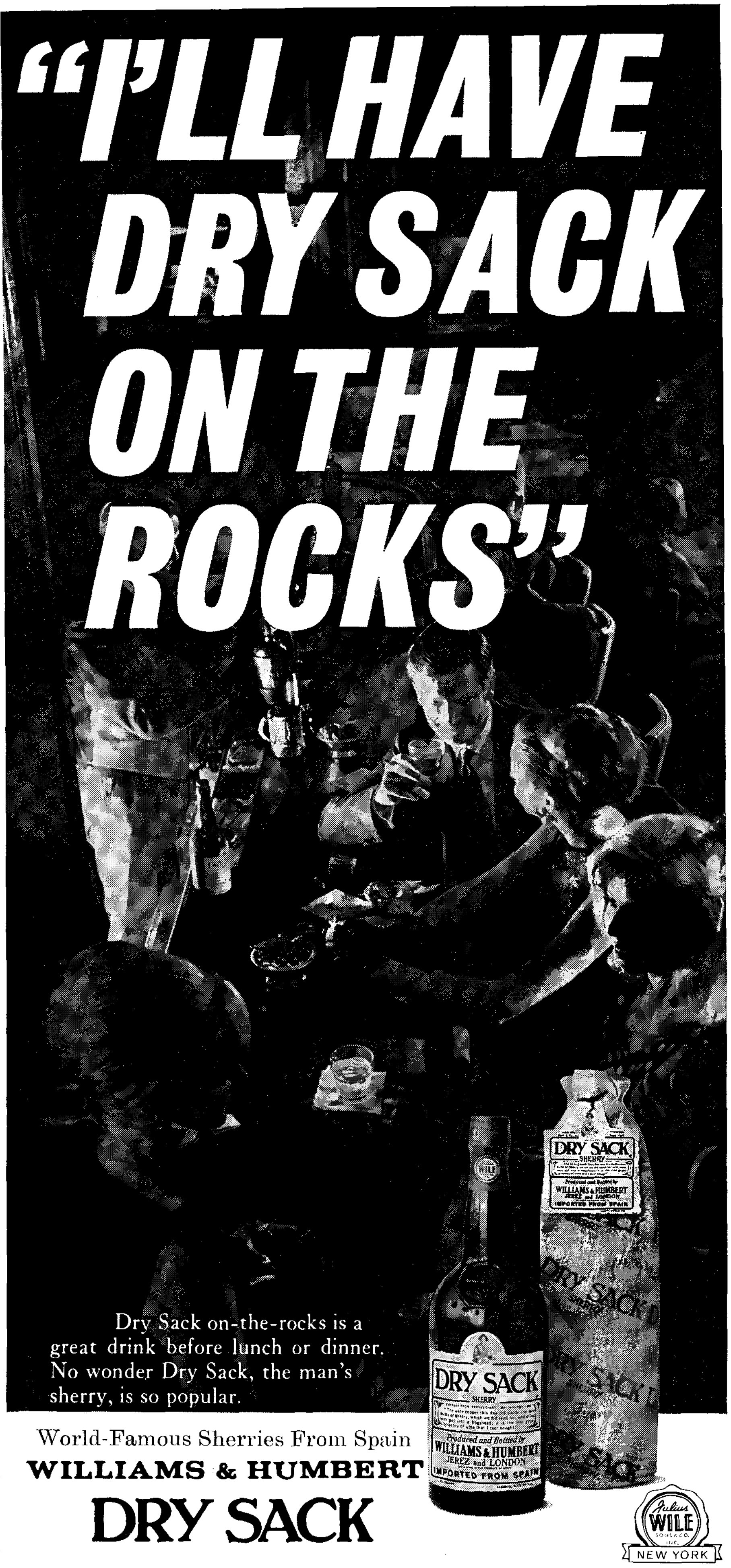


JULY 25TH: When one has explored an area well on foot or in a car and then looks at it from a couple of thousand feet overhead, everything familiar seems strangely fragile and dear, defenseless and innocent. Today, I spent a couple of hours up in a Cessna 150 (I have a private-pilot's license) seeing what the face of the land looks like. From the East Hampton airport, I first flew eastward to my own neighborhood. The Eastern and Western Plains that seemed so grand and broad to the early settlers were only small green-and-brown patches on the over-all deep-piled stuff of the woodlands. The village of Amagansett was something laid out by a boy to go with his electric trains, and my own house was a tiny gray model set about with miniature trees. The beach was a clean white margin to the land, wonderfully purified by my altitude of the weekend detritus of empty cans, straws, cigarette butts, crumpled tissues, popsicle sticks, and ends of hot-dog rolls.

After looking things over for a while, I headed west and flew most of the length of the island. The farther I went, the more my altitude lost its magical cleansing power; the air slowly became murky, and the land below became increasingly disfigured by the spreading cancer of urban sprawl. Here and there, the highways slash the land open; from them branch roads reach out through the green land and blossom into great eruptions of blight—the deadly grid of streets, the tedious parade formation of identical houses, battalion upon battalion, nameless and identical, stretching into the distance. The closer one gets to the western end of Nassau County, the more nearly the towns and areas of sprawl abut upon each other. Finally, they all but coalesce, conquering the land forever with concrete and macadam, gravel and metal, siding and shingles; the hills and valleys, meadows and brooks have been consumed and digested and lost for all time.

No man of generous spirit could object to the desire of other people to live in the sun; it is fair, however, to object to the way in which that desire is being fulfilled. This scarring of the face of our planet is self-defeating and, worse, unnecessary. From the Middle Ages on, another way of doing things has been deeply embedded in Western civilization: the huddling together of small houses in little villages, each with its open common or green, its surrounding countryside of farmland and woods. In modern times, the idea has been embodied in the New Towns and Greenbelts of England; in the United States, city planners have translated the concept into "cluster planning"—a notion that is applicable to even small developments, but that, unfortunately, has thus far been more talked about than put into practice. The American frontier illusion—that there is still plenty of space—and the American tradition of laissez-faire have operated to create a pattern of growth in which developers squeeze as many individual houses onto a piece of land as the law will allow, and in which families in an unending stream seize the chance to live in seeming privacy and freedom, never thinking to ask about the larger design of living beyond the borders of their own tiny domains.

JULY 27TH: To learn whether East Hampton was already hopelessly doomed to that grim future, I dropped in today to see Donald Lamb, the chairman of the East Hampton Town Planning Board. Lamb, a graying, professorial-looking retired businessman, welcomed me into his office, on the ground floor of a small building on Main Street. "You said you wanted to learn what the pattern of the future was likely to be," he said. "Well, four or five years ago we began to see what that pattern would certainly be if we didn't do something. By 'we' I mean the members of the Town Board, the Planning Board, and the Zoning Board of Appeals—it takes all three boards, or combinations of the three, to create and administer the zoning ordinances. When land began doubling and quadrupling in price over a span of a few years, we knew that many developers would be putting up as many houses as was legal on any property they bought—especially the more speculative subdividers, who work with small parcels of twenty or thirty acres. And we realized that once the land was spoiled by bad developments it would be spoiled forever. We began to think that the way of life we cherish out here was in real danger of vanishing. A couple of years ago, in order to shape the future instead of just letting it happen by itself, the Town Board ordered a long-range study. The result is our Comprehensive Plan, Part I of which, 'Existing Conditions,' was published in January. Part II, 'Recommendations,' should be out soon, and after that we'll start considering changes in the present zoning ordinances. During this wait for the zoning changes, a few of us founded the Preservation Society of the East End, to safeguard the town from developments that, although legal, seemed to us undesirable. One of the things we do is if an individual or a developer sends his lawyer before the Planning Board with a cheap or ugly building or subdivision proposal we muster some of our members to attend the hearing and make our objections heard. This gives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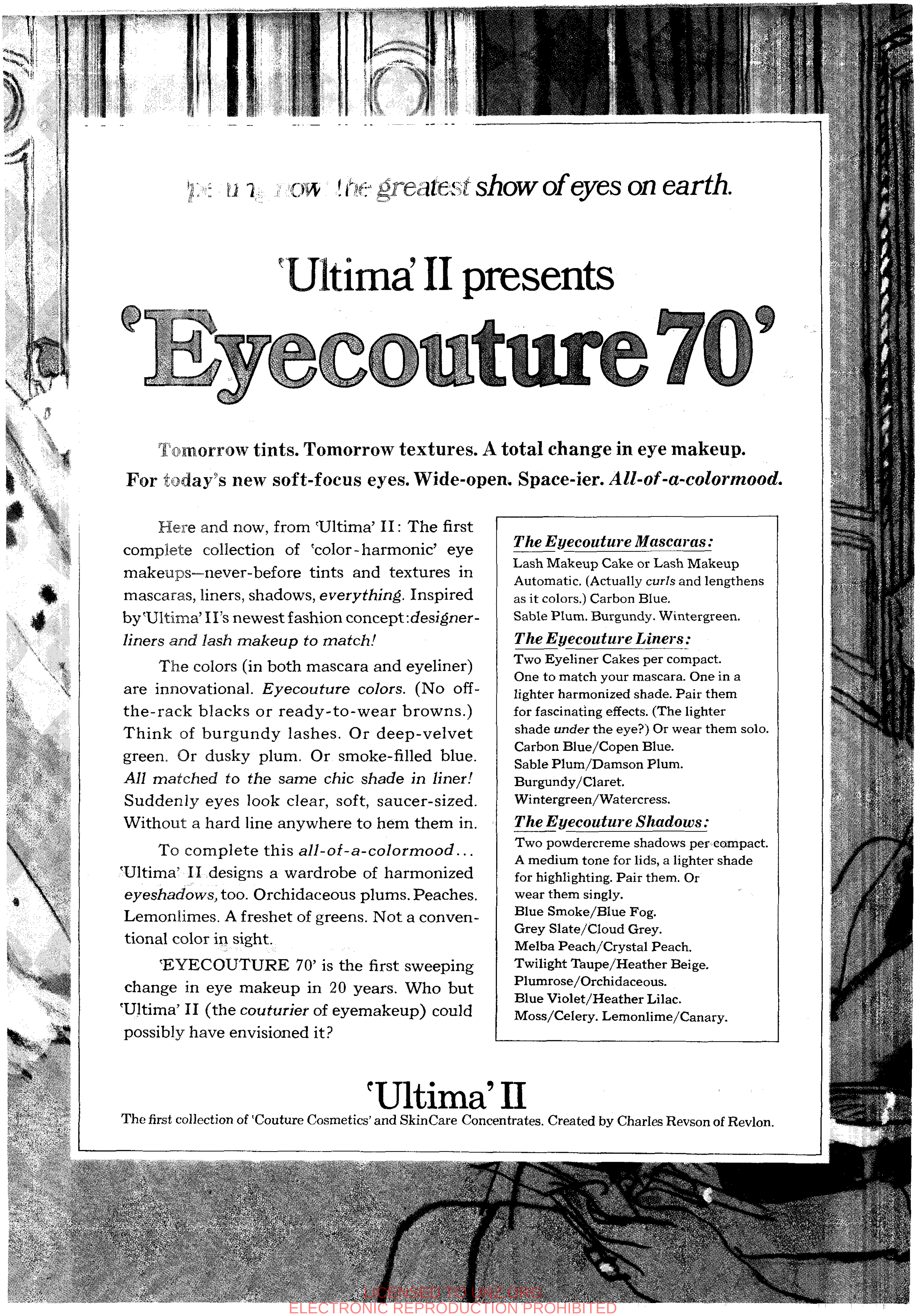

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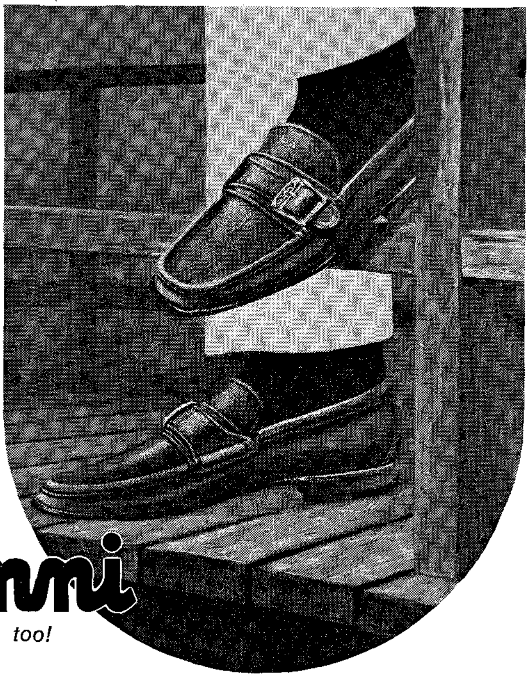

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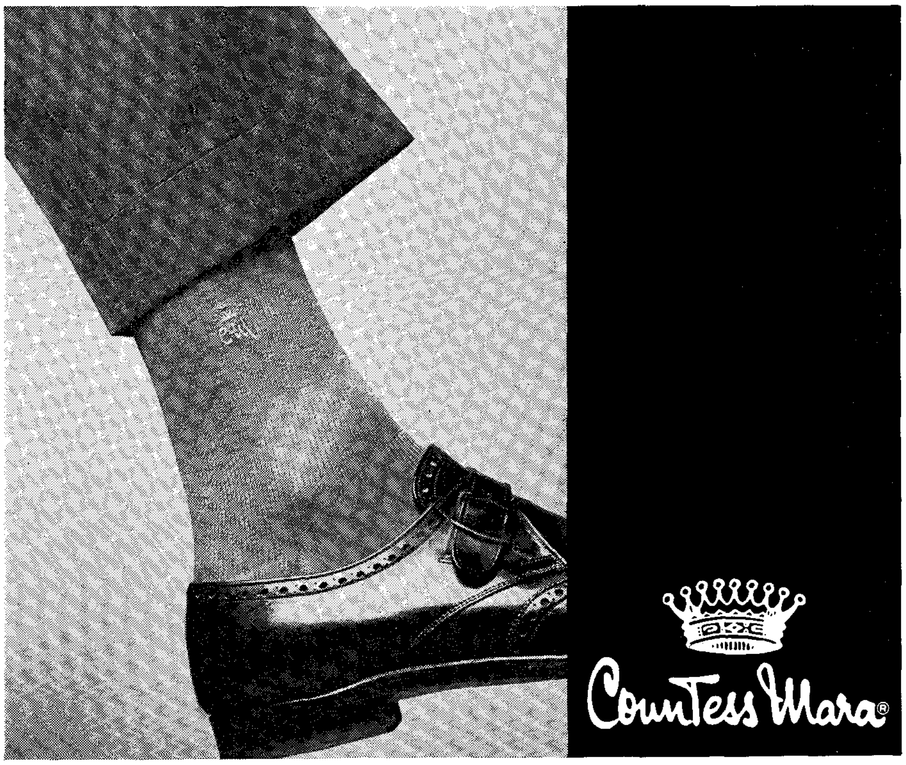

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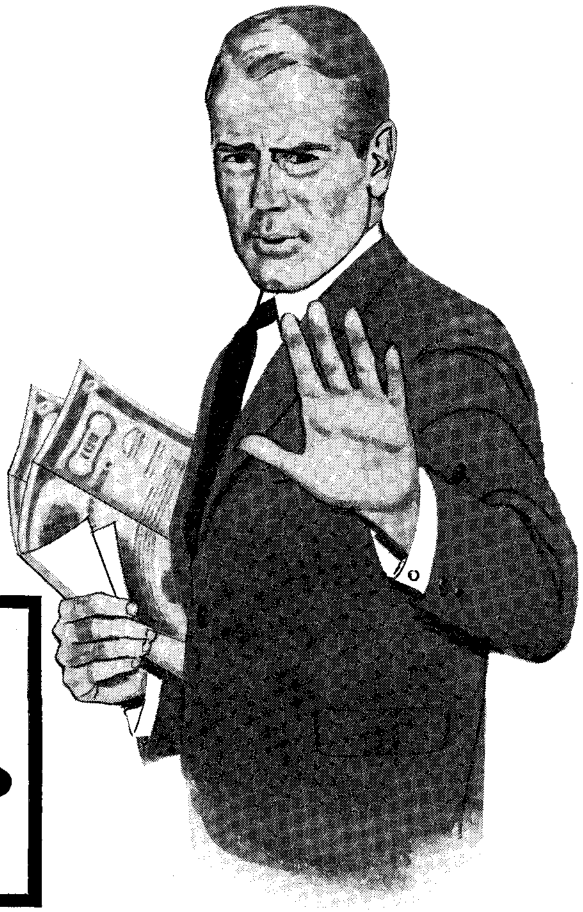
the Board public backing for withholding approval and asking for changes and guarantees of various sorts. Of course, this is only a defensive tactic. What we really hope is that we will agree on long-range goals that can be expressed in new zoning regulations—including cluster zoning, where it is appropriate." He added that the Planning Board's thinking on cluster zoning had been much influenced by the work of the Nassau-Suffolk Regional Planning Board, and he urged me to visit its executive director, Lee Koppelman, in Hauppauge, about sixty miles away, at the western end of this county.

JULY 29TH: Today, I called on Lee Koppelman, who has a large modern office in the Suffolk County Center. He is a serious, brisk, fast-talking man of forty, and he got right down to business. "Since you're interested in urban sprawl, I'd like to point out that there is a curious paradox about it," he said. "Builders prefer the traditional kind of development because they think it's more profitable, but we know from many studies that it isn't, really. The builder can make as much one way as the other, and the conventional kind of urban sprawl actually results in far higher costs to the entire community and thus to the home buyer, who eventually has to foot the tax bills. A twenty-thousand-dollar house in the traditional type of development costs the community about another twenty thousand over a twenty- or thirty-year period for schools, roads, sewerage, school transportation, police, and other services. Good cluster planning can save anywhere from a third to a half of these costs. Beyond which, of course, there are all the less measurable benefits—the preservation of aesthetic values, the building of a real community life, the maintenance of economic and ecological balance. Agriculture and housing can exist side by side, to their mutual benefit. Life can be village-centered, close and warm yet surrounded by breathing space and natural beauty, none of which is true when urban sprawl takes over. The megalopolis is inevitable, but in it we can incorporate and preserve the values of the rural way of life."

I asked what chance he thought there was of making this dream into a reality. "We know *how* to do it right now," Koppelman said. "The one question is whether the town boards will act boldly to modify their zoning laws while there's still time. I think it's already too late in western Suffolk County—



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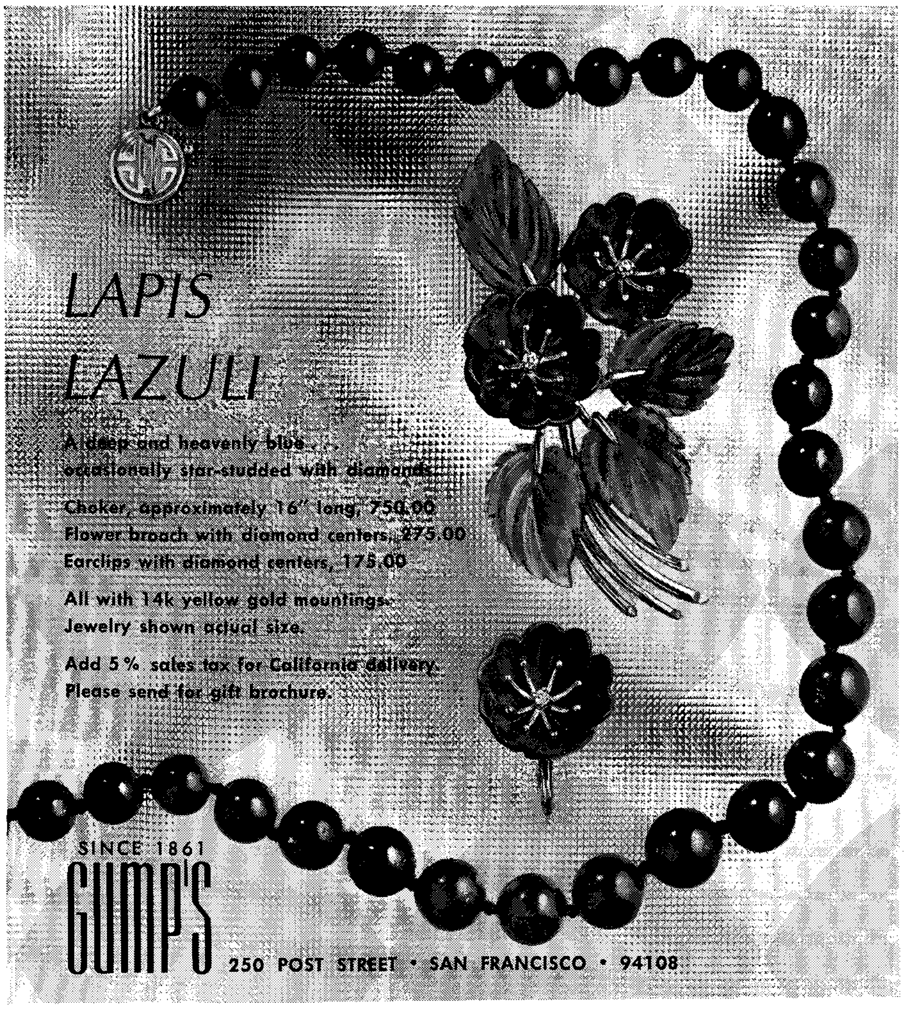

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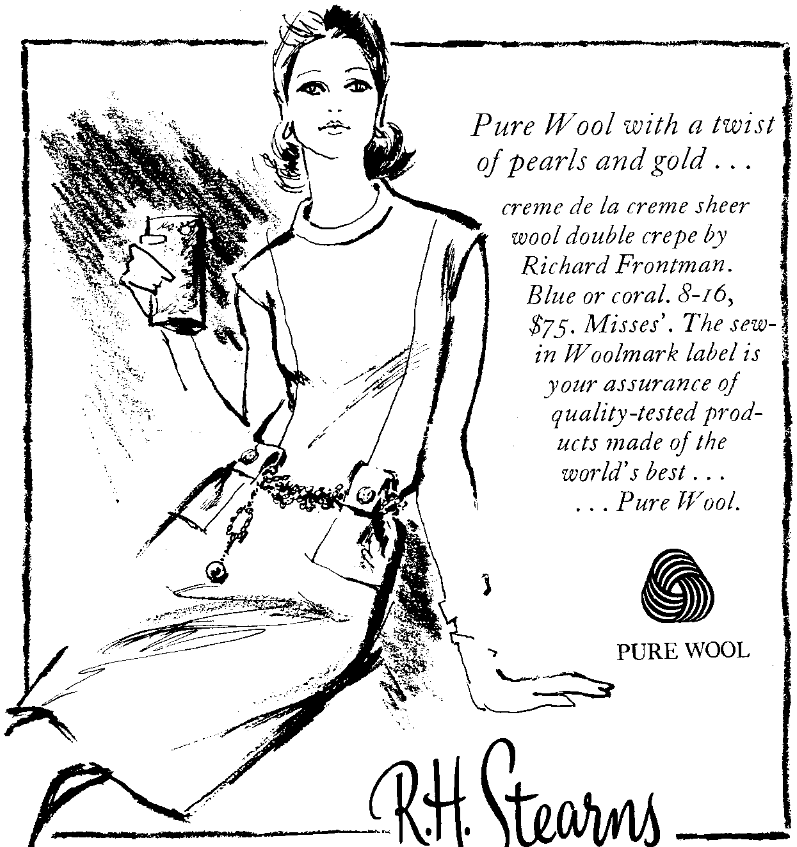

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the open land there seems likely to go down the drain, as it has in much of Nassau County. But in the eastern towns—Southold, Southampton, Riverhead, Shelter Island, and East Hampton—there's still a chance. Those town boards seem to be waking up to what's happening—especially in East Hampton, where the soaring land prices and one real abomination of a development in Montauk have so alarmed the town officials that, as Donald Lamb told you, they're actively considering changes in the law. But it won't be easy. There's bound to be strenuous opposition on the part of all those who think they would make more and quicker profits from the old method of development—and that includes some of the farmers as well as the speculators, real-estate agents, home builders, and many of the people who work for them or supply them with materials. For even a change in zoning laws won't be enough in itself to keep agriculture alive, because the tax pressure on the farmers is getting really severe. The towns tax farmland on the basis of what it would be worth if it were sold to speculators and developers for housing. Most of your potato land in East Hampton can bring anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand dollars an acre right now, but when you tax it on that basis the farmer can hardly make the land support itself. That's when he may decide that even though he loves farming he'd better grab the money and get out. To keep him on the land, you'd have to give him preferential tax treatment based on what he's using the land for now, not tax him on what he might someday do with it."

All this must have made me look discouraged, for Koppelman went on, more cheerfully, "As I said, there's still hope that eastern Long Island, and East Hampton in particular, can be saved. The State Commission on the Preservation of Agricultural Land has made several recommendations to the governor for tax relief on farmland, and if the legislature acts on them favorably the towns will be able to change their method of taxation. Finally, the Nassau-Suffolk Regional Planning Board is working hard to help town officials see the problems ahead and the solutions that are possible through good planning. So there is still hope. If I didn't believe that, I wouldn't be content to stay in this job."

Feeling somewhat encouraged, I thanked him and said goodbye. On my way out, I caught sight of a placard

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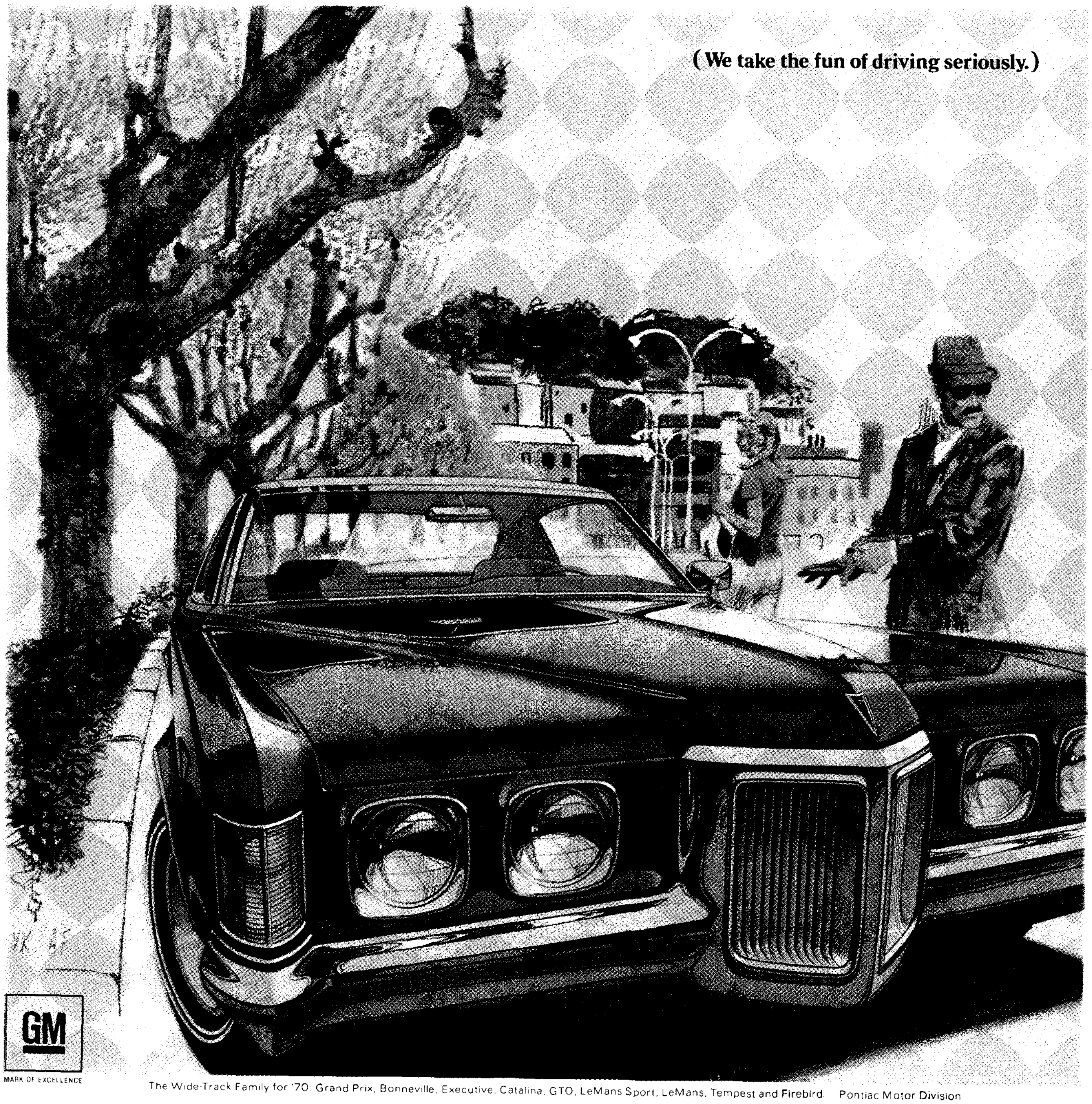
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on his bulletin board that read, "NO AMOUNT OF PLANNING WILL EVER REPLACE DUMB LUCK."

AUGUST 15TH: Country Gentleman is here at last—that late-summer white corn whose tiny kernels are so delicate in flavor. If you roast the ears slowly in the husk over charcoal, or boil them no longer than three or four minutes—and no more than a few hours after they have been picked—you can have one of the summer's finest eating experiences; the taste of the fragile little kernels is sweet and faintly nutlike, without the heavy starchiness or pulpiness of other species or of corn a couple of days off the stalk. To get corn that is truly fresh, one must live where it is grown; the dozen ears I roasted for dinner guests on Sunday night came from a field just off Long Lane, four miles away, on one of the farms still being operated on the original Western Plain.

Few of the fruits and vegetables one sees in the supermarkets of Long Island villages are locally grown; chain supermarkets, in particular, do their buying centrally and in bulk, and though there may be a cornfield right in back of a market's parking lot, the corn inside the market is likely to have come from a wholesaler in New York City, who got it from New Jersey. Some of Long Island's more perishable vegetables and fruits do go to New York, but mostly they are offered directly to consumers at roadside stands. There are about two hundred of these, ranging from fairly large marketplaces to simple wooden tables set up beside parked cars—heaped with tomatoes or corn, salad-bowl lettuce, new peas, rhubarb, asparagus, cucumbers, or bright-yellow summer squash—tended by a child or even left unattended, with a slotted box for customers to drop their money into.

In the vicinity of Amagansett, there are almost none of these roadside stands, for here vegetable and fruit farming have practically disappeared. There is, to be sure, a large rustic shed on Main Street that bears the name of Amagansett Farmers' Market, but it is not quite what its name implies. One might deduce this on entering, from the presence of raffia furniture, pottery, shrubs, straw flowers, and other inedible wares. There is, to be sure, a large assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables of excellent quality, much of it locally grown, but a good part of the market's foodstuffs consists of gourmet cheeses, French sourdough and other specialty breads, recondite spices, and crated fruit of various sorts from far

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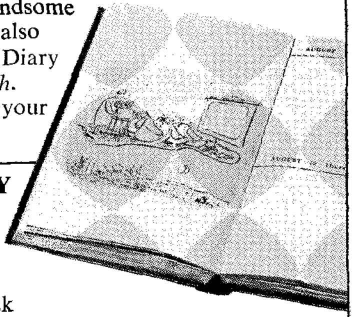

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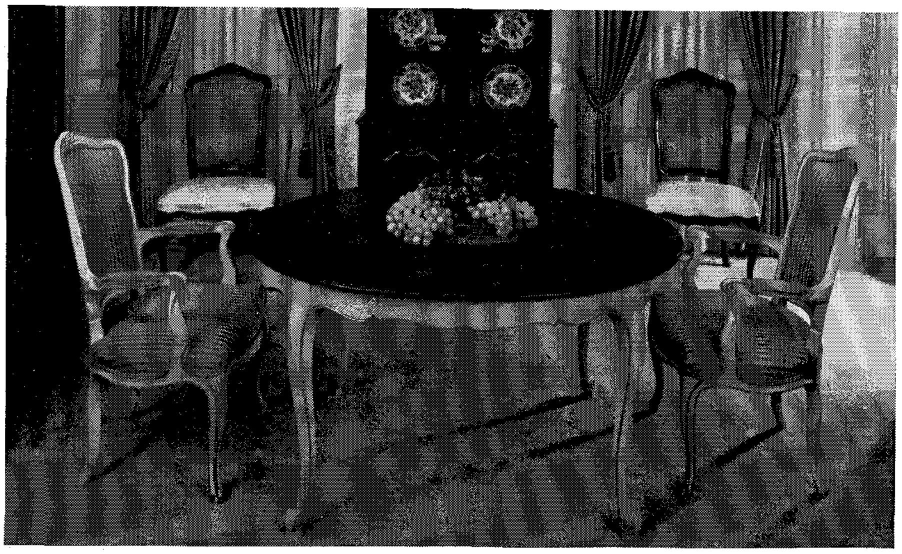

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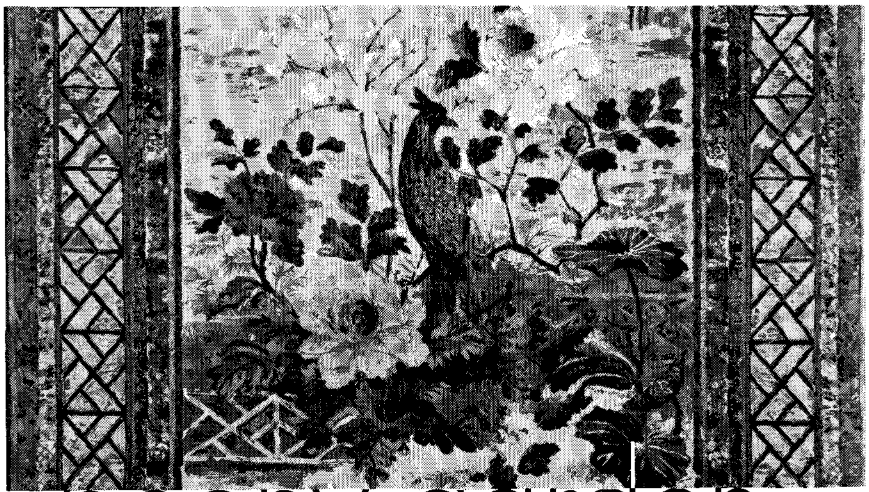

peony garden

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parts. Rather than leathery old farmers sitting high on buckboard wagons, burly teamsters at the wheels of refrigerator vans bring these alien foodstuffs to Farmers' Market. On Route 27, halfway to East Hampton, there is still one produce stall that remains, in a real sense, a local farmers' market. It is a tiny white building, about the size and shape of a hot-dog stand, with broad counters in front and a sign identifying it as Cedar Farm Roadside Market. Its proprietor is Mrs. Jane Bennett, a small, pleasant widow of about fifty who speaks with a faint Polish accent. In season, she carries strawberries, blueberries, corn, tomatoes, lettuce, peas, squash, apples, pears, peaches, melons, and potatoes, and proudly refuses to stock anything grown more than twenty miles away; she thinks that to offer such items as nectarines, cherries, and pineapples would be dishonest, since people assume that roadside stands are outlets for local farmers. When I stopped by to pick up the corn for Sunday night's dinner, I asked her where Cedar Farm was. "There isn't a Cedar Farm anymore," she said. "I gave it up four years ago. It was just behind the houses and the cemetery on Windmill Lane."

I stared at her in astonishment; she was obviously referring to the fourteen-acre field behind my house—part of the original Schellinger land—that was now knee-deep in grass and weeds. I had heard the land referred to as "the Bennett farm," but Bennett is such a common and ancient name hereabouts that I had never thought to connect the two. I asked her to tell me a little about Cedar Farm and how it came to be abandoned.

"My husband, Harvey Bennett, came from the early settlers," she said. (I looked him up later in Mrs. Rattray's book and found that he was a tenth-generation descendant of a Bennett who had arrived in East Hampton in 1659.) "His father worked as a farmhand, and my husband himself was a gardener and grew some potatoes on rented land. I came to the States from Poland in 1935, and met him three years later. I was a city girl, but he loved growing things so much that I learned to love it, too, and very soon after we were married, in 1941, we bought those fourteen acres for our own farm."

A car pulled in, and Mrs. Bennett helped a young woman to select half a dozen ears of corn, three pounds of tomatoes, and two boxes of blueberries. After the car had pulled away, Mrs. Bennett continued, "When we bought

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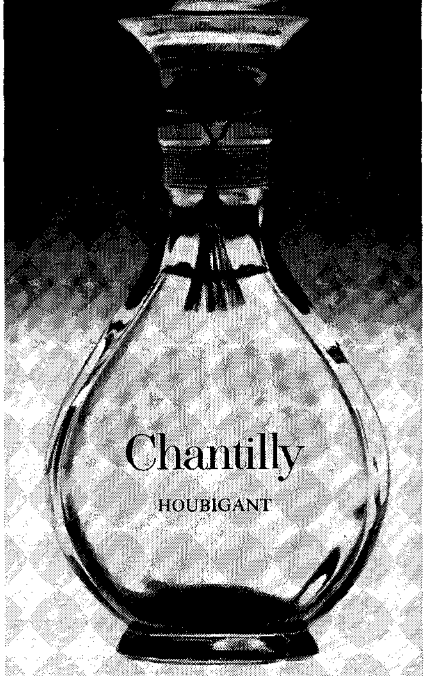

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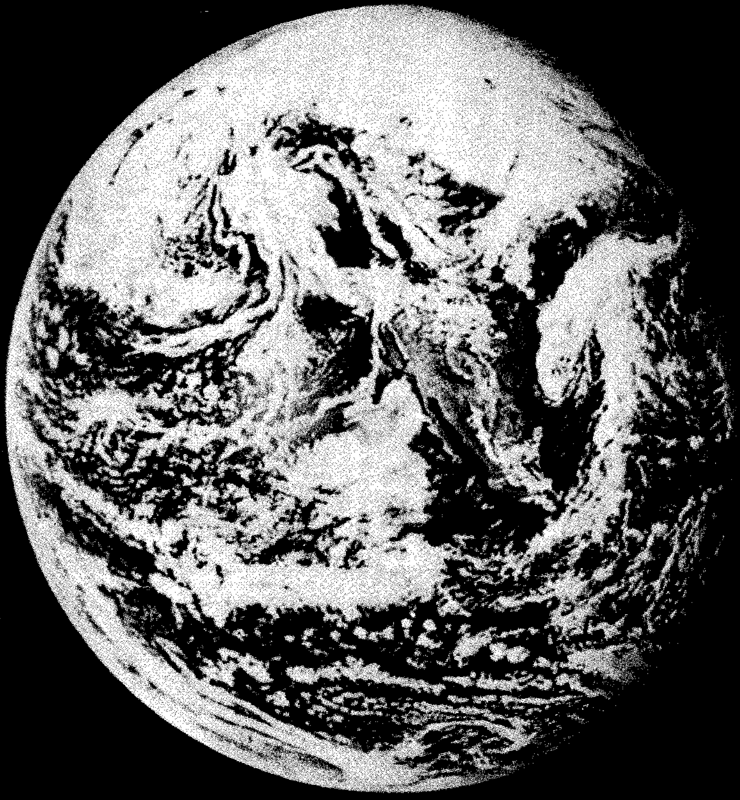
the land, it was wooded—there were cedar and dogwood and scrub oak all over it—but up to a few years before that it had been a farm from the earliest days. In fact, my husband remembered picking strawberries there when he was a little boy, so he knew it would be good land, even though it was very sandy. We had the land cleared and put in a deep well for irrigating it, and everything we planted grew wonderfully. We grew strawberries and rhubarb, lettuce and cauliflower and cabbage, peas and corn, and even pumpkins and brussels sprouts. And we put in an orchard of a hundred and twenty peach trees and advertised in the paper, and people would come from as far away as Orient Point to pick peaches for themselves at three bushels for ten dollars. My husband had a system—he kept careful schedules, and every day we did something different to some part of the farm, so that from June until early December there was always something ready to harvest. When the strawberries were ripe, in June, my husband and I would go out at five-thirty in the morning, while everything was fresh and cool and quiet, and we'd have a race to see who could fill a crate with berries first, and we'd laugh and enjoy ourselves. It was a good life, and we made a good living from it, and raised four children—two boys and two girls. But my husband died of a heart attack in 1959. I kept the farm going for four years after that, but it was getting harder and harder to find good help to do the work. There were so many other jobs around by then—people could make the same money in shorter hours working for a motel or restaurant or garage, or for some local builder. After a while, I couldn't meet the costs anymore and I sold the whole thing. I don't even like to look when I go by there—it's all overgrown, the peach trees are in terrible shape, the pump and well are just rusting away. Such a waste, such a shame."

I asked whether her sons couldn't have kept the farm going. "Oh no, oh no," she said, shaking her head. "They were thirteen and eighteen when I gave it up, and they'd never wanted anything to do with it. For four years, they'd kept begging me to sell it. Young people today don't want to do that kind of work. They have other ideas. They want easy work. But, for me, it's still in my blood, so I keep this stand going, and everything I have comes from farmers around here. I have my own little strawberry patch on someone else's land in The Springs, and I pick my own berries. And I have farmer friends who sell me everything else I handle. I get all my corn and lettuce and squash from three or four men in East Hampton. Some of my tomatoes come from a man in Aquebogue, but that's as far away as I go. How long I'll keep it going I don't know."

SEPTEMBER 5TH: This afternoon—Tuesday—the quiet of exhaustion after dissipation settled upon East Hampton and Amagansett. Labor Day weekend was over, and by noontime the last of the invaders had disappeared westward in a seemingly endless procession of vehicles sagging under loads of children, dogs, trunks, suitcases, bicycles, mattresses, cribs, surfboards, and other impedimenta. Throughout the weekend, Main Street in East Hampton and in Amagansett had been choked and almost impassable, despite furious whistling and waving by the nearly apoplectic local police. On Saturday, the weather, though brilliant, was too chilly for swimming, but by yesterday it warmed up, and before noontime the parking lots at the beaches were overflowing; by midafternoon, people were forced to park as far as a third of a mile away and hike to the beach along jammed roads. This summer's most popular beach, the one at Atlantic Avenue, was a queer sight that afternoon. It was so crowded that a great many people either had to stand up, for lack of space to sprawl, or chose to remain standing, as if they were at a cocktail party, in order to see and be seen. The supermarkets, restaurants, and discothèques were in a turmoil all weekend, their customers impatient and disgruntled, their clerks or waiters harried and surly. In the houses shared by groups of young people, the final onslaught of co-renters, dates, guests, and droppers-in kept the bathrooms constantly occupied and strewn with soggy towels, the sinks full of unwashed dishes, the beds, the sofas, and even the floors clogged at night with exhausted bodies. The Comprehensive Plan, which never raises its voice above a statistical whisper, says, "The summer permanent population is about twice the winter population and the weekend summer population is about 3.5 times the winter population." But these are



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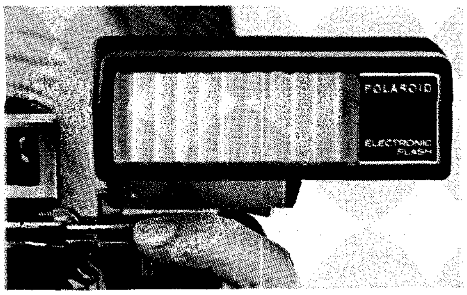
When you depress the shutter of The 360, the strobe releases a 1/1000th-of-a-second burst of light, fast enough to freeze a fast ping-pong ball, or capture the wildest dancer.

You'll never have to ask your subjects to stop doing what they're doing and pose. The film is exposed only for that millisecond of light. You'll take the most spontaneous pictures of your life.

And if someone bumps into you, or your hand jiggles, you won't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

You'll never have to use another flashbulb, either. (So you'll never run out of them.) Once it's charged, the electronic flash signals you with a flashing light and a *boop...boop...*and you're ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures (5 film packs) without stopping to put in a bulb.

Plug the flash unit into a wall socket for 15 minutes, and you can shoot another pack of film. Plug it in for an hour, and it's recharged. (When it's not



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

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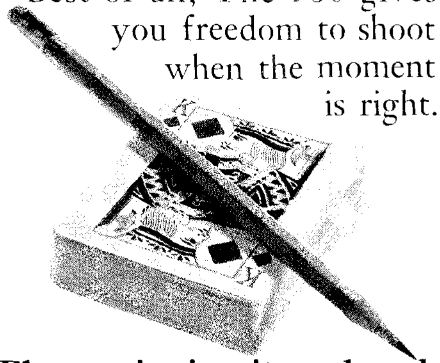
in use, just keep it plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.)

Best of all, The 360 gives you freedom to shoot when the moment is right.



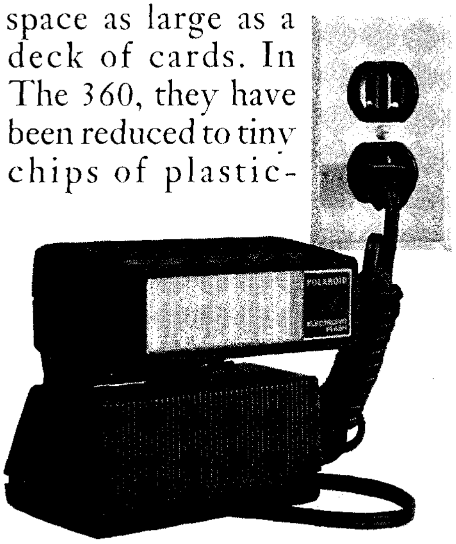
Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

You won't have to think about exposure. All you do is aim and shoot. As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light for a perfectly exposed shot. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones.

Your outdoor pictures will be perfectly exposed, too. The sophisticated electric eye and electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. When you pull the film packet out of the camera, an electronic timer is set off automatically. A tiny timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeep*.

One fascinating feature will give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square, about the width of a pencil point.



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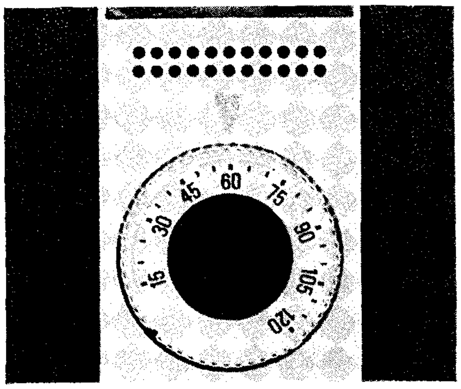
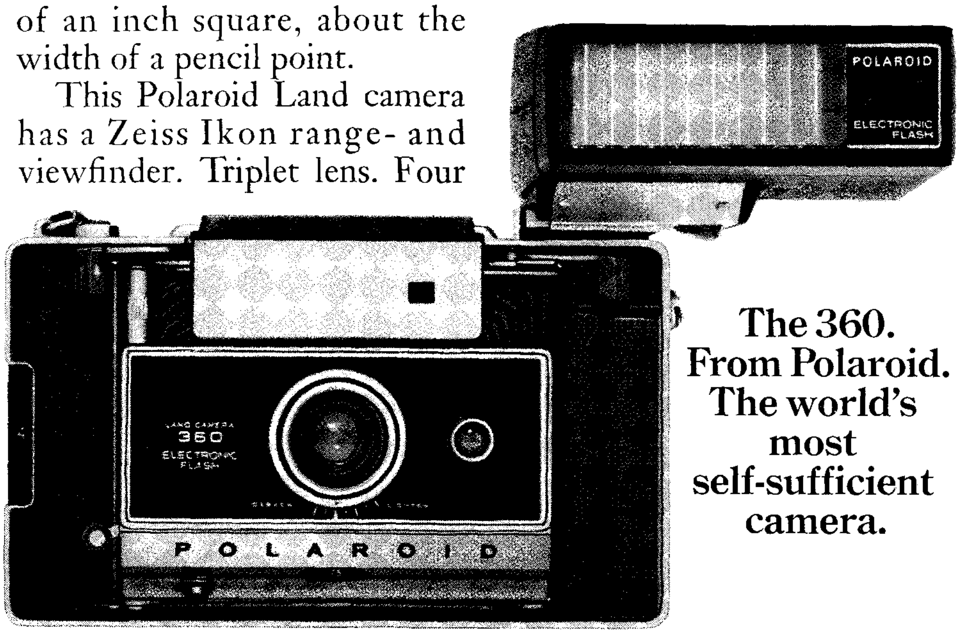


Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

See this most distinguished of the Countdown Cameras, the finest camera that Polaroid has ever produced.



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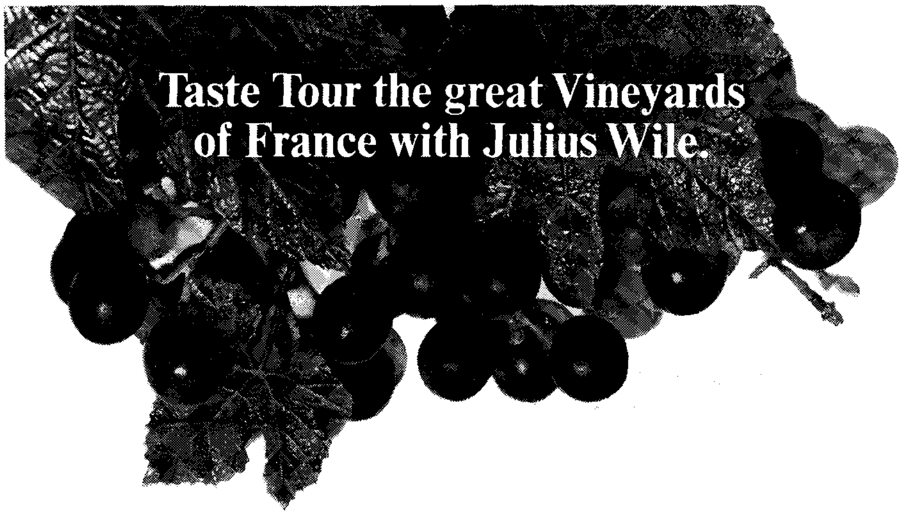
the figures for two years ago; I'd guess that this year's Labor Day weekend population was closer to five or six times the winter population—and it felt like twenty-five or twenty-six times.

But although the invaders have gone, leaving a weary morning-after calm, the villages do not yet really belong to the winter population. As things work now, the year-round residents possess their villages for only a few months of the year. A significant change in the use of leisure has been taking place. A large part of the so-called "summer population" consists not of weekend roomers and July-and-August renters but of city people who want to own a country house and who have bought or built houses here; it is not only the wealthy who now seem able to manage this but also such middle-income people as teachers and editors. Three out of four new houses built in the Town of East Hampton in the past few years belong to "summer people" who start their weekending in April, spend part or all of the summer in full-time residence, go back to weekending from Labor Day until early November, reappear for a few days during the Christmas season, and resume their regular visits three months later.

Thus, although the Town of East Hampton has not yet felt the full impact of the urban explosion—its population increased fourfold between 1900 and 1960, while that of the rest of Suffolk County increased nearly eightfold and that of Nassau County increased twenty-three fold—its rate of real occupancy is rapidly accelerating. By 1980, according to the projections offered in the Comprehensive Plan, the year-round residents will have doubled in number. And so will the summer population. On summer weekends then, there may be anywhere up to seventy-three thousand people in an area that now at that time of year has only some thirty thousand. What is far more significant, at the present rate of new building there will be at least thirty-five hundred more houses in the town by that time—but, in all likelihood, the present rate of building will be far outstripped and that number greatly exceeded. If this happens, at least two thousand—and more likely four thousand—acres of open fields and woodlands will have been converted to suburban development.

SEPTEMBER 17TH: Like so many other people, I have now gone back to city living and visit my house only on weekends. My time in Amagansett is not only short but bittersweet



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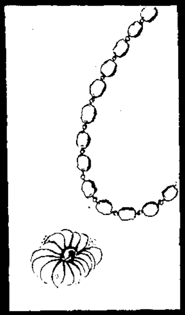

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and somewhat melancholy, for now the light is paling and fine-spun, the lush denseness of trees and bushes thinning, the rich green everywhere fading and touched with yellows and russets, the formerly endless days shrinking. Here and there, some bush or tree has burst fully through into startling gold or red, and along the roads the trunks of many trees are already swathed in scarlet poison ivy. The fields of rye have gone brown and dead, and have been beaten flat by recent winds and rain; most of the cornfields are yellowing and dry, picked clean and useless; a few potato fields have already been dug up for the early market, and lie tumbled and unkempt or have already been smoothed over and tinged with the first misty green of winter wheat or rye, newly planted and beginning to come up. In other potato fields—including most of the ones I see from my front window—the plants seem to have abruptly died and turned brown and sere. This, I know, is because the farmers have gone over the fields with rotary beaters to kill the vines a week or so before digging—a process that both improves the potato and makes the harvesting easier. Apart from these fields, however, most of the crops in this area are still ripening and waiting, for the main thrust of harvesting does not begin until the end of September. The fields look much the way they have looked all summer long; the green of the potato plants has lost some of its intensity, and grass and goldenrod have pushed up, making the once neat rows look bedraggled, but the potato plants themselves are virtually unchanged, for they grow no taller after early June. All the growth and maturing after that take place underground, where now millions of Katahdin, Chippewa, Norgold, and Cobbler potatoes lie fat and heavy.

SEPTEMBER 25TH: Now, when the broad fields await the end of their long gestation, it is hard to believe that the end of the rural life is so close at hand for East Hampton. This past week, I received in the mail some material I had requested from the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell, and, in poring over it, I learned that in 1875 there were two hundred and eighteen farms in the Town of East Hampton, that these had dwindled to a hundred and seventeen by 1935, and that in 1940 the figure stood at fifty-five. The Comprehensive Plan takes me further; by 1960 there were only forty-one, and in 1966 a mere twenty. Working this score of

Weekends, Dick Ayer, of Stamford, Conn. likes to take his family for a ride in the country.

Can you guess the favorite magazine of high flyers like the Ayers?

No, it's not a travel magazine. Or an esoteric magazine for Sunday pilots. It's Reader's Digest—by a nautical mile. Fact is, people who engage in all kinds of unexpected leisure-time activities rate The Digest sky high as their favorite* magazine. Which isn't so surprising, after all. Not when you know, for instance, that 43% of all the $25,000-and-up families buy The Digest, every month. Far more than buy any other magazine. Ditto, 38% of America's boat-owning families. Free-spirited, on-the-go families (with all it takes to *be* on-the-go) find in The Digest the very qualities they look for in everything else—vitality, affirmation, entertainment, inspiration. This month, for instance, they're reading about everything from Duke Ellington . . . to the first man-made heart. If you're an advertiser, isn't this the very crowd you should be traveling with?

*Source: Magazine Q—a recent study of magazine reading preferences.

P.S. What do Dick and Norma Ayer do when they're not flying upside down in their special Citabria? (Try that one backwards.) Well, they skeetshoot, and rough it in Africa on safaris, that's what. Wouldn't you think the Ayer family would find any magazine pretty tame? "Not Reader's Digest," says Norma, "It's fresh, reads like a breeze. Each month it ranges from the significant and serious to the riotously funny. It's our kind of magazine."

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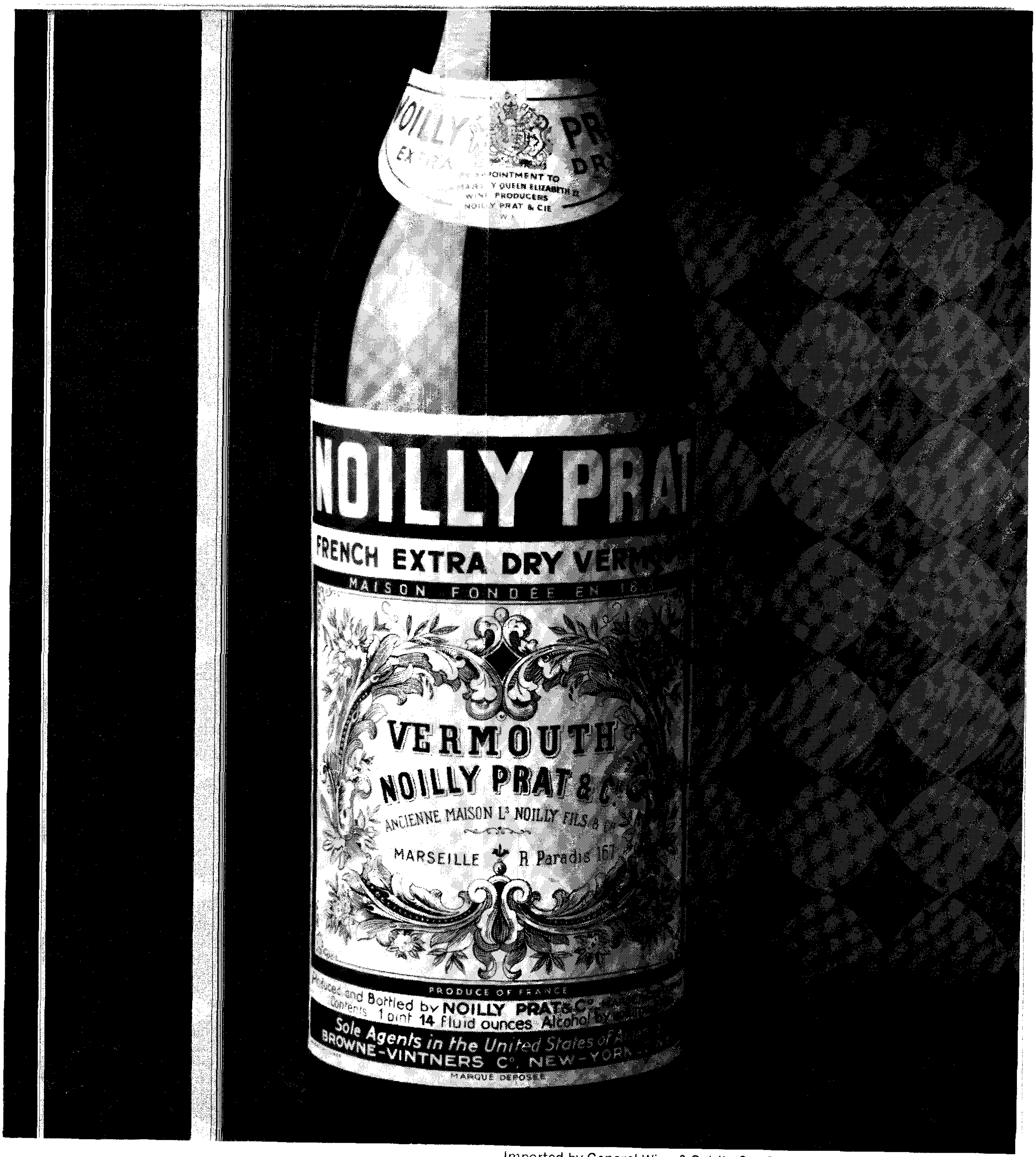
farms, which still occupy some three thousand of the choicest acres of East Hampton land, is so small a handful of farmers that they do not even rate a separate listing in the census data printed in the Comprehensive Plan but are lumped in with laborers; from talking with local people, I gather that no more than twenty men, not counting part-time or full-time helpers, are still actively farming within the borders of East Hampton Town. I have heard of only two men who intend to continue farming here into the indefinite future, the brothers Charles and David Osborn. They, neighbors tell me, are determined to remain potato farmers in East Hampton despite all the contrary forces of history and economics. The Osborns, who have a farm in Wainscott, are tenth-generation descendants of one John Osborn, a Puritan who moved from East Hampton to Wainscott in 1668 and became its first settler; Osborns have been farming there ever since. Yesterday, I called up David Osborn, the younger of the two, told him of my interest in local farming, and asked if we could have a chat. He sounded cordial and invited me to meet him today at about four.

Wainscott, the westernmost and smallest village within the Town of East Hampton, lies close to the ocean and is separated from East Hampton village by a large pond. Its topography is quite different from that of most of East Hampton, being startlingly flat—almost Dutch-looking—and featureless. The fields, interrupted only by occasional houses or clumps of trees, are almost perfect geometrical planes, uniformly covered with close-packed rows of potato plants, which reach down to the very water's edge. I found Main Street, a narrow country road leading past a few houses and barns, without difficulty. The dwelling where David Osborn, a thirty-five-year-old bachelor, lives with his parents, is an undistinguished brown-shingled three-story farmhouse with an open porch in front. On one side are a grape arbor and a strawberry patch, and on the other a small meadow; behind the house, the flat, green potato land stretches away toward the water, half a mile distant, and across the road, beyond a large barn, more potato land stretches away inland toward a tree line.

As soon as I pulled into the driveway, Osborn came out onto the porch to greet me. He is a trim, young-looking man with wavy brown hair, eyeglasses, and the pure features of a Scoutmaster or a Sunday-school teacher; he wore a handsome sports shirt,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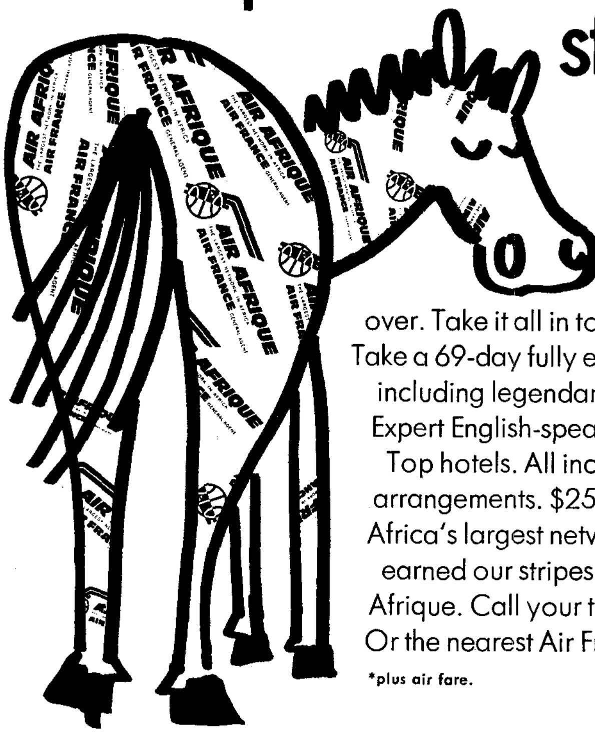

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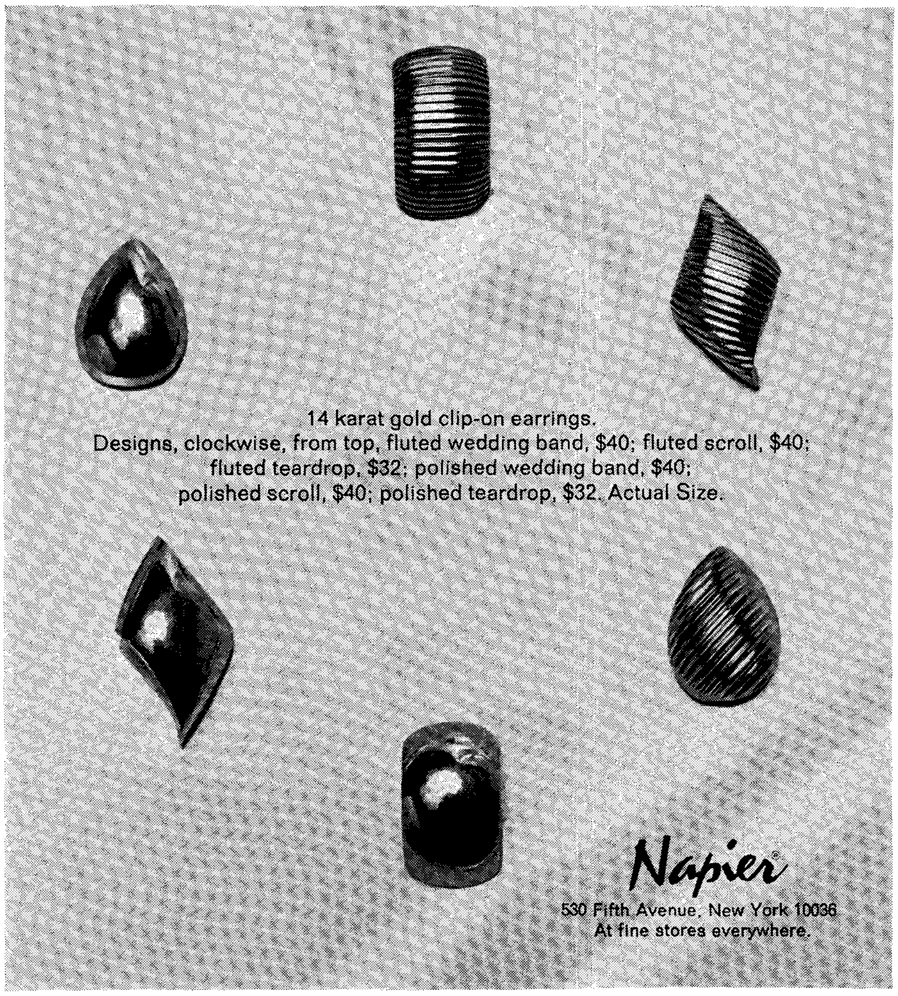

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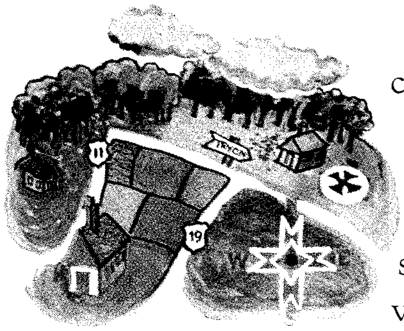
woollen slacks, and sneakers, and looked nothing like a farmer. We settled into a couple of porch chairs, and I said I'd heard that he was farming land that had been farmed by his ancestors continuously for three hundred years. "That's almost true, but not altogether," he said. "Right here where you're sitting, there's about thirty acres that was farmed by Osborns beginning about 1668, but, except for one acre that this house is on, it was all outside the family for a little while—from 1926 to about 1932." He laughed deprecatingly and added, "We Osborns don't like to admit that. We like to make believe the farm has never been out of the family."

I asked how the hiatus had occurred. "Back in 1926, there was a real-estate boom, and prices were going sky-high," Osborn said. "My father's aunt, who owned the farm at that time, couldn't resist, especially since she had a big family, and a thirty-acre farm couldn't put them all through school. So she sold the ancestral farm—all but this one acre. But then came the Depression, and the owner couldn't meet his mortgage payments. My father was able to buy the whole thing back for a few hundred dollars an acre, and ever since then Osborns—including me—have been farming it, and buying more land rather than selling."

That struck me as unusual, in view of the prevailing trend. "I guess it does seem curious," Osborn said. "As far as I know, we're practically the only farmers in East Hampton who have bought land in recent years. Besides this thirty acres, my brother and I now have about eighty acres on Long Lane, just outside East Hampton village, and we own land in Bridgehampton, too. We also rent several parcels all the way to Amagansett. The only way to farm nowadays is to have a large spread, so you can afford expensive modern machinery and can use it efficiently. My brother and I farm more than two hundred acres, and my uncle farms about as much again—that's his land across the road—and we use the same equipment and the same workmen, though we're not in partnership with him. I'd like to have more—I'd buy as much acreage around here right now as I could afford, even at current prices."

I asked where a young farmer would get the capital for such ventures. Osborn said that he had started farming right after high school and for some time had made very good money raising cabbage, on rented acreage, for a large sauerkraut factory in Huntington. Urban sprawl over-



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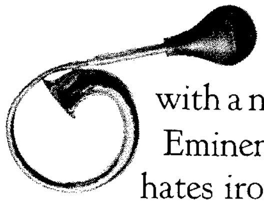

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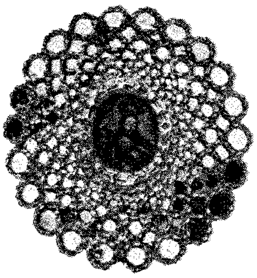

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PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY8, 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10022 whelmed the factory, but by then Osborn was able to buy and farm a considerable amount of potato acreage; land was what he chose to put his money in. "Can't go wrong owning farmland around here," he said. "First of all, it's wonderfully productive land. And then, look what's happening to values—a twenty-six-acre piece of Wainscott farmland went for seven thousand dollars an acre four years ago, and a couple of months ago I heard that a single acre down the road was sold for twenty-five thousand, and it wasn't even on the water. It's crazy." He chuckled and shook his head in wonderment.

With land values going as high as that, I said, I didn't see how he and his brother could resist the temptation to make a fortune by selling out. "Well, we can," he said. "For one thing, I don't think money is sound anymore—you could sell and have nothing to show for it later on but a mortgage, while if you keep your farm you've always got something real. Besides, this is the land my people have been on for three hundred years. And farming is the thing I know—and it's an easy life today, what with our being so highly mechanized and having a big operation and six in help. I don't need to work more than about twenty hours a week, except in the peak periods of planting and harvesting. The rest of the time, I do anything I like. In the winter, when things are quiet, I travel—I've been to Europe a couple of times, and to different parts of this country. If you can afford a large-scale operation, farming just doesn't take much time, thanks to four-row planters, turnaround plows, combine diggers, and all that. We own our land free and clear, so we don't have debts to worry about. I take a very cheerful view of potato farming; as far as I'm concerned, I see a bright future right here in East Hampton. The speculators and developers can't force us to take their money until we want to. The real-estate agents used to pester us all the time, but they've learned better and hardly come around at all anymore. The one thing that could drive us away is taxes. If the town keeps reassessing land upward according to rising market values, farming won't be economically possible anymore. Then we'd have to sell out. The town politicians don't *want* to drive us or any other farmers away, but they don't have much choice; if they don't reassess, Albany may jump on them, because half the tax money goes to the

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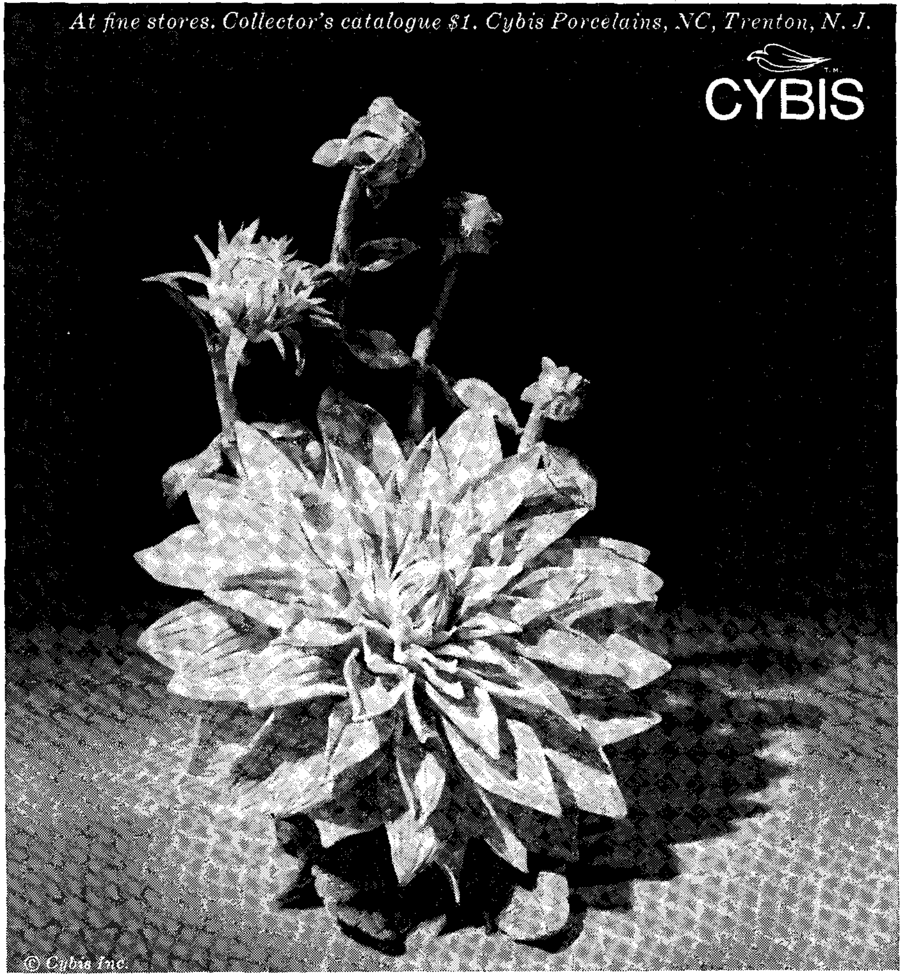

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county, whose interests Albany has to protect. If it weren't for that, we potato farmers could go on forever even here, in the midst of the summer-resort life. But I *am* looking around elsewhere. I've been out West to the Red River Valley, and if I had to sell here I could easily buy a couple of thousand acres there and get into potato farming in a big-scale, fully mechanized way. I don't want to quit the family land, but if I have to, that's what I'll do."

As I drove back to my house, I found I wasn't much cheered up. In all of East Hampton, the Osborns are the only relatively young farmers, and almost the only farmers of any age, with enough acreage to make modern methods pay off. If David Osborn does indeed remain here all his life, he may, in his later years, be the only farmer left, and when he dies the great yellow machines will waddle onto his land, too, and start greedily biting into it. Unless, of course, those brave plans for rezoning and for tax abatement are realized in time. But when the general good and the love of beauty are pitted against personal benefit and the profit motive, I fear I know where the odds lie.

OCTOBER 22ND: Sooner or later, nature balances things out. This summer was the cloudiest, rainiest, and chilliest in a generation or more, but October has been almost uninterruptedly crystalline and mild. By this time of year, one would expect the trees to be stripped nearly bare, but they are still extravagantly clad in glowing golds and reds; the dogwood is uncommonly fiery, the maples are extraordinarily yellow, and even the ignoble goldenrod is like a thousand banquet tapers strewn across the fields and burning bright. The nights, to be sure, are quite chilly, and the early dawn is almost wintry, yet somehow the failing sun manages to warm things up a good twenty or thirty degrees by noon, drying off the dew, turning the air balmy and clean, dissolving fog and cloud until the sky is pure and perfect. For a few hours, my house guests and I put on bathing suits and sunned ourselves on the patio, where the wind could not easily get at us; we even drove to the beach and found the water warm enough for a brief swim.

It is a perfect time for harvesting. For the past three weeks, the rush has been on to get the potatoes out of the ground and to sow a cover crop on the raw land before the weather turns so cold that the seeds fail to germinate and take hold; if that happens—and it

The Cossums aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-eyed little boy whose smile can light up an entire room. But for most of his six years, he hasn't had much to smile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an Appalachian town of 200 people in a county with a per capita income of $557 a year. Like most of the other people of Laurel Creek, Lester lives in a three-room weatherboard house, along with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters. They have no well, and of course no inside plumbing. So Lester's mother, Tressie, carries all the family water up from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

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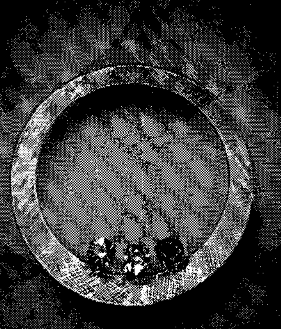

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has more than once in recent years—winter winds blow the topsoil off, creating dust-storm conditions that cripple activities in the villages.

Everywhere one goes, the potato-harvesting machines are grinding along, two by two, over the land. One, pulled by a tractor, is called a combine; it is an ungainly, rickety-looking arrangement of moving inclines that carry earth and potato plants upward from the ground, out of which a broad steel blade has scooped them. Bumping and rolling upward, the potatoes are shaken free of earth, stripped of their vines, and finally carried up a last conveyor, from which they tumble into the hopper of a large truck waddling along close beside the combine. Again and again, as a truck is filled it hurries off to the storage house and another takes its place. The men operating the combines and the trucks scarcely stop from dawn to dusk, for the success of the past half year of work depends on their getting the crop out of the ground in these precious weeks of fine fall weather. It would take only two or three days of hard rain to delay them a week or more, and that would extend the digging dangerously close to the time of damaging frost.

But this weekend, according to the *Star* and the Suffolk County agricultural-extension service in Riverhead, nearly ninety per cent of the crop is safely under cover in storage houses, where the temperature is carefully controlled. It is not a bumper year; because of the chilly, unduly wet summer, most farmers are getting about two hundred and fifty hundredweight per acre, or from ten to fifteen per cent less than last year. Even so, the farms I have been looking at all summer will have yielded at least half a million hundredweight—twenty-five thousand tons—this season, and that is a lot of potatoes for a fashionable summer resort. If all goes well, the last of the crop will be out of the ground in another week; then the tractors will be housed for the winter, the potatoes will be snugly piled high in the storage houses, and the earth will lie still, waiting for the renewing spring to nourish man's body and replenish his spirit, as it has done here for three hundred and eighteen years.

NOVEMBER 2ND: But how long will that be true? Are we not at a divide in history, beyond which man is to be finally separated and alienated from the sustaining earth? I am gloomy today. It is rainy and dismal. The flames of autumn have burned out,

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BODY BY FISHER

leaving the countryside darkening and cold. A black lacework of branches and twigs is replacing the lush curtain of leaves, and from the side roads one can see deep into the woods, where the light comes down as through an open roof. The gusting wind pelts my windows with rain, and dark dead leaves are matted and sodden in the driveway. It all seems a fitting orchestration for the main theme of this day—a long talk I have just had with a man who epitomizes the passage into an alarming future. His name is Ferris Talmage. All summer long, the people I have talked with—town planners, speculators, farmers—have mentioned him. He is a descendant of one of the first nine settlers of East Hampton, has farmed here almost all his life, and helped found the Preservation Society of the East End. I found out recently that he is now ailing and has become completely blind; he still runs his farm, however, through a son-in-law, and he retains an active interest in and a thorough knowledge of everything happening in the East Hampton area.

From Mrs. Rattray's history, I learned that Thomas Talmage, a Dissenter, had left England and gone to Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1630. Thomas, Jr., one of his sons, was a member of the original band of men who began to farm in East Hampton in 1649, and he was its first Recorder (town clerk). Eight generations later, Ferris Talmage was born at The Springs. Talmage, now seventy, lives, with his wife and his daughter's family, in a brown-shingled farmhouse halfway up Long Lane, in the middle of the Western Plain. On a summer day, this is a cheerful place to be, but when I drove out there this morning the fields were bleak and ravaged, the distant trees black and sullen in the driving rain. I pulled in behind the house, near a large gray potato-storage shed, and went in through the kitchen. Mrs. Talmage, a plump white-haired woman, ushered me into a warm living room cluttered with furniture. Talmage, who was sitting in a deep easy chair, a cane by his side, held out his hand in my direction, and I shook it. He wore carpet slippers, and had a gray cardigan over his shirt. His eyes were filmy blue, his face pale and somewhat collapsed about the mouth. But he listened intently as I explained my interest in the history and the probable future of the Town of East Hampton, and then, leaning on his cane, he launched into a series of reminiscences. "A lot of the most interesting things aren't even on record but have been passed down from genera-

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THAT'S LOST
ITS SOUL.

By GEORGE KOVACS

Anything that's any good has soul.

Even a lamp.

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My designers and I labor over proportions, and texture relationships, and wood grains, and colors, and color values, and shade shapes, and sizes, and concealed joints and concealed wiring systems, and concealed switches, and balanced bases, and proper wattages, and on and on and on. (Into the night, frequently.)

I couldn't expect you to possibly know what energy went into making a lamp, but I know you can appreciate when a lamp looks just right. (And works just right, too.)

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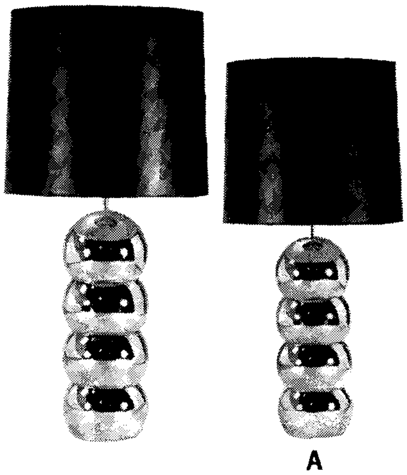

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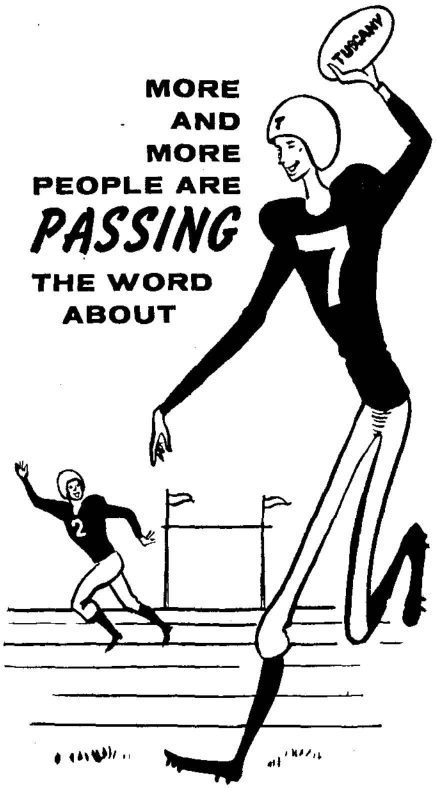

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tion to generation," he said. "When I was a young man, I would talk to older men, who had heard things in their time from older men, and so on, all the way back. For instance, it isn't in the written record but we know that the first winter or two the settlers were here they got corn, squash, and beans from the local Indians, and this kept them alive until they were able to put in their own crops. Another thing they got from the Indians was the idea of using menhaden as fertilizer. The settlers had a big community net, and would set it about half a mile offshore in Gardiners Bay and muster every man to haul it in and spread the menhaden on the soil. That's one reason they began to farm in The Springs so soon after settling East Hampton—it was closer to their source of fertilizer. And there was a lot of meadowland in the low-lying area near the bay. They got good salt hay there, and brought it back in wagons as the basic winter feed for their cattle, because it had the salt in it that the animals need."

I asked if his family had always worked the adjoining land. "Well, the Talmages were pretty much on the land all along," he said. "But there came to be a big market for menhaden in the city, and my father preferred to be a menhaden fisherman. I myself didn't care for the water, and I began working on the land when I was a teen-ager—we lived on a farm in The Springs. Then I went to Syracuse and studied agriculture, and graduated in 1918. While I was there, I did farm work for my room and board, and later I became a farm foreman for a cousin of mine in Riverhead. I learned real farming. I could plow and harrow behind a team of mules, I could cradle grain and flail it and winnow it, I could pitch bundles on the bundle wagon as well as any man. I was champion cornhusker of the whole outfit. By the time I came back here in 1921, I was ready to farm for myself. My wife and I bought fourteen and a half acres right here, plus this house we're sitting in and a barn out back. The whole thing came to ninety-five hundred dollars. Land here in the Western Plain was worth about two hundred dollars an acre then; today you can't get it for under thirty-five hundred an acre. Back then, much of the good land wasn't even being farmed. The taste of the summer-resort business had got hold of people, and the sons and daughters of the old farm families had lost their faith in the land and turned away from it. A lot

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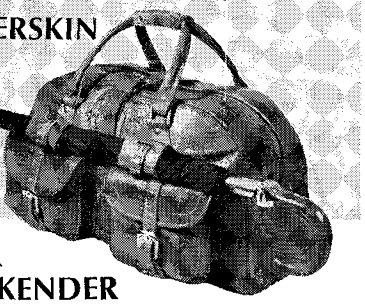

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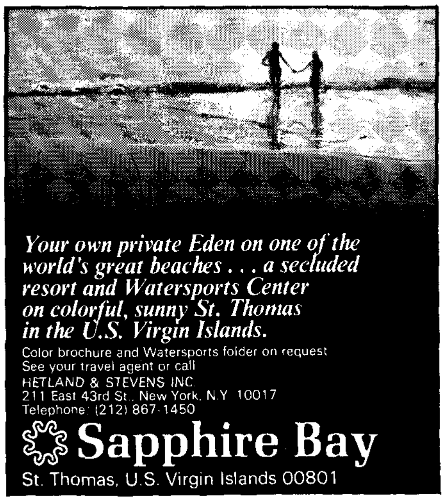

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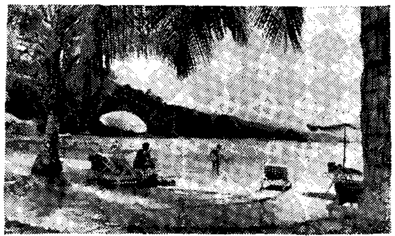

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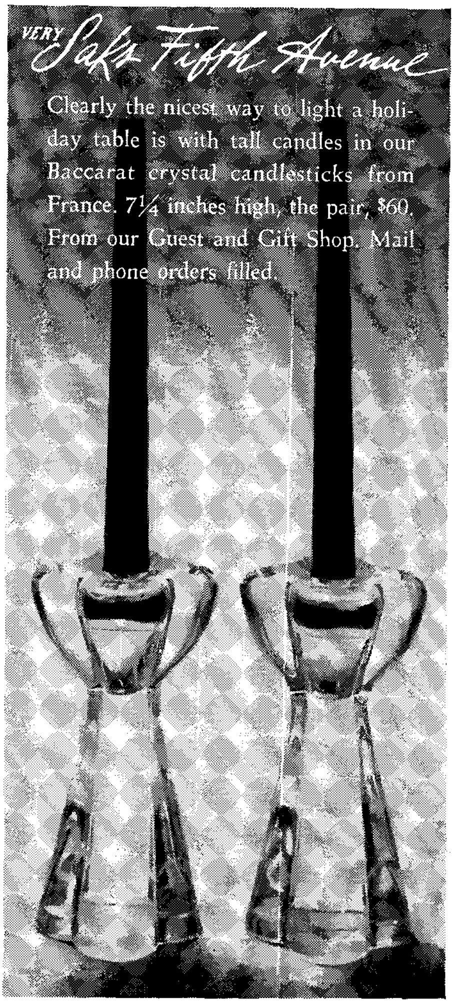
of good land lay idle for years, growing up in weeds and bayberry bushes. Some of the old-line families, like the Toppings and the Osborns, did stay with farming, and then I got into it, and then the Polish farmers came along. Pretty soon, the best land was being cultivated again. I myself kept expanding, and by 1928 I employed thirty people and was working about two hundred and twenty acres of land. I grew a large quantity of potatoes and strawberries—I picked and shipped a whole truckload of berries a day in season—and I grew a lot of cabbage after the berries were done. By the thirties, we were growing tremendous amounts of potatoes and other vegetables in East Hampton. I loaded for other growers, and reached a third of a million dollars' worth of shipments a season at one point."

Talmage paused for a moment, and went on, "Then came the war, and farming got more difficult, because we couldn't get the nitrates we needed. And after the war there seemed to be hardly any young men who cared about the land. Then came the growth of the summer business, and the land began to be bought up by speculators and to pass out of the hands of the farmers forever. In some places, hardly any of the farmed land belongs to the farmers anymore. I myself have held on, and I still own about seventy acres. My son-in-law, Ray Hamilton, works it for me. We grow mostly potatoes and corn. I took an active part in the work until seven years ago, and I still would if I had my health and my sight. The joy of growing things is here for the asking in this part of Long Island. This land will grow anything you want it to. But nowadays, at the end of the year, after paying all your taxes and the upkeep and amortization on your machinery and all the other costs, what have you got left? To farm today takes a big investment. I have a hundred thousand dollars tied up in equipment right now, while back in 1921, when I started here, I laid out three hundred dollars for a sprayer, seventy-five dollars for a team of horses, ten dollars for a walking plow, and five for a harrow, and that was it. I've talked with all the farmers I know, and almost none of them can get their children interested in farming. My own son works a little piece of land, but he isn't much interested in it; he's a building contractor, and that's what he prefers. It's hard for me to see any future for farming, and it's even hard just to hold on today, with money being offered for land the way



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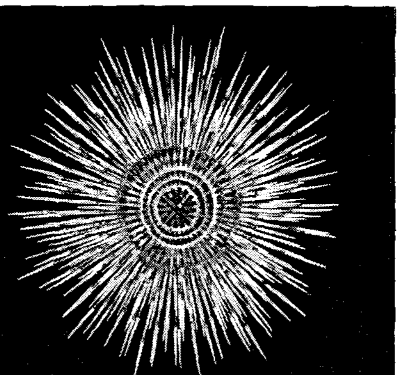

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it is now. Fifty-some acres just down the road here sold for thirty-five hundred dollars an acre a few months ago, and I've been offered that and more for some of my acreage. I'm getting older, and it isn't easy to say no. I see the beginning of the end of it all. I see people saying to themselves, 'Well, we can get five thousand an acre for the old place, and let's take it and the hell with it.' You can't blame them for feeling that way. We started the Preservation Society, and we have a Nature Conservancy, and we've been agitating for new tax regulations and new zoning, all to keep the open space from disappearing altogether and to keep farming from being wiped right out. But so far we've had very little success with any of it. I see the end of it all within the next five years. After more than three centuries, it will be all over, and this area will never be the same again. It's too bad, too bad."

He fell silent, and I murmured something encouraging about the Comprehensive Plan and the increasing public awareness of the problem, but it didn't sound very convincing, even to me. A few minutes later, I said goodbye to Talmage and left. The wind drove the rain into my face and ruffled the surface of a puddle I had to jump over to get to my car. As I drove slowly home, the fields on either side of the road looked soggy and somnolent but enduring; the land had been just about like this since the first white men arrived, and any casual visitor seeing it now would suppose that it might look like this forever.

—MORTON HUNT

•

MR. SHEPLEY, MEET PALLAS ATHENE

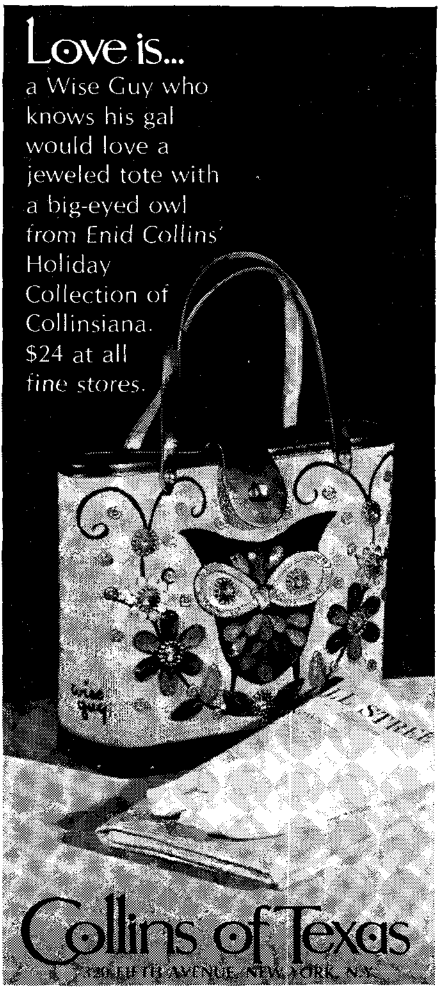
[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

Messrs. Heiskell and Shepley declined to pinpoint any new policies that might result from the executive shuffle. "Obviously, all areas of the company's operations are continually being evaluated," said Mr. Shepley. He added that Time's newer operations "are really quite promising" despite reports that some have turned sour. "These things don't spring forth full blown like Venus from the head of Zeus," Mr. Shepley said. "Some need time to develop."

•

Heavyweight news on the Oxford Poetry chair front: W. H. Auden and Cecil Day-Lewis, the Poet Laureate, are expected to nominate Roy Fuller, the much respected poet (and solicitor), whose recent slimy volume New Poems was received with something approaching rapture.—*London Times.*

Now, now.



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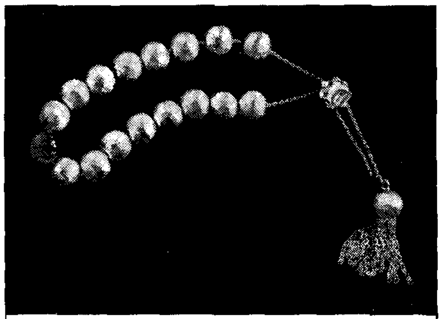

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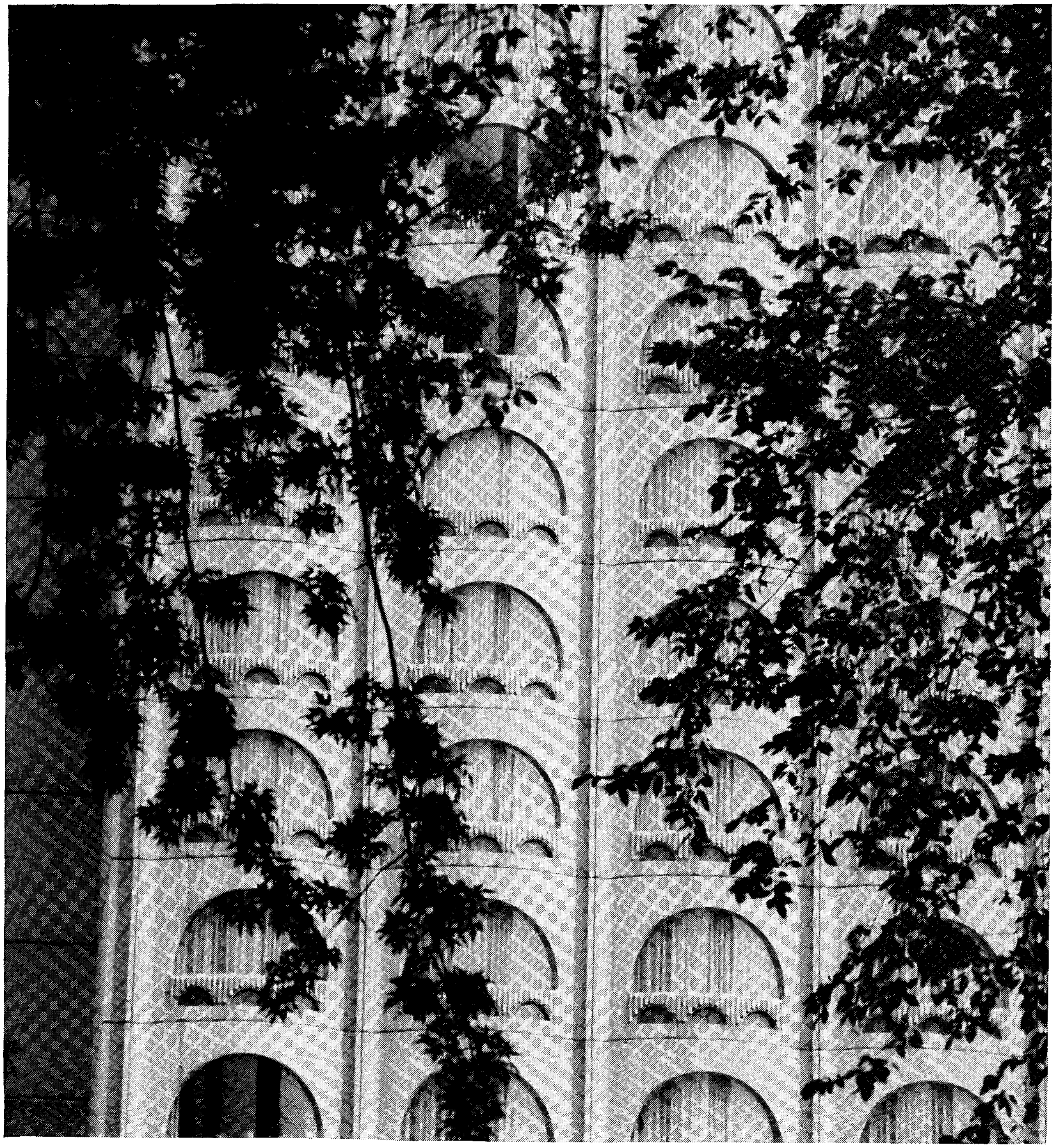

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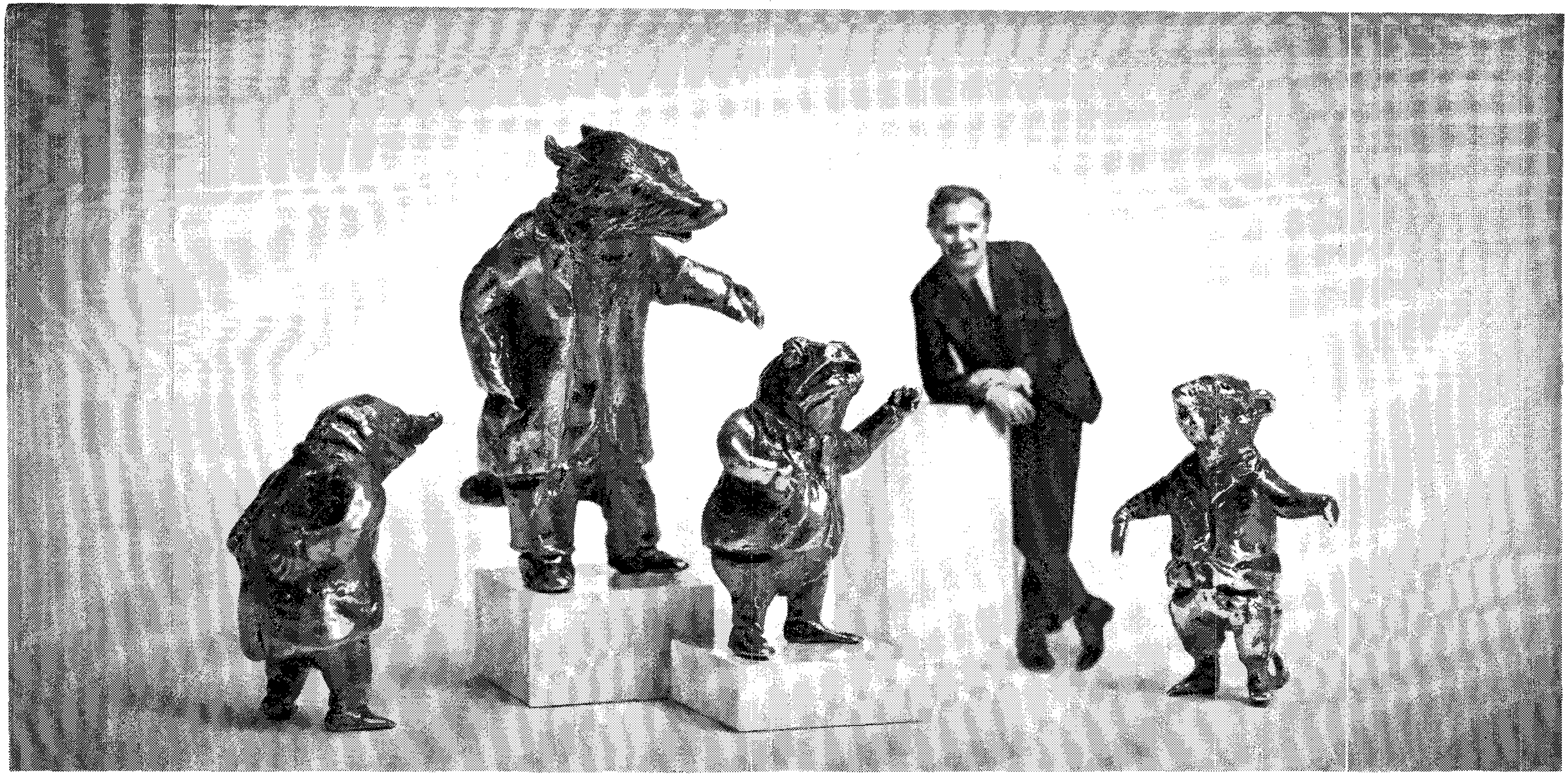

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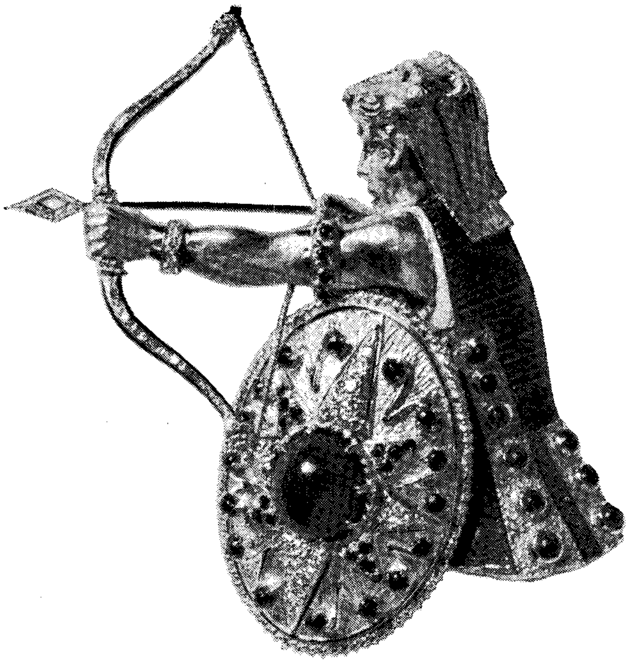


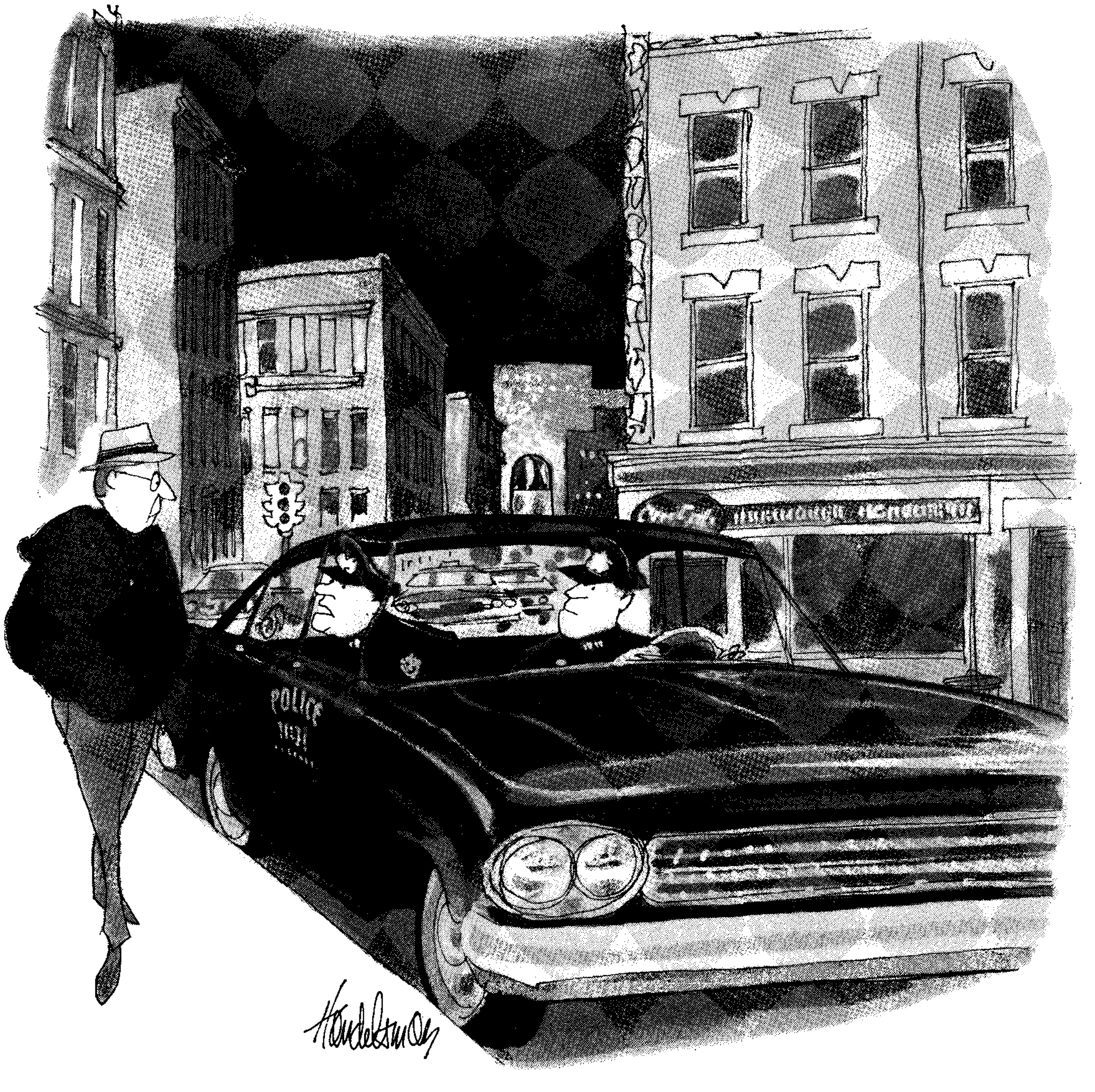
THE THEATRE

PROGRAMMED LAUGHTER

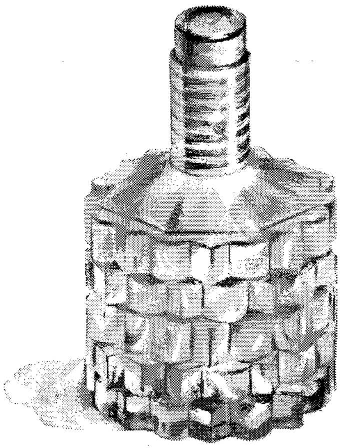
"BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE," at the Booth, is a slick and determinedly heartless little comedy, of which it is possible to say that if it were better it wouldn't be as good. This peculiar state of affairs is a result of the fact that the author, Leonard Gershe, has taken what might have been a simple and humane but not very interesting or plausible play and turned it into a machine for producing gags—one-liners and two-liners that detonate themselves at cunningly calculated intervals all evening long. It is a work written in cold blood, and if in the course of his writing it Mr. Gershe's imagination ever tried to vault impetuously over his neat, businesslike intentions, he has taken pains to conceal the evidence. The audience laughs constantly, and it also laughs instantly, because what it responds to is within such easy range of its expectations. The response is that of TV audiences, trained to be extravagantly tickled by the familiar—to feel, indeed, that it is they who have failed when they do not break up over the totally banal and to accept with meekness the standup comedian's sneering rebuke "If you're waiting for me to be funny, this is it."

In the present case, nobody need hold up a placard reading "LAUGHTER," because Mr. Gershe's gags are themselves placards: they are not what anyone has been known to say but what gag writers habitually make their puppets say—lines on the order of "I never went to college. I was going to go to U.C.L.A. but I couldn't find a parking space." According to the theatre program, Mr. Gershe is the author of the screenplays of several well-known movies; it is hard to judge from "Butterflies Are Free" whether he is a man of talent or merely a man who has had the cleverness to master certain exceptionally valuable tricks of an exceptionally difficult trade. The plot to which he has affixed his gags achieves a just sufficient number of surefire confrontations and reversals of fortune, and is stunning in its preposterousness. A young man blind from birth escapes from his horrible, dominating Jewish mother in the Bronx and sets himself up as a beginning songwriter in the Village. In the pad next door is a kooky blonde—*you* know. You also know that boy and girl meet and make their way rapidly to bed and that the dominating mother will arrive in time to stand thunderstruck in a doorway and so bring down the first-act curtain. In all of "Ulysses" Joyce succumbed but once to the temptation of giving a better line to Bloom than Bloom deserved ("The Irishman's house is his coffin"); Mr. Gershe is, shall we say, a less fastidious artist than Joyce, and it is a sign of his shameless, anything-for-a-laugh approach to playwriting that he gives the mother wisecrack after wisecrack that if she were the character he has told us she is she would be quite incapable of thinking up.

The cast of "Butterflies Are Free" is excellent. Keir Dullea plays the young blind man with affecting candor and cheerfulness, Eileen Heckart makes the mother a model of coarse and zestful obtuseness, and Blythe Danner is delightful as the kook; obviously, she is this season's Girl for All Reviewers to Fall in Love With, but, seasonal titles aside, she is a fine actress and will survive our adulation. The adroit direction of the play is by Milton Katselas, and the single set was designed by the in-



"You're just out for a walk, eh? I don't see any dog."



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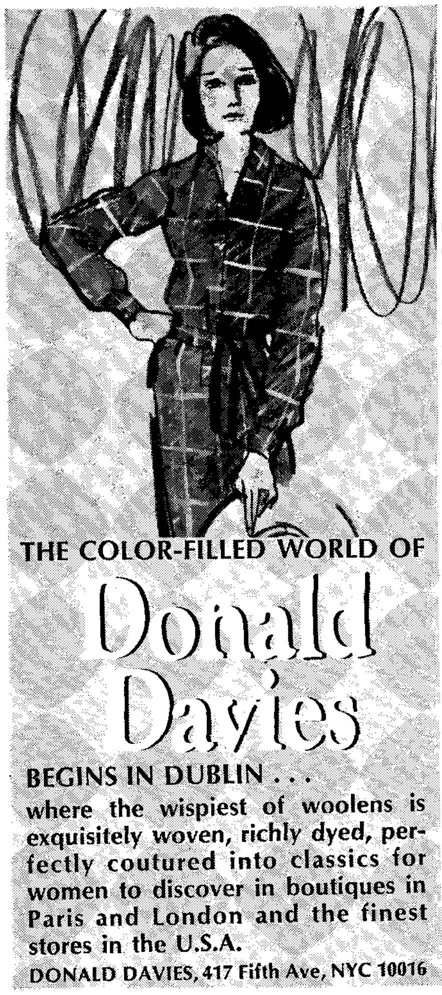

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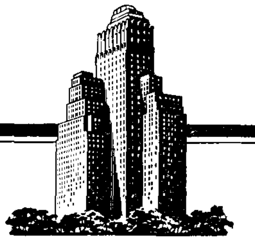
genious Richard Seger; when the play calls for the mother to ask where the bathroom is and for the son to reply that it is under the bed, Mr. Seger has seen to it that this exchange is not only funny but accurate.

"JIMMY" has come to the Winter Garden, and I would rather write about the lovely Adam ceiling of the theatre, or even about the return of Standard Time, than about the show, which is one of those big, soft, infantile elephants of musical comedies that obdurately refuse to come to life, no matter how much they are pinched, slapped, and fussed over. The music and lyrics, by Bill and Patti Jacob, fail to evoke the place and time with which the musical concerns itself—New York in the late twenties and early thirties, when Jimmy Walker was our lazy, witty, miscreant mayor—and Frank Gorshin, as Walker, fatally lacks the original's good looks and charm. The director, Joseph Anthony, has caused the show to march in an orderly fashion, as if it had a goal and were happily sure of attaining it; I admire the skill that makes such a flagrant deception possible, but I would hesitate to recommend the show on that account to anyone except apprentice directors. After Mr. Gorshin, the chief luminaries in a cast of fifty-odd are Anita Gillette, as Walker's mistress, and Julie Wilson, as his wife; how hard they work, and all in vain! The winking and blinking sets are by Oliver Smith, and the unflattering costumes are by W. Robert Lavine. A number of the people in the audience on opening night had known Jimmy Walker. Among them was that handsome and erect old man James A. Farley, whose knowledge of New York politics over the past fifty years is surely greater than that of anyone else alive. Passing Mr. Farley in the lobby after the show, I couldn't resist asking him what he had thought of it. "It was all very unreal," he said, more mildly than he might have. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Softly, Softly

"A SCENT OF FLOWERS," by the English dramatist James Saunders, at the Martinique, is a play about a girl who has died. She has killed herself after having a love affair with a married man, which her priest and confessor convinced her she must break off, and after looking to her family for some consolation, which she did not find. She is onstage throughout, in scenes—some of them set in the past



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and some in the present, with her loving, stricken stepbrother, with the undertaker and his two assistants, and with her stepmother, stepuncle, and father—that are perhaps intended, among other things, to justify the suicide, but do not. These scenes take place in and out of the family's living room in England (Act I), in and out of the church where her funeral is being held (Act II), and in and out of the graveyard (Act III). As performed under what seemed to me the perfect direction of Brian Murray, the play, which occasionally gets a bit Maeterlincky and wispy for my taste, is never tragic, but it is unfashionably gentle and unaffected—surprisingly unaffected after Mr. Saunders' "Next Time I'll Sing to You" of a few years back, which was one of the most pretentious and empty plays I've ever seen. There are, to be sure, a few extraneous literary references, which certainly don't do much for the character who speaks them—an undertaker's assistant, in the graveyard scene, whimsically slips into the First Gravedigger and then hastily (and I think lamely) explains that he once belonged to an amateur dramatic society—but the lines most of the time are clear and revealing. And the point is, of course, that there *are* characters, and that most of them are realized by the actors assigned them. As the heroine, Katharine Houghton suggests the rapture and misery of a girl in love and in a jam. Her anguish never seemed to me deep enough for suicide, but her post-mortem charm was incontestable. It is unfair, I suppose, to keep tagging Miss Houghton as Katharine Hepburn's niece, but there is no denying that she has inherited the family glow along with the family face. There is also no denying that an ingénue with beauty, intelligence, and breeding makes a welcome change. I do think, though, that Miss Houghton should just drop any attempt at an English accent. A young

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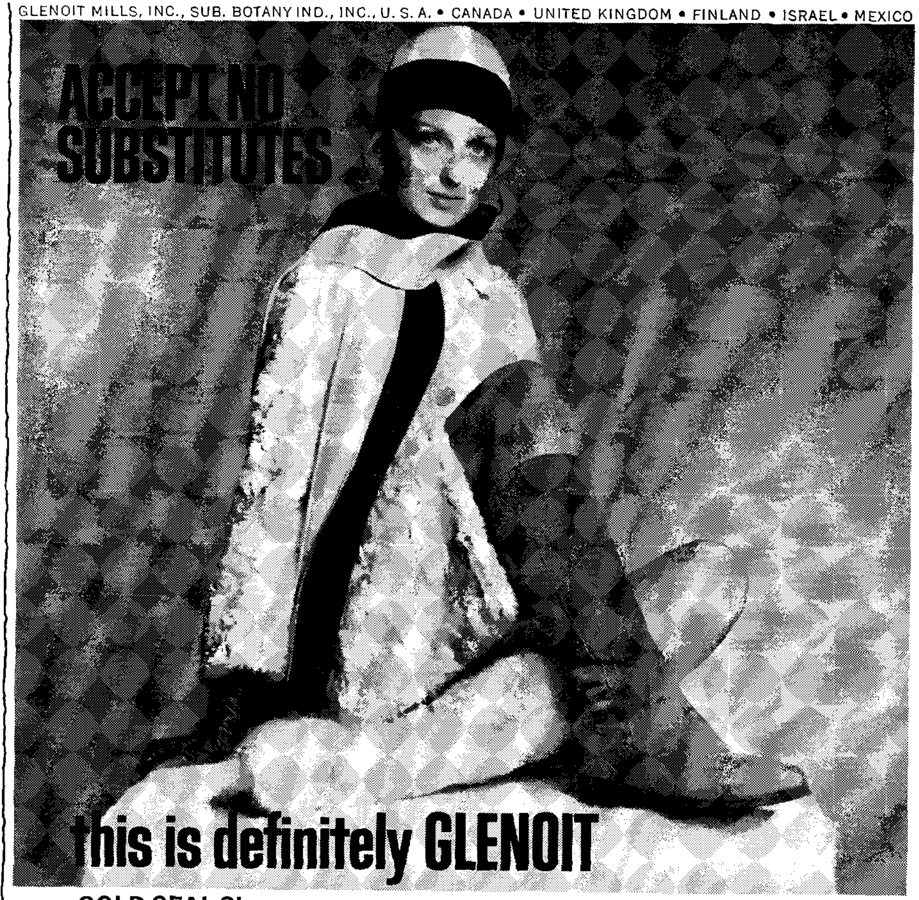

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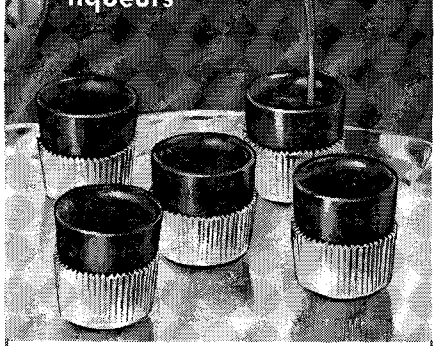

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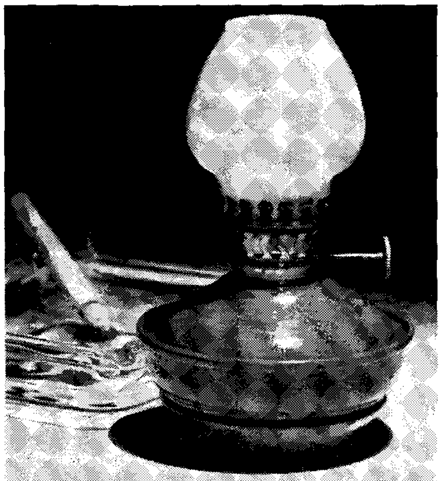

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actor named John Glover gives an excellent performance as her devoted, affectionate, and, under the circumstances, inadequate stepbrother. In the best scene in the play, he sits mending a bicycle tire as she confides in him about the affair and the priest's advice and her unhappiness, and, in the most attentive, explosive, and fraternal way imaginable, he tramps all over her feelings. I also admired Jeremiah Sullivan as the undertaker's young assistant, who meets the girl after she is dead, and who alone is able to give her the tenderness she needs, along with just the right kind of teasing. Mr. Sullivan, an American, really did seem to be playing an English country boy. Roderick Cook does well in the dual role of the wry, unrufflable undertaker and the impassioned, urgent priest.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

During the next five years our world is going to go through the most difficult times in its history. Weapons systems have been developed in the Soviet Union, Red China, the United States and other countries that are capable of destroying the entire population of the globe. Off the coast of California at this moment are several nuclear-powered Soviet submarines with 12 missiles on each one, carrying nuclear warheads that can travel 2,000 miles. Other craft are patrolling the Atlantic coast. Every city in the United States is covered, and if some madman should come to a place of power, our human civilization could collapse overnight. The seeds of decay and destruction are all around us. Among athletes, golfers have perhaps the greatest influence and therefore the greatest responsibility of any field of competition between men, because golf is the greatest participating sport in the world today. —*Billy Graham, addressing a group of professional golfers in Atlanta.*

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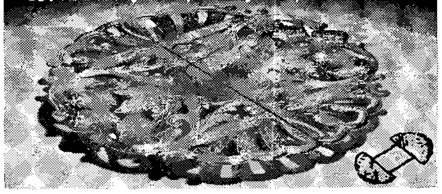

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 22

THE rather rollicking theatre hit of the autumn Paris season is so old that it seems new. "La Périchole" is precisely one hundred and one years of age and sounds perfectly fresh, because no one here has heard its score in the past seventy-four years, since its last performance. As a revival, it celebrates the hundred-and-fiftieth birthday anniversary of the Cologne-born composer of its tunes, that light German genius Jacques Offenbach, whose *opéras bouffes* were so celebrated in the last century's Second Empire that today the French regard his music as purely French and are patriotically proud of it.

At the Théâtre de Paris, in Montmartre, the stage curtain depicts an enormous enlargement of the famous Nadar photograph of the bald-pated composer, fashionably démodé in his fur pelisse, excessive sideburns, and dwarf mustache, smiling hospitably through his ribboned pince-nez at the Paris audience as if still its living entertainer. With Lima the operetta's Peruvian locale, gaudy parrot-colored costumes were concocted for the chorus, which so overcrowds the stage that it cannot dance, and is so vocally insufficient for *opéra bouffe* that a loudspeaker system is used to bolster the singing and to aid the inexplicably scanty orchestra. In the title role, the mezzo Jane Rhodes, who several years ago was the new Carmen at the Opéra, belts out her gypsy songs vigorously. The unfamiliar tenor Michel Caron offers a fine light voice as her gypsy street-singing swain, and Jean Le Poulain, a favorite French comedian, in the role of the amorous Viceroy of Peru who has a predilection for La Périchole herself and also for making puns (all funny, because they are all terrible), is a lifesaver throughout, with his superior comic qualities. The entire spectacle, unfortunately, misses the artistry and the high, mocking historical tone of Jean-Louis Barrault's entrancing 1962 Odéon production of Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," with Madeleine Renaud achieving, by dignified effort and always to applause, one high kick per evening, which brought on the dancers of the cancan—the supreme Offenbach French music that is almost as well known in France as the "Marseillaise." There was also recently a so-so Marigny production of "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," which, with "La Vie Parisienne" and "La Périchole," formed the rich triptych of new Offenbach *opéras bouffes* for the Paris seasons of 1866-68, just before the Franco-Prussian War.

What makes La Périchole a considerably more interesting historical character than she appears to be on the Paris stage right now is the fact that in real life she was a female of charm, loose morals, and dramatic piety, who entered into literature through Prosper Mérimée. Born in the late eighteenth century, she was a half-breed gypsy singer in Lima whose name was Micaela de Villegas. She was picked up starving on the streets by Viceroy Manuel Amat, who, in a lovers' quarrel, called her "a Creole bitch"—in Spanish "*una perra chola*," which became La Périchole. He furnished her with fine horses, which she rode dressed as a man, and a grand carriage with servants in livery, in which she drove through Lima as its most elegant whore, adored by the poor as much as she was despised by the rich. Driving through Lima one day in her elegant vehicle, she saw a shabby priest on foot, carrying the Last Sacrament to some dying parishioner. She descended to the street so he could use her carriage to transport the sacred articles, while she walked humbly behind. On this incident, which he heard of, Prosper Mérimée wrote his great popular story "Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement," which Anna Magnani utilized in her film "Le Carrosse d'Or." The operetta here naturally makes no use of this pious material, though it ends virtuously, with the Viceroy resigning in favor of the young gypsy tenor, and with the two lovers reunited in joy.

Shortly after the operetta opened here last month, the Peruvian ambassador to UNESCO placed a bronze plaque in the reception hall of the Théâtre de Paris commemorating 1969 as the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary both of the death of Micaela de Villegas and of the birth of her composer.

RARELY does a middle-aged European woman artist receive the homage of a retrospective of her paintings in a French state museum, and even more rarely does the public here see fine post-Cubist Portuguese art. Both exceptions are realized at the

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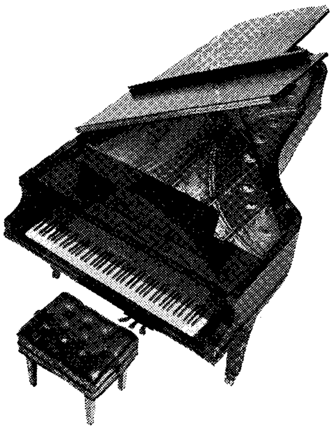
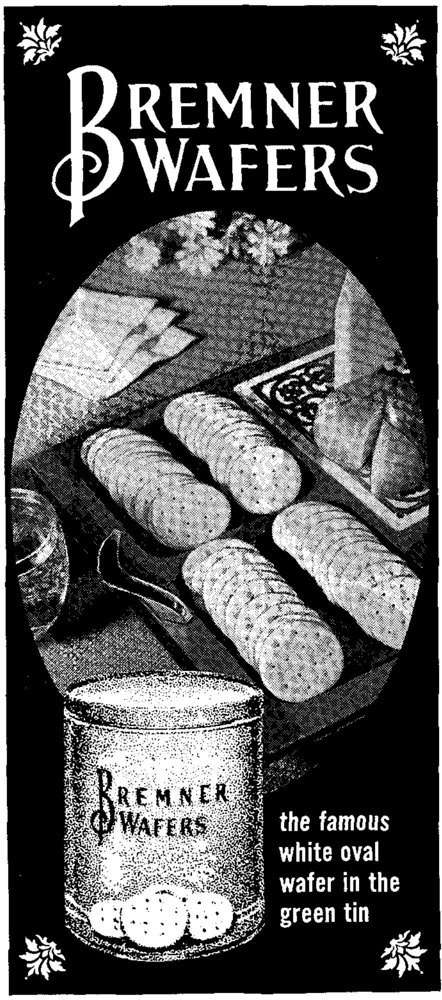


Dave Brubeck's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

Musée National d'Art Moderne in the close to one hundred oils and gouaches displayed there representing a major selection of outstanding works by Maria Elena Vieira da Silva. Born into a wealthy, cosmopolitan, humanistic-minded Portuguese family, she passed her impressionable childhood surrounded by the tiles and pavements of Lisbon, balanced between sky and linear estuary plains laid down by nature as if for Cubism's eventual solution. She was taken to see the world early, by the age of five already a traveller with her family in France, Switzerland, and England. At the age of twenty, she fixed her center in Paris, studied sculpture with Bourdelle, and even studied medical-school anatomy, but finally, in 1929, settled on the École de Paris painting school, which then could accommodate a synthesis of the earlier discovery of Cubism and the imagination of a painter like her, who, knowing the world was round, still redistributed it with geometric appreciation into the cubes that had become a permanent fixture in a certain analytic, aesthetic vision. In 1930, she was married, apparently happily, to the eccentric Hungarian painter Árpád Szenes.

Mme. da Silva is the most famous woman painter of Europe. There is a felicity in her compositions shown here—all non-representational—which actually communicates a spiritual well-being that is vigorous, salutary, and unique. As if in meticulous analysis, she often reduces her cubes to the small proportions of mosaics, such as those pieced together by the ancient Latins in her native part of the world, so that what may be the portrait of a city seems laid down for the beholder's eye to walk upon—an architectural pavement that gives liberty of movement to the senses. Her compositions have directions of ebb and flow; they never appear to be stationary, and sometimes they seem to float on their moderate, unbrilliant colors. Many of her canvases being shown here are from famed private and museum collections, such as the Galerie Beyeler in Basel, the Rotterdam museum, the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis (her picture "La Gare Montparnasse"), the Düsseldorf Kunstsammlung (both "Flags" and "Airborne Subway"), and New York's Guggenheim Museum ("Aix-en-Provence"). The French poet René Char wrote that "this painter possesses the sense of labyrinths." It is difficult to determine the period of her various paintings, since they have no epoch but proceed in arbitrary, often contradictory developments. She is hypersensitive



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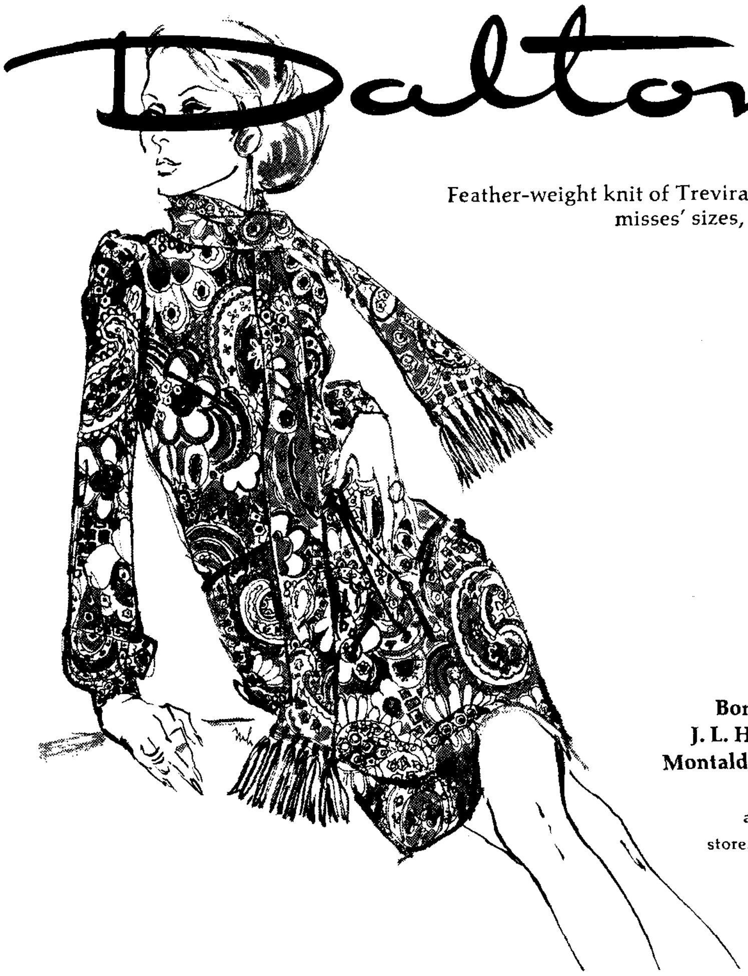
to pleasure in light itself. She has a passion for Corot's paintings, and none for the great, violent-colored baroque creators like Veronese, because her preferred color is gray. A fairly recent picture in her present exhibition (it is dated 1966 and is already in the possession of a private collector here) is her large Cubist painting called "La Bibliothèque." It depicts upright rows of brown-backed books with red-tinged title labels, and to one side, as if in generous inclusion, are painted what seem to be the stacked white pages hidden within the volumes.

THE Paris newspaper *Le Monde* is like no other paper on earth. It is considered by its entire staff and by most of its readers to be the most faultlessly edited, the most authoritatively compiled, and indubitably the best-written newspaper in Europe. Since April, it has been branching out. It has been publishing an eight-page "Weekly Selection" of its news in English translation (mostly done by British translators), which, if at first it smacked occasionally of Franglais, has now settled down into an acceptable cross-Channel vocabulary that adequately conveys almost everything except *Le Monde's* magical and moral superior tone, perfectly audible only in the original French. In format, this little weekly *Demi-Monde*—as the English magazine *Encounter* dubbed it wittily—exactly resembles its daily parent, except that it contains eight instead of thirty-odd pages. These eight pages include one on economic affairs, one on literature, and one on art and entertainment; a third of the back page is usually devoted to a "Letter from . . . ," such as the recent letters from Czechoslovakia and Thailand. The rest of the little paper covers the major news of the week with a slant toward foreign affairs, and usually has a leading piece on the latest French political crisis and a two-column box briefly summarizing minor Paris and provincial news. The English-language edition is distributed each Wednesday and costs the equivalent of fifty cents or two shillings, which is high for newsprint. According to the bilingual Gervase Markham, formerly on the London *Financial Times* and now the director of the English *Monde*, it has achieved a paid circulation of eleven and a half thousand copies, of which about three thousand are sold in France and three thousand in the United States. Since it is composed only of what has already appeared in the daily *Monde*, it passes on to its readers the opinions of Pierre

Dalton



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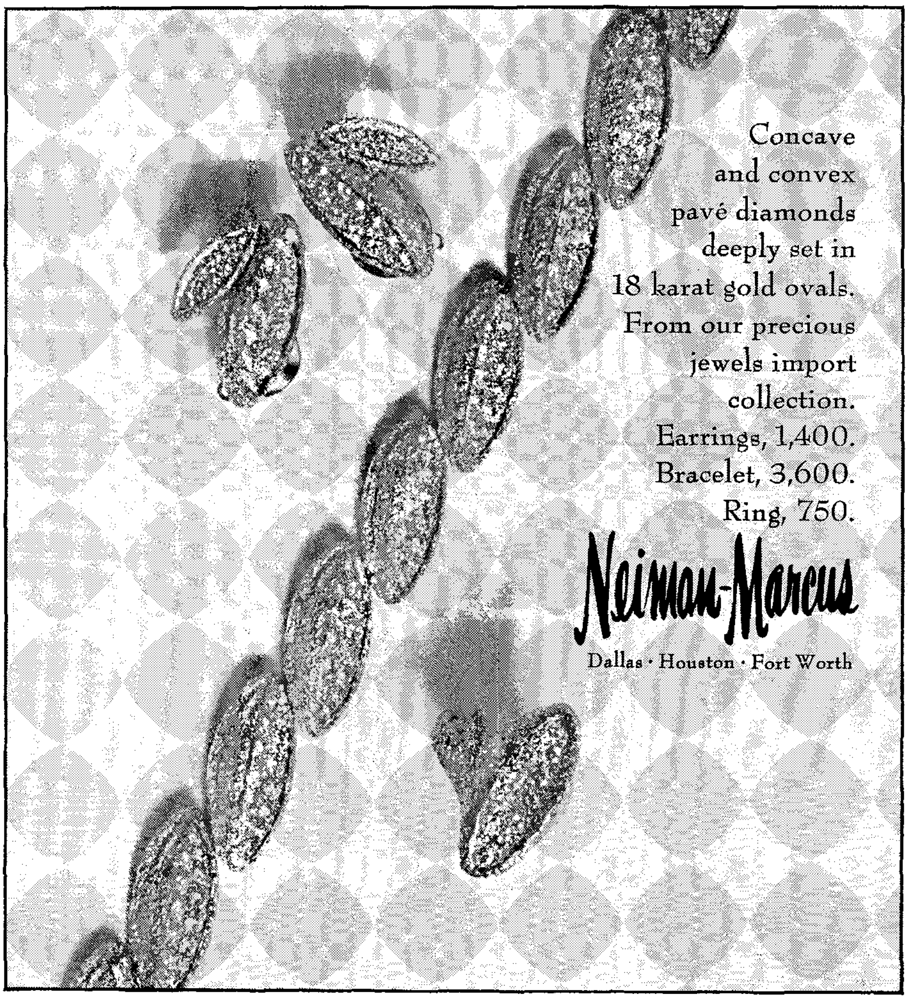

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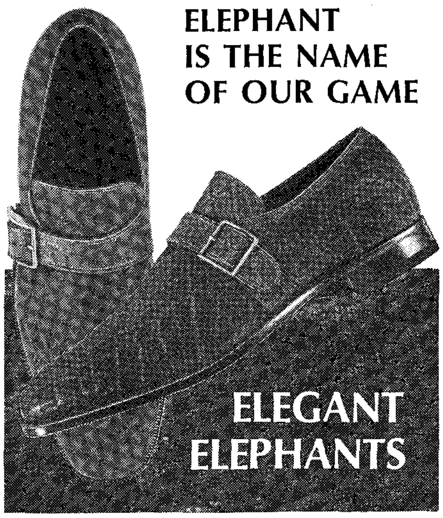

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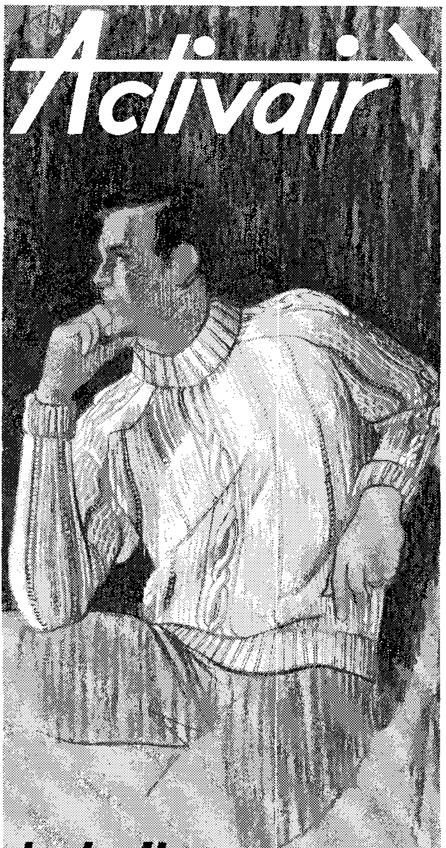
Viansson-Ponté, *Le Monde's* chief political interpreter and writer, plus the contributions of Jacques Sauvageot and Jacques Fauvet. These three are the paper's key writers, all brought up in the severe school of Hubert Beuve-Méry, *Le Monde's* over-all director, before whom the staff lines up, standing, at eight o'clock every morning to receive and discuss the plans for that afternoon's paper. *Le Monde's* salaries used to be heroically small but are somewhat better now that the paper operates as a profit-sharing organization for all employees, from Beuve-Méry down through pressmen and typesetters. The paper's unchanging tradition is to be absolutely and completely accurate about facts, to argue political theories in a logical manner, according to the French view, and to try to place every question in its proper context. Over the years, it has kept conscientiously in mind its raison d'être as the leading French newspaper: to regard facts as of predominant importance in news, and to maintain its own special tone, by which the manner of treating a topic achieves editorial comment—a tone that its editors and writers regard as essential and theirs alone. In the past few years, the paper's circulation has risen from a quarter of a million to nearly half a million copies, read by the choicest readers in France.

In the rigorous effort that Pompidou's government has made to urge saving and austerity upon French citizens ever since the midsummer devaluation of the franc—which now looks like a possible candidate for a late-autumn redevaluation—a handsome pictorial advertisement for the franc itself has been running in the French press. It is presented by the Ministère de l'Économie et des Finances and bears the warning "*La Défense du Franc Est l'Affaire de Tous les Français*," printed in elegant typography. At the left is a simple line drawing of an oversized franc, with its familiar figure of *La Semeuse*, the sower, who appears on most small-denomination French stamps—a barefoot agricultural goddess in flowing robes and carrying a sack of grain, her right arm still lifted from tossing the seed out. Behind her is the optimistic rising sun spreading its rays. Just inside the coin's rim is printed the national identification: "RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE." At first glance, this publicity announcement resembles a high-class invitation with a decorative crest, and an invitation is what it really is—an invitation to all the French to protect their mon-



in bulk. A new edition of cashmere—cabled bulky. Hand-framed in Scotland by Hardie-Wood. About $75.00. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; or write Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, New York 10016.

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ey from further misadventure by holding on to it. France is passing through a period of malaise. In Parliament, the Gaullist majority is so large that the chamber seems bogged down. At the moment, there appears little coherence in the government or in those being governed. The Communist trade union, the C.G.T. (the other unions do not count), will certainly demand higher wages presently to meet its fear of an even higher cost of living. It is strange that many of the French are still attempting to decide whether General de Gaulle's resignation was political suicide or a political assassination. The disappearance from public life of a leader who by his exceptional capacities made himself temporarily incomparable leaves a nation with no set standards to measure its immediate life by.

—GENÊT

•

THE HULK

The water itself is leaving the harbor
a gleam waiting in lines
to be gone
and there I am
the small child the small child
alone with the huge ship at last

It must be named for silence
the iron whale asleep on its side
in the breathless port
a name rusted out
in an unknown
unknown language

And no one will come
to call me by any name
the ropes end like water
the walls lie on their backs
bodies dusted with light
I can sail if we sail
I can wander
through the rusting passages forever
with my fear by the hand
by the hand
and no father

—W. S. MERWIN

•

1—Sophisticated humor: In creating this type of humor the gag is subtle. The gag must even be pointed out to some viewers on occasion.

Here is an example of sophisticated humor. A husband with a black T shirt, the wife with a white T shirt while their young son is wearing a black-and-white checkered T shirt. Obviously the son belongs to the couple... pointed out in a very clever way.—*Photography column by Gene Cannoy in the Los Angeles Sunday Herald-Examiner.*

Give us an example of *un*sophisticated humor.

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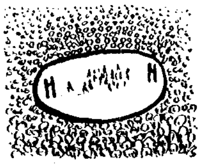

IT was not pigeons on the grass but Met buffs, alas, who laid waste the turf in Shea Stadium, and so interfered with the best idea of the season—pro ball on a Monday night. It *must* have been the best idea, for it enticed the largest audience ever—63,841—for an A.F.L. match, and it showed the Jets at their bouncy best (Jets 26, the rather indigestible Oilers 17). There are those of us who wonder how it would have come out if Farr, chasing Maynard on his sprint for the first of the touchdowns he racked up for the Jets, had not fallen down, seemingly the victim of a faulty divot, and if Houston had not followed suit during Maynard's second touchdown run, but then the Jets had as much trouble, we are told, with the disarrayed grass as the Oilers had. It was likewise a good idea because there is more football than anyone can absorb, in person or on camera, between Friday night and Sunday night. Naturally, the Jets had to deplete everyone's good opinion by their work a week later against the Patriots, who should have been no more trouble for them than one more faulty divot—the Jets (at the last minute) 23, the Patriots 17. (The Jets were at leisure the Sunday before this dismal event, and I happened to be able to catch, on camera, the Colts, once again at *their* bouncy best, in New Orleans, destroying the Saints, 30–10, with Unitas passes and general aplomb—Unitas passes good for better than three hundred yards. Unitas, throwing this well for the twenty-fourth time in his history, is as ancient—thirty-six—as the similarly rejuvenated Jurgensen, of the Redskins.) Another three-hundred-yard thrower, Harris, of Boston College, was often enough harried by an Army that, by last Saturday, had mostly recovered from its mass dosage of the flu, and, assisted no end by a complete revision of its backfield, it came out ahead, 38–7. Harris's passes were worth 154 yards, against last year's 374. Shadid, who may be Army's next Rhodes Scholar (he already is a gentleman and center of repute), captained his team's pursuit of Harris, and Cahill, the Army coach, who was terribly pleased by the showing of his little charges (well, according to the program notes they were again outweighed, this time by a matter of thirty pounds), physically, mentally, and statistically, said that the other contributing factor was Army's skill at coming up with *the* third-down play. Harris, who began as a prep-school quarterback in Boston, used to engage in throwing contests with Champi, a high-school quarterback in Boston. Harris will go on, I am sure, to better things than last Saturday, but Champi, who it was planned would lead Harvard to victory this fall, has withdrawn into a wholly academic life. Without Champi, and without Smith, his most likely successor, Harvard, lacking as well the services of a number of other damaged performers, could not deal with Dartmouth (who *can* around here, except maybe Penn State or Syracuse?) last Saturday, but it did a lot better than most before going down, 24–10. An undamaged Harvard is a pretty thing to see, but there aren't enough backup men for the first-stringers. Dartmouth has no quarterback trouble at all, and it appears to have entirely recovered from the considerable damage done to its important personnel last season. Pennsylvania—unlucky Pennsylvania—appears lost without its fallen leader, Zbrzeznj, who was its quarterback and father image, and who will be seen no more (he graduates next spring). Without him and a squadron of other players, Pennsylvania could go nowhere against Princeton on Saturday. The end (Princeton 42, Pennsylvania 0) was in sight almost from the beginning. Putting forth two fine linemen (Joseph and Kenoyer), a hard-worked runner (Leavitt), and no passing (all but two of Pennsylvania's completed passes went to Mauney, Princeton's infallible safety), Pennsylvania gets the season's award for stoicism. For Princeton partisans, it was their first opportunity this fall to see their transformed team really in action. The transformation is a puzzlement. A year ago, Princeton, still based on the single-wing formation, did more mileage on the ground in its first month than any other squad in the country. Now, based on the T formation, it is throwing the ball farther, and better, than it has done in a decade, and is not running it at all well. Along with Pennsylvania's Zbrzeznj, Princeton's Biros, Bordley, Guerin, Hews, Holtberg, MacBean, Manzo, Mauney, Moore, Nixon, and White will disappear this November. If they yet become, as they should and can, the complete coördinate they so often might have been, the encounter with Dartmouth, at the end of the season, will be It. Yale, very young but not very green, did itself proud by overrunning Cornell—inconsistent, inconstant Cornell—17–0. After Marinaro, Cornell's great new runner, had to be withdrawn for repairs, nothing much mattered. Like Pennsylvania, Cornell appears to be a one-man team. Yale will be losing practically no one because of superannuation, and its rather good season this year may be the start of something big next season. —J. W. L.

•

16 THINGS
I LEARNED FROM
MY WIFE

. . . since she started reading The National Observer!

Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

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3. Why many doctors are warning women against wearing a certain type of earring.
4. Why it is important, if you own a home, to touch up peeling paint on the outside of the house before winter comes.
5. How families save hundreds of dollars on air fares by knowing the airline 'rate language.'
6. Why the old science-fiction idea of freezing people for cold storage may come true a lot sooner than you think.
7. Why a psychologist says the name you give your child may be the key to his behavior.
8. Why the hobo ranks have declined in America.
9. Why some scientists now believe that our genes contain 'suicide notes.'
10. Why analysts believe oceanography stocks are the next big glamour investment.
11. Why you may soon be compensated automatically for injuries in a car accident . . . without going to court.
12. How California is developing an underwater state park.
13. How to determine if it will be cheaper in the long run to rent an apartment instead of buying a home.
14. Why a new definition of death has become the subject of a controversy at the American Medical Association.
15. How to make sure you are buying a genuine antique—and not a piece of junk.
16. How you can increase and perhaps double your life insurance coverage . . . without spending a penny more. . . .

—*Adv. in TV Guide.*

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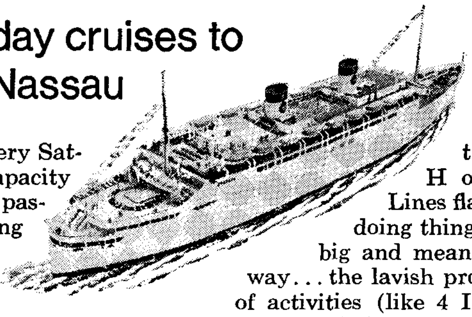

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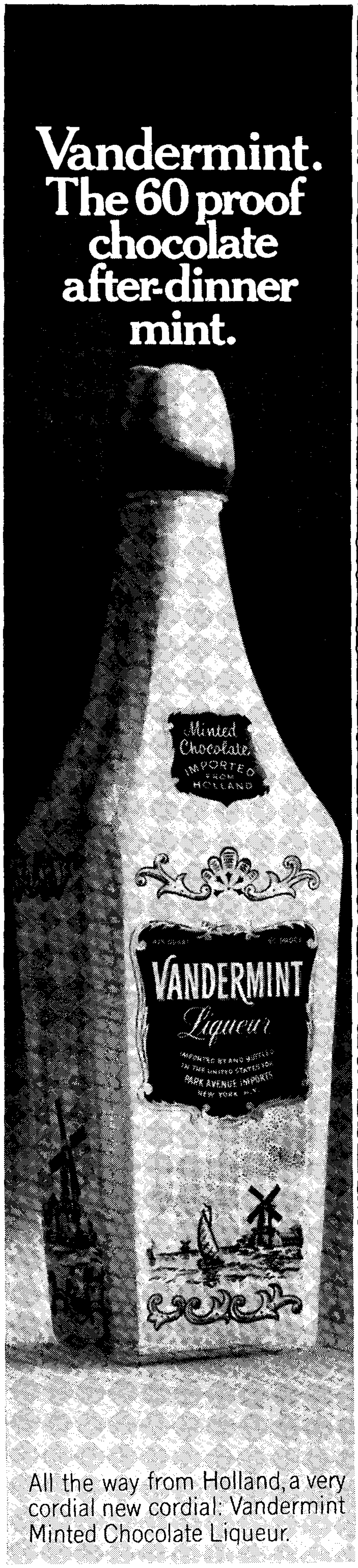
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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DESPITE its title and an advertising campaign that seems designed to keep people away ("I'm 19, I want to be loved. Hurt me!"), "The Sterile Cuckoo" should—and will, I'm sure—be a great success. The production is on a minuscule scale—it's a somewhat *under*produced movie, which makes it almost a freak among recent American pictures. In addition, the print quality and the color are so poor that one experiences some visual discomfort—and some bafflement about *why*. But though the camerawork is barely adequate, at least the camera is placed where it should be in each shot to make the material clear, and in this kind of film that's what counts most. "The Sterile Cuckoo" is a small, delicate tragicomedy, beautifully written (Alvin Sargent did the adaptation of John Nichols' 1965 novel), and directed very simply, but with remarkable and sustained *tact*, by Alan J. Pakula. The movie has a modest range, and the technical ineptitude makes it appear square; the weak, blurry look softens the story and turns it all into part of some never-never rural past, which, I suppose, those who resist its charm will call "fifties"—the most contemptuous word around these days. That accusation was justifiably levelled at "Goodbye, Columbus," because the language of romance has different nuances for each period and that story was a fifties romance as surely as "The Beautiful and Damned" was twenties. For people who read, movie versions of novels almost always seem to be in the wrong period, because the movies aren't made until the mass audience is prepared to accept the material. "The Sterile Cuckoo," however, has not been bought late and then "brought up to date," like "Goodbye, Columbus." What has happened, as I make it out, is the reverse. Lacking much expertise, Pakula (in his début as a director) probably tried to make things easier for himself by presenting the college setting in isolation from the world. But an insulated college is part of an old stereotype of college life, so the college seems to belong to an earlier era than the new, "activist" stereotype does. In order to cope with the material, he has instinctively dated it *back*.

Pookie Adams (Liza Minnelli) is a close relative of Holden Caulfield and of the boys in Lionel Trilling's "Of This Time, of That Place" and the Joyce Carol Oates story "In the Region of Ice." One of those brilliant, disordered, and dissociated kids, she is (possibly intentionally) a sister of Carson McCullers' Frankie Addams, but she doesn't grow up and join the world, like Frankie. The bright adolescent who is in pain and comes on freaky seems to speak to something in American life and has a special magic for us. It would have been easy to exploit that magic and wreck the character in the old Hollywood way—making Pookie, the imaginative, witty compulsive talker, into a madcap heroine and using her eccentricities and comic perceptions to turn her into a darling junior Auntie Mame. But Liza Minnelli's timing is so good that the charming, comic lines tumble out of her without sounding delivered, and we never forget that there's something else going on in that comic chatter. Miss Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the little face—are ideal equipment for the role. She's very funny rattling on about the creeps and weirdos (i.e., everybody who conforms enough to function in the world), but one knows that even when everything Pookie says about them is right her reasons for saying what she does are bad. Anybody she doesn't know how to get along with, or anybody who grows impatient with her or fed up with her, automatically becomes one of the weirdos. Pookie is not just a delightful nonconformist in a world of conformists, or another cute Hollywood gamine, or one of those nonconformists who would fit right in at a progressive college; like her fictional counterparts and the nonfictional counterparts one may have known, Pookie turns family, teachers, friends, and lovers into betrayers.

The stories of those gifted, maddening losers who make impossible demands on other people are generally told in the first person—or else told by those who feel guilty for having failed them. The narrator of the novel, Pookie's boyfriend Jerry, has been reconceived for the movie. He's a placid, uncomplicated college freshman whom Pookie draws into an affair, and he squirms under her pressure. Jerry (Wendell Burton) is a soft and downy, protected boy who is vulnerable to Pookie because he's so totally, *childishly* conventional that he hasn't yet developed an adult outlook, with adult defenses. Wendell Burton, who was Charlie Brown on the stage in San Francisco, looks such a Charlie Brown of a kid that it's astonishing that he can also *act* it. He gives a flawless performance as a decent, limited kid who wants to get along in all the ordinary, middle-class ways. One watches what happens to them as Jerry tries to join in the college world and as Pookie, who can't function in it, tries to hold him in her private arena, which is supposed to be superior to that of the weirdos. Someone like Pookie generally makes other people feel guiltily conventional when they prefer worldly pleasures to the *folie à deux* that the brilliant, half-mad person wants to live in. Jerry never gets that involved emotionally; he's so simple and so *stable* that he loves Pookie without ever being taken in by her, the way a more complex person might be taken in and begin to share her fantasies. His very conventionality makes much of the movie a touching comedy of the absurd. (The movie gives Pookie a mother who died in childbirth and a father who was never close to her; this clinical background provides too facile a basis for sympathy—i.e., loneliness—and makes us think we understand more than we do. It's the kind of commercial device that closes off a subject in a way an artist wouldn't.) Though the screenwriter has taken a lot of the dialogue from the novel, he has placed it in a different, simpler structure, which looks as if it might have been conceived and thought out with Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton in mind. If the roles weren't tailored for them, the director found the actor and actress they fit beautifully.

One doesn't want to destroy "The Sterile Cuckoo" by building it up too much. If the movie has any major flaw besides the technical weaknesses and the insulated college setting, it is a certain cautiousness of spirit—almost as if Jerry were directing. It's a bit plodding; one senses that everything has been worked out in the script and that the director is following the blueprint. And Pakula's gentleness and control are so *steady* that one becomes too much aware of them; maybe because one senses his caution, one begins to watch to see that he doesn't spoil things and that the actors don't make a mistake. There are two or three scenes that put extraordinary demands on Liza Minnelli, and, maybe because of the general low-

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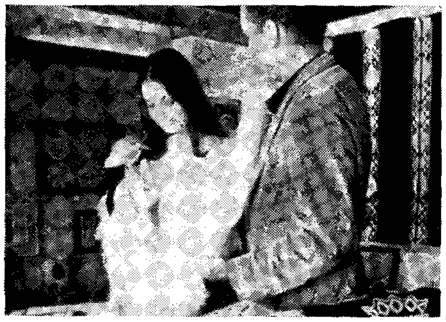

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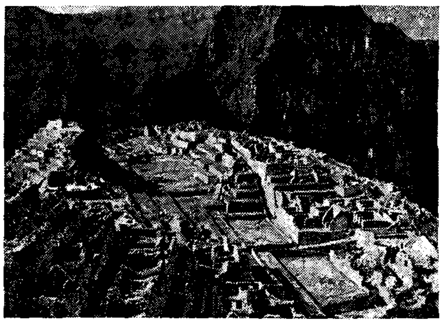

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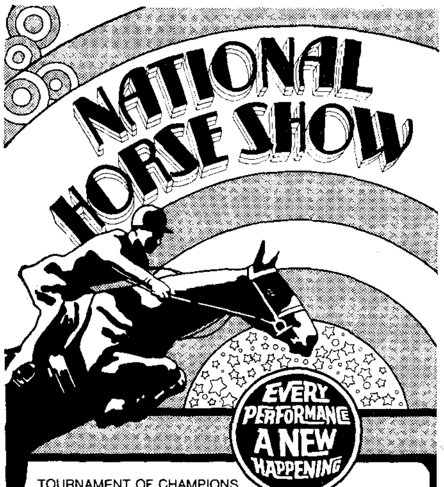

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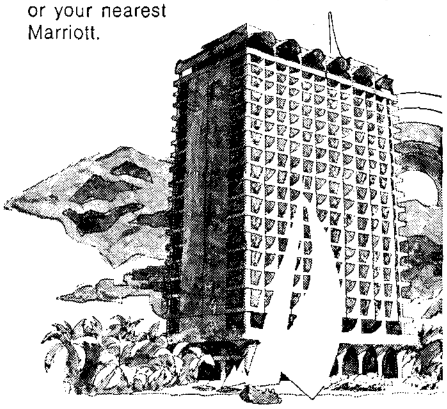

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keyed cautiousness, we're too conscious of how she handles these big moments. She carries them off (and without going too far), but the tension has been deflected from Pookie onto whether Liza Minnelli is enough of an actress. We're as aware of *performances* as we are in the theatre, and this is probably the director's fault. Good as it is, the picture has a classical, neat, middlebrow banality to it; it doesn't soar, it lacks a sense of discovery, it doesn't have the elation or excitement of art. Pakula plays it safe and works within his limitations; if he doesn't begin to take chances, he's going to be a dull director. Still, "The Sterile Cuckoo" is blessedly free of false excitement. It's a nice little picture, a plain garden flower that smells very good among the big plastic ones.

Pookie is a created character, and there haven't been many in recent movies. More than that, she is, in her small but resonant way, an American archetype that has finally reached the screen, and archetypal roles make stars. Liza Minnelli is probably going to be acclaimed as a great actress, and I rather dread that. She's just about perfect here, and one fears that she will be typed in loser roles. She can be a lovely comedienne, but if she were to go on drawing on that emotional quality that is so close to the surface in her that one almost fears to see it exposed, she could become an awful pain. I mean, we don't want the movie companies to drag out "The Constant Nymph" and "The Enchanted Cottage" and "Escape Me Never" and all the rest of that wistful, suffering old muck now that they've got another actress with Keane eyes. If she's smart, she'll learn to wink.

WHEN you see Anthony Quinn holding up a bottle of wine in the ads for "The Secret of Santa Vittoria," you may think you've already seen the movie, and, of course, you *have*. But Stanley Kramer has synthesized those other pictures so coarsely and rambunctiously, and with such confident bad taste, that "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" will probably be a hit. It's "Zorba the Greek" and forties Hollywood combined into a horrible kind of picturesque anti-Fascist *opéra-bouffe* bacchanal that is so energetically gross that even while one cowers in one's seat one knows there's an audience for it. Quinn has often been a big bull of a hero, but never before has he been encouraged into such bullish buffoonery as coughing at the audience and ram-

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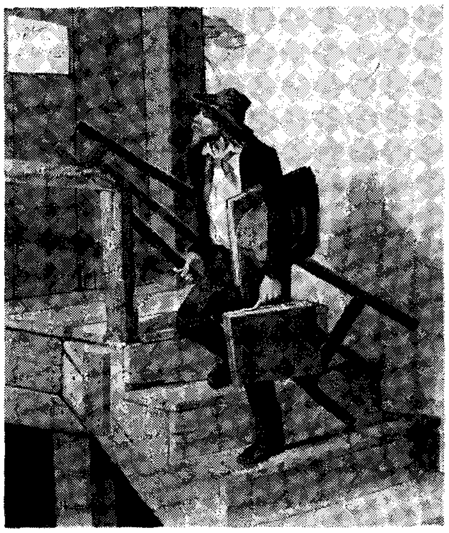
paging around while a roaring Anna Magnani—her face a mask of bitterness—throws pots and pans and fruit and vegetables and pasta at him and bangs him with the biggest rolling pin in the history of bad movies. She seems to hate her role as his shrewish wife, Rosa, so much that she acts it with a malevolent fury that almost makes one fear for Quinn's skull. Quinn is Bombolini, the town drunkard, who finds his manhood and regains Rosa's respect when he stands up to the Nazis—and merely setting down this résumé makes *my* head hurt. He finds his "dignity," and we lose ours just sitting there.

You don't know what world you're in at this movie. The people of Santa Vittoria are all at work to save a cache of a million bottles of wine from the Nazis, and, except for the principal actors, they all have those hairy, warty old peasant faces so dearly beloved of visiting American directors, and the principals are encouraged to behave in a manner that is probably thought to be *ethnic*. The movie is done in some (intentional? unintentional?) movie-begotten mock-heroic style in which every personal exchange is ludicrous or repulsive. The Nazi commandant (Hardy Krüger) seems to be the only quiet, civilized person in the town. Ernest Gold has provided a score that one assumes—one prays—is intended to be mock Italian, but bad music does not a good parody make. The whole movie could be said to be parody, but that doesn't improve it.

WE naturally expect—and hope—that new, young filmmakers will bring something new into movies and bring movies into contact with the modern world. It's understandable that Susan Sontag, making her first film in a foreign country—Sweden—should protect herself; still, it's disappointing that "Duet for Cannibals" is one more sealed-off-sex-games-and-guess-what's-real movie. Miss Sontag is often a thoughtful writer, but she has never had much dramatic sense—it's hard to think of an American writer with *less* dramatic sense—and she certainly doesn't get a lot of drama going here. The black-and-white photographic style is plain and handsome, but the author-director doesn't show much feeling for character, and the actors in the sexual foursome haven't been given enough to work with. They seem to be stranded on the screen, trying to fill in the slack of the dry, expository dialogue, and looking for some clues to what's wanted of them. There is a good bit—



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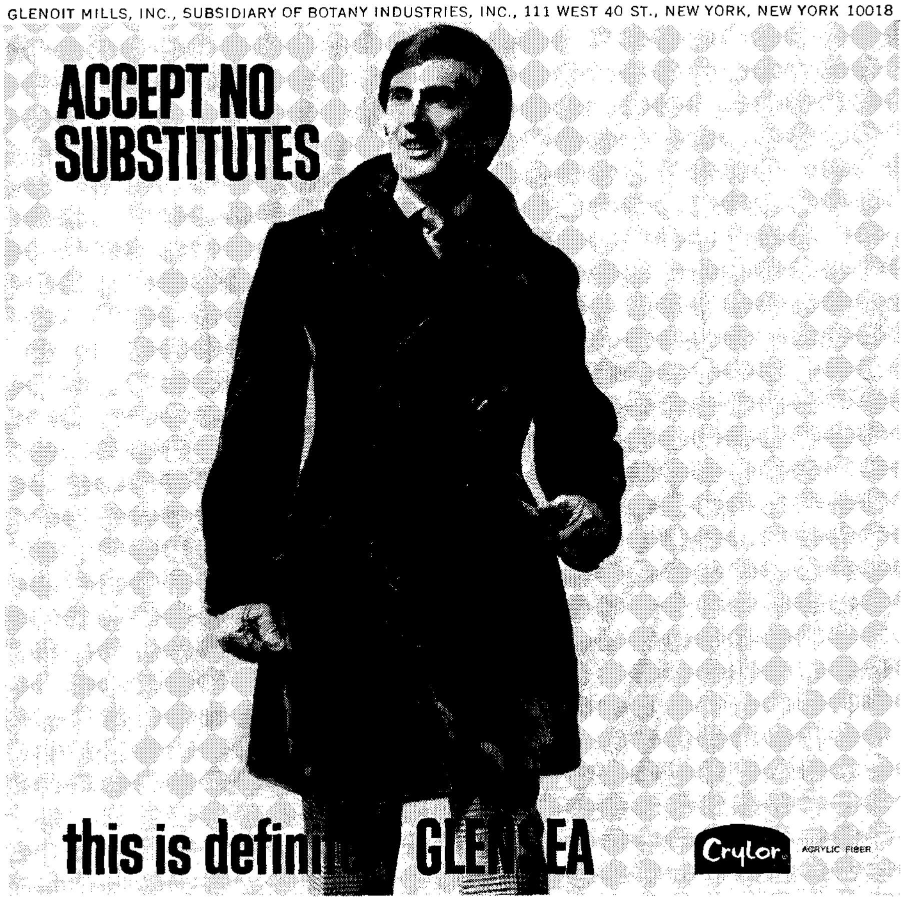

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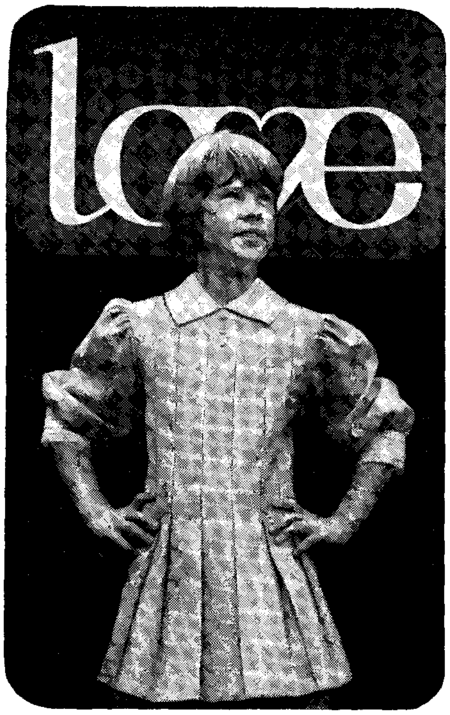

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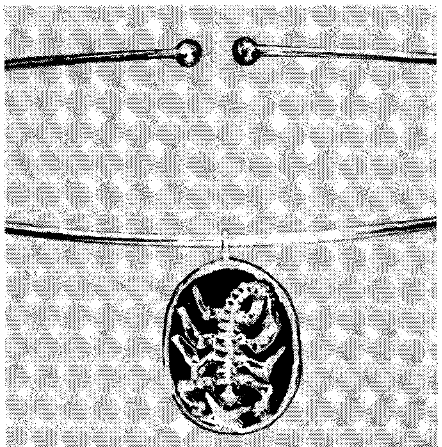

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a psychotic old man eating in a restaurant and making everybody nervous; he, at least, has something to *do*. The pivotal figure is said to be a revolutionary; if it turned out that he was an impostor or a chef, no one in the audience would be surprised. Nothing in the movie has been made to count for anything. A hermetic game-world need not connect with ours, but it needs to have its own logic. We need to be involved in the aesthetics of how the game is played; this movie hardly seems to be aware of its own conceit. Miss Sontag solemnly calls our attention to a wall scrawled with the names of Simone de Beauvoir, Sappho, Hypatia, and Virginia Woolf. The publicity and some of the reviews say the movie can be interpreted many ways, but they don't offer them. The only question I came out with is: Who's Hypatia?

A WORRIED psychiatrist named Dr. Glazer takes a bachelor apartment under the name Glassman and, in a mirror, photographs his own crackup. "Coming Apart" was written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Ezra Pound said that he named his son Homer Shakespear Pound for the crescendo effect; Ginsberg's parents must have wanted the diminuendo effect.) When filmmakers start using three names, like the lady poets in the *Saturday Review*, it may be a sign of what's happening in movies. There have been glowing advance notices of "Coming Apart;" a sex-exploitation-plus-hangups movie, it seems to have that lacerating deep-truth and demonic-laughter "Faces" stuff for some people. Rip Torn is the psychiatrist, naked and spread-eagled, Christ-like, on his couch at the opening, and for the first fifteen minutes, as various girls threw themselves upon him, I hopefully took it as an Alfie-He-Was-Curious put-on and had a good time laughing, but it appears that this prelude was designed to seduce the viewer and make him accept Ginsberg's concern for our mental health and his supposedly searing visions of torment and hysteria and rot. The *Life* reviewer says, "I despise the current trend to abuse [traditional morality] for sensation's sake. And yet in honesty it must be recorded that 'Coming Apart' does have a morally instructive dimension." As far as I'm concerned, I could do with a hell of a lot less of the moth-eaten misery of the morally instructive dimension, and the picture could use a few good sensations. Can't we have pornography without agony? —PAULINE KAEL

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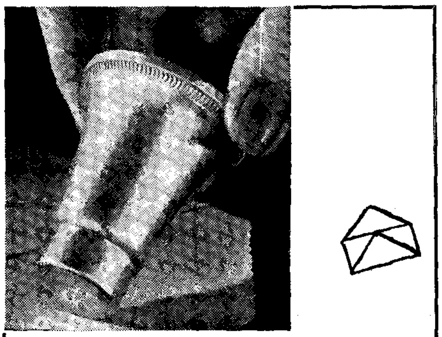

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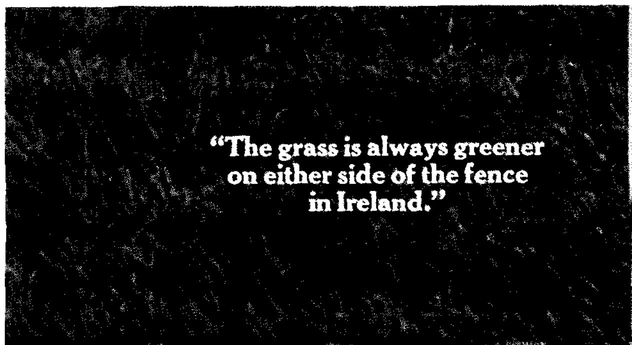

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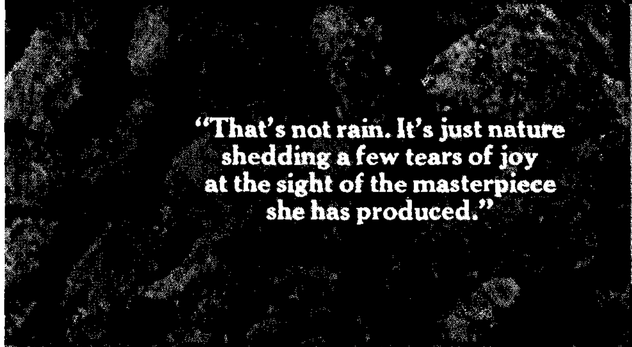

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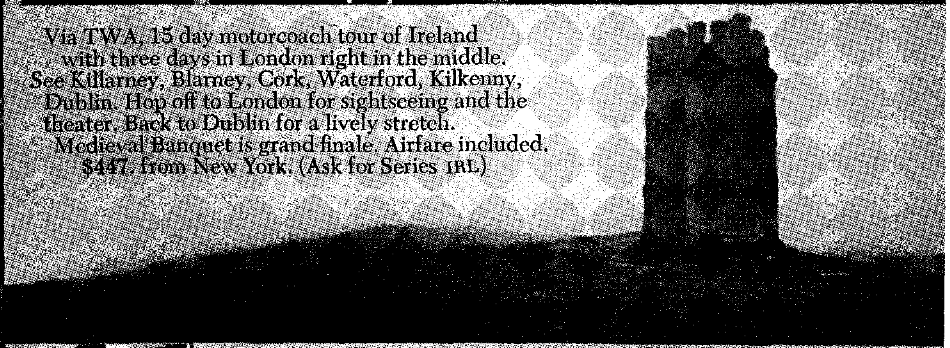

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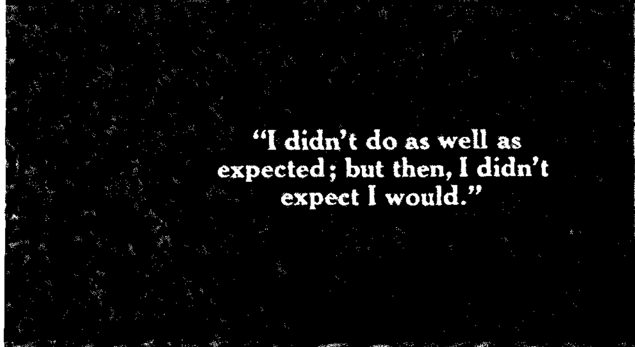
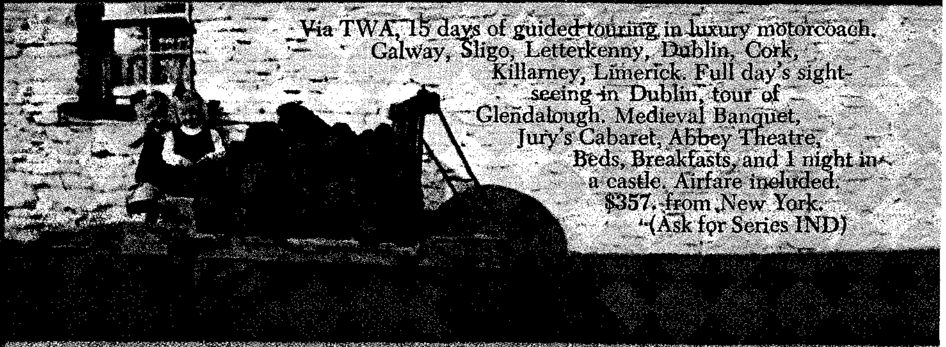


"I didn't do as well as expected; but then, I didn't expect I would."



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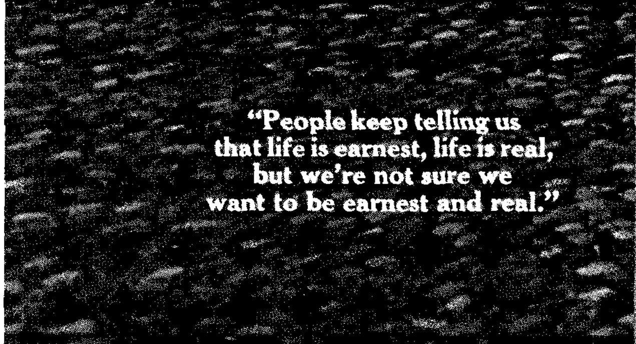

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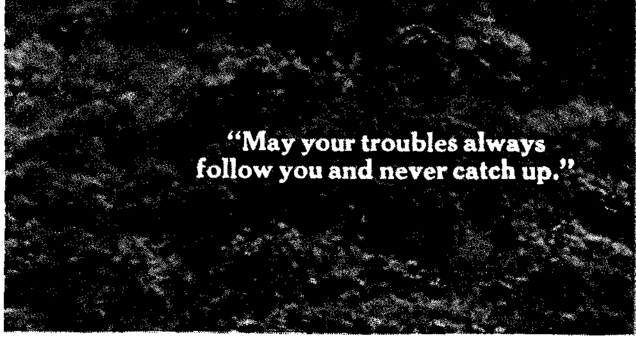

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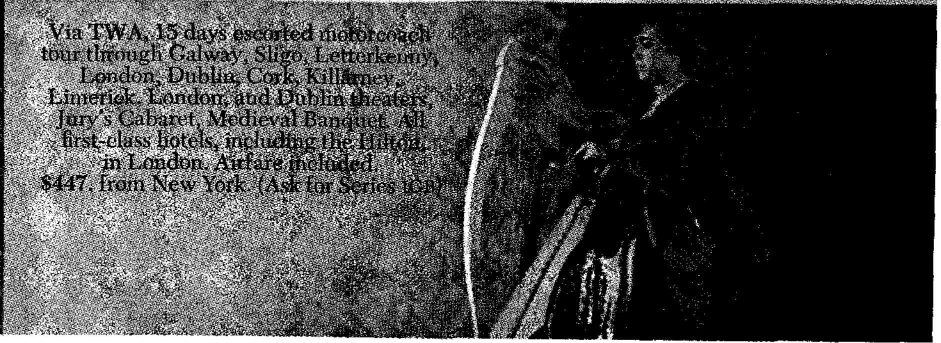

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THE SPORTING SCENE

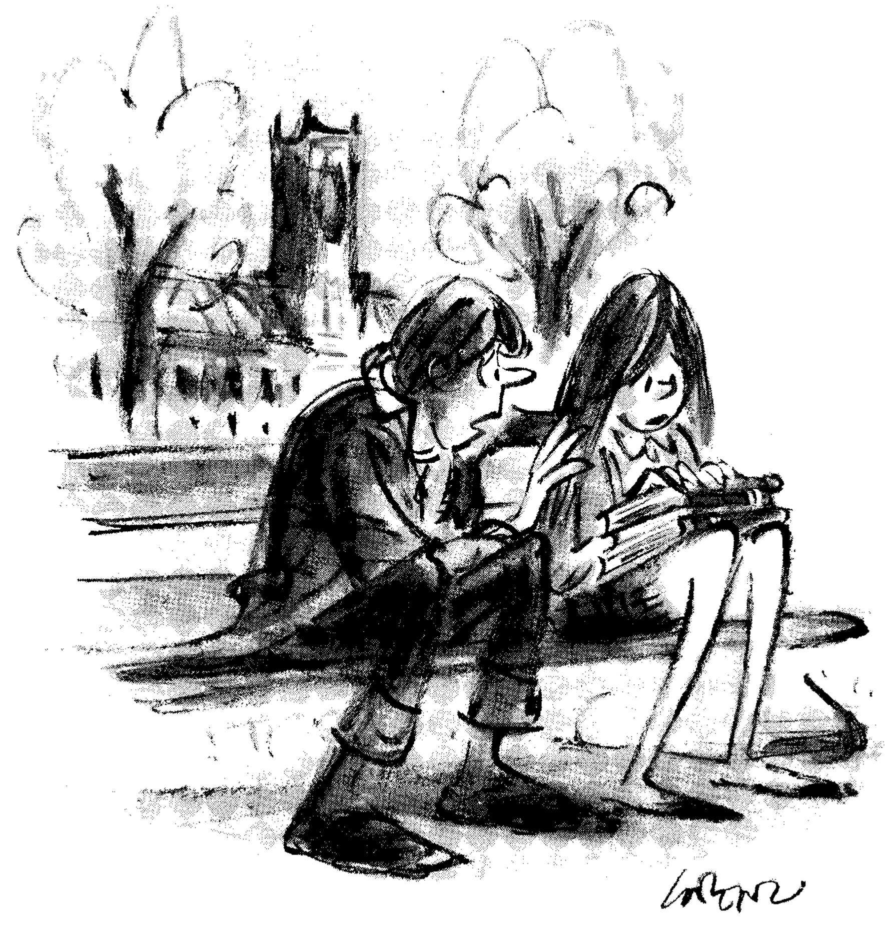
DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH THE UNBORED

THE Series and the season are over—four days done at this writing—and the Mets are still Champions of the World. Below midtown office windows, scraps and streamers of torn paper still litter the surrounding rooftops, sometimes rising and rearranging themselves in an autumn breeze. I just looked out, and they're still there. It's still true. The Mets won the National League's Eastern divisional title, and won it easily; they won the playoffs, beating the Atlanta Braves in three straight; they took the World Series—one of the finest Series of all time—beating the Orioles in five games. The Mets. The New York *Mets*? . . . This kind of disbelief, this surrendering to the idea of a plain miracle, is tempting but derogatory. If in the end we remember only a marvellous, game-saving outfield catch, a key hit dropped in, an enemy batter fanned in the clutch, and then the ridiculous, exalting joy of it all—the smoke bombs going off in the infield, the paper storm coming down and the turf coming up, and the clubhouse baptisms—we will have belittled the makers of this astonishment. To understand the achievement of these Mets, it is necessary to mount an expedition that will push beyond the games themselves, beyond the skill and the luck. The journey will end in failure, for no victorious team is entirely understandable, even to itself, but the attempt must always be made, for winning is the ultimate mystery that gives all sport its meaning. On the night of September 24th, when the Mets clinched their divisional title, Manager Gil Hodges sat in his clubhouse office after the game and tried to explain the season. He mentioned good pitching, fine defense, self-reliance, momentum, and a sense of team confidence. The reporters around his desk nodded and made notes, but they all waited for something more. From the locker room next door came a sharp, heady whiff of sloshed champagne and the cries of exultant young athletes. Then someone said, "Gil, how did it all happen? Tell us what it all *proves*."

Hodges leaned back in his chair, looked at the ceiling, and then spread his large hands wide. "Can't be done," he said, and he laughed.

Disbelief persists, then, and one can see now that disbelief itself was one of the Mets' most powerful assets all through the season. Again and again this summer, fans or friends sitting next to me in the stands at Shea Stadium would fill out their scorecards just before game time and then turn and shake their heads and say, "There is no way—just *no* way—the Mets can take this team tonight." I would compare the two lineups and agree. And then, later in the evening or at breakfast the next morning, I would think back on the game—another game won by the Mets, and perhaps another series swept—and find it hard to recall just how they *had* won it, for there was still no way, *no* way, it could have happened. Finally, it began to occur to me that if my friends and I, partisans all, felt like this, then how much more profoundly those other National League teams, deeper in talent and power and reputation than the Mets, must have felt it. For these were still the Mets—the famous and comical losers, ninth-place finishers last year, a team that had built a fortune and a following out of defeat and perversity, a team that had lost seven hundred and thirty-seven games in seven years and had finished a total of two hundred and eighty-eight and a half games away from first place. No way, and yet it happened and went on happening, and the only team, interestingly, that did not disbelieve in the Mets this summer was the Houston Astros, a club born in the same year as the Mets and the owners of a record almost as dismal; the Astros, who also came to competence and pride this summer, won ten out of twelve games from the Mets, and were the only rivals to take a season series from them.

The Amazin's amazed us so often that almost every one of the 2,175,373 fans who saw them at home this year (an attendance record that topped all clubs in both leagues) must be convinced that he was there on that one special afternoon or crucial evening when the Mets won *the* big game that fused them as contenders and future champions. Many claim it was the afternoon of July 8th, when the Mets, five games behind the Cubs in the standings and two runs behind the Cubs in the game, came up with ninth-inning pinch doubles by Ken Boswell and Donn Clendenon that were both misplayed by a rookie Chicago center



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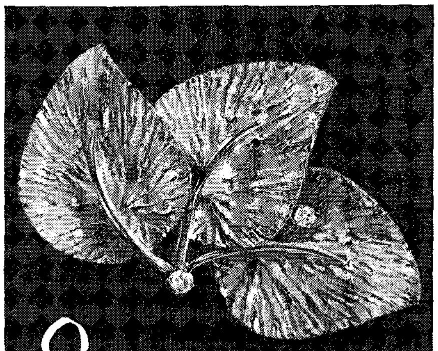

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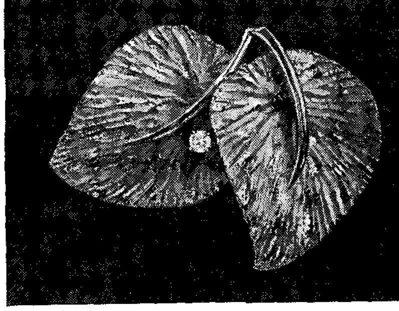
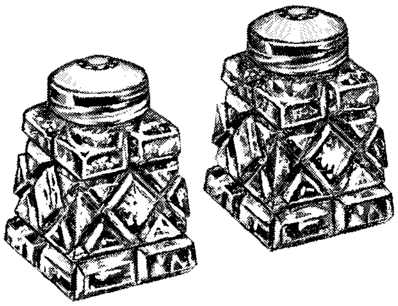


fielder; a tying double by Cleon Jones; and a bloop two-out single by Ed Kranepool that won it. Some think it was the next day, when the Mets' shining leader, Tom Seaver, came within two outs of a perfect game, shutting out the Cubs, 4–0, and cutting their lead to three. Some hold out for the televised game at Wrigley Field the following week when Al Weis, the weak-hitting spare infielder, bashed his first homer of the year to drive in three runs in a 5–4 victory. Or the next game there, when Weis hit *another* homer and Tommie Agee delivered a lead-off double and a lead-off homer in the first two innings, as the Mets won again. Others remember the doubleheader against San Diego at Shea on August 16th (four-hit shutout by Seaver in the first; winning pinch single by Grote in the nightcap) that started the Mets back from their midsummer nadir, nine and a half games behind. After that day, the team won twelve of its next fourteen games, all against Western teams, and Seaver and Koosman embarked on a joint record of sixteen wins in their last seventeen decisions. My own choice of *the* game is a much earlier wonder—a fifteen-inning, 1–0 bleeder against the Dodgers on the night of June 4th. In that one, Met rookie Jack DiLauro gave up but two hits in nine innings, and then squirmed and suffered with the rest of us as his successors from the bullpen allowed six hits, two walks, two wild pitches, and twelve base runners—but no runs. In the top of the fifteenth, with a Dodger on third, Al Weis, playing second base, darted to his left for a hard grounder that was deflected in mid-flight by pitcher Ron Taylor's glove; Weis had to leap the other way, to his right, for the carom, but came up with the ball and an instant, off-balance throw that nailed the runner at the plate and saved the tie. Moments later, Tommie Agee scored the winning run all the way from first when Willie Davis let Wayne Garrett's single roll past him to the centerfield fence. The victory sustained what came to be an eleven-game winning streak and completed successive series sweeps against the Dodgers and the Giants. Manager Hodges said later that Weis's double reverse and peg was one of the greatest single infield plays he had ever seen.

What matters here is not the selection of one winning game (there were many others as close and perhaps as important) but the perception of a pattern in them all. Ten separate players, many of them part-timers or

from Norway...



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pinch-hitters, figure significantly in these brief accounts of seven key games. This happened all year, and in time the Mets began to recognize the pattern as their main source of strength. This is a phenomenon unique in baseball. The Mets were the first team in the history of the game to enter a World Series with only two players (Cleon Jones and Tommie Agee) who had over four hundred official at-bats in the course of the regular season. From the beginning, successful big-league clubs have won with set lineups, which has usually meant sending at least five or six hitters to the plate four or five hundred times a year. The 1967 Cardinals had eight players with more than four hundred ABs; the 1964 Yankees had six with more than *five* hundred. Even Casey Stengel's famous Yankee platoons of the nineteen-fifties, even those constantly reshuffled castoffs who played for the Mets in their first season presented more stable lineups than the new champions. Hodges' Irregulars, to be sure, were a creation of pure necessity. Cold bats, injuries, and call-ups to Army Reserve duty required improvisation all through the season, but every substitution seemed to work. Young Wayne Garrett niftily spelled old Ed Charles at third; rookie Bobby Pfeil and backup glove Al Weis filled in for Bud Harrelson and Ken Boswell; Ed Kranepool and Donn Clendenon (who was acquired from Montreal just before the trading deadline in June) together added up to a switch-hitting first baseman who delivered twenty-three home runs; Art Shamsky and Ron Swoboda became a switch-hitting right fielder who hit twenty-three more homers; Rod Gaspar, mostly played as a pair of fast wheels in late innings, led the outfielders in assists, which means enemy runners cut down in key situations. No professional ballplayer likes to sit out even one game, but in time all the Mets, sensing that no one on the bench had actually lost his job, were infected with a guerrilla spirit. Ed Charles, who has played pro ball for eighteen years, talked about it one day near the end of the season. "I've never seen it or heard of it before," Charles said. "Every one of us knew when it was time to pick the other guy up. The bottom of the order, a pinch-hitter, a man who'd just fanned three times—everybody figured, 'What the hell, what am I waiting for? Do it now, baby, because there's no big man going to do it for you.' Give No. 14 a lot of credit." No. 14 is Gil Hodges.

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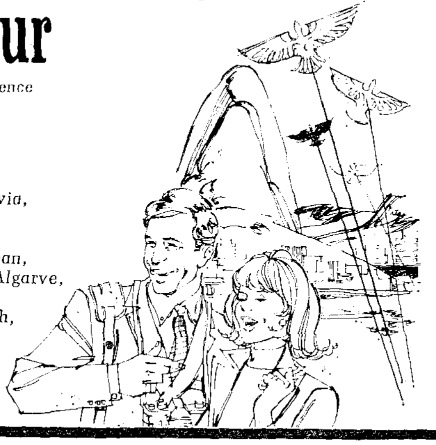

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Pitching—Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman, who appeared and flowered in succession in the past two seasons, are now the best one-two starting pair on any team in the majors. This year's freshman was Gary Gentry, up from Arizona State (the Notre Dame of college baseball) and only two years in the minors, who won thirteen games and invariably proved obdurate in the tough, close ones. A veteran, Don Cardwell, and two more youngsters, Nolan Ryan and Jim McAndrew, together provided the fourth and fifth starters, and Ron Taylor and Tug McGraw were the stoppers from the bullpen. Ryan throws pure smoke (in the minors, he once fanned eighteen batters in seven innings), but there are those who think that McAndrew may be an even better pitcher in the end. Young hurlers' arms are as delicate as African violets, and Hodges and the Mets' pitching coach, Rube Walker, stuck to a five-day rotation through the most crowded weekends of the schedule, arriving at September with a pitching staff that was in splendid fettle. Rube has been known to glare at a pitcher whom he finds playing catch on the sidelines without his permission.

Defense—Gil Hodges, trying to put to rest the notion that his winners were somehow spawned out of sunshine, recently pointed out that last year's team, which finished twenty-four games back, was almost never beaten badly. I looked it up: the 1968 club lost only ten times by six runs or more. Give No. 14 a lot of credit. Even while losing, the young Mets were taught the essentials of winning baseball—hitting the cutoff man, throwing to the right base, holding the runner close. The new Mets do not beat themselves, which is a failing far more common in baseball than one would suspect.

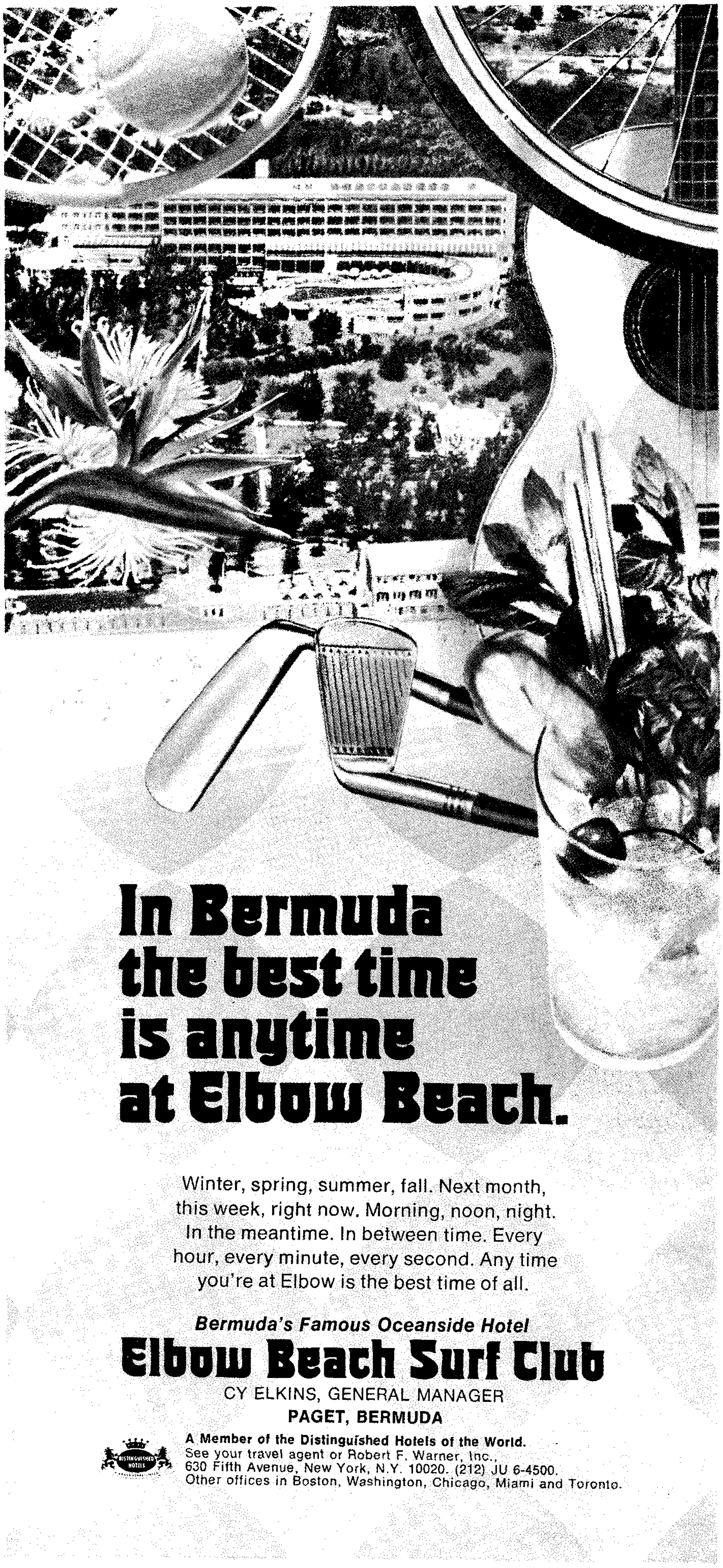
Hitting—Batting is very nearly unteachable, but it thrives on confidence. The Mets' two most talented swingers, Cleon Jones and Tommie Agee, are lifelong friends from Mobile, Alabama; both, curiously, are subject to introspection, self-doubt, and depression. Hodges has stuck with them for two seasons, patiently playing them in the top of the order and ignoring slumps and glooms. Agee, always a fine center fielder, came back from a terrible .217 season to a solid .271 this year, with twenty-six homers, while Jones, down to .223 at one point last year, was in the thick of the fight for the National League batting title this summer, finishing in third place, with .340. Shamsky, Boswell, Harrelson, and Grote all had surprising years at the plate (Shamsky's .300 was sixty-nine points above his lifetime average), which may be due to example, or to the exuberance of winning, or to just plain

Good Luck—Always, this is the identifying mark of a pennant winner. You can see it beginning to happen: key hits start to drop in, fair by inches, while the enemy's line shots seem to be hit straight into a waiting glove or to carom off the wall to produce an overstretched hit-and-out. These Mets, however, have been the recipients of several extra kisses of providence. This spring, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn persuaded Donn Clendenon to come out of a month's retirement after he had been traded from Atlanta to Montreal, thus keeping him available for a trade to the Mets in June. Tom Seaver was illegally signed to a bonus by the Braves in 1966, thus making him available for a lucky draw from a hat by the Mets. The son of a Shea Stadium usher happened to write his father that there was a pretty fair sort of pitcher at his Army camp, thus bringing the name of Jerry Koosman to the attention of Met scouts.

Youth and Character—The Mets' locker room was a pleasant place to visit this summer—for once, a true clubhouse. These ballplayers are younger than most, the great majority in their mid-twenties, and their lack of superstars and supersalaries accounted for a total absence of the cliques, feuds, and silences to be found on many ball teams. The Mets are articulate and educated (twenty-two of the twenty-six have attended college), and they seem to take pride in their varying life styles and interests, which include love beads and business suits, rock music and reading, the stock market, stewardesses, practical jokes, alligator shoes, and sometimes even world affairs. Donn Clendenon owns a night club in Atlanta and is a vice-president for industrial relations of Scripto, Inc., the pen company; Ron Taylor is an electrical engineer, who has been known to say, "Doubleheader tomorrow, barring nuclear holocaust;" Jim McAndrew is a psychologist; Ed

Charles sends his inspirational poems to kids who write for autographs; Ron Swoboda talks of entering politics someday, because he wants to do something about racial tensions. Ed Kranepool is the only original Met still with the team, but Swoboda, to my mind, most typifies the change from the old Mets to the new. He arrived in 1965, at the age of twenty—an enormous young man with an enormous, eager smile. He hit prodigious homers and had appalling difficulties with outside curves and high flies. He fell down in the outfield, threw to the wrong base, lost his temper, and was involved in Metsian misadventures. Once, in Candlestick Park, he popped up with men on base, returned to the bench, and stamped so hard on his batting helmet that it could not be pulled off his spikes in time for him to return to the field for the next inning. The Shea fans have loved him always ("RON SWOBODA IS STRONGER THAN DIRT," one banner read), and this year I heard him applauded wildly when he fanned for the fifth time in one game. Through it all, he has persisted at his difficult trade, to become an immensely valuable hitter and outfielder—as the Baltimore Orioles will forever remember.

Tom Seaver, still only twenty-four, was the biggest winner in baseball this year (he finished at 25–7) and the undisputed leader of the Mets' upsurge. Arriving two years ago to join a hopeless collection of habitual cellar mice, he made it clear at once that losing was simply unacceptable to him. His positive qualities—good looks, enthusiasm, seriousness, lack of affectation, good humor, intelligence—are so evident that any ball team would try to keep him on the roster even if he could only pitch batting practice. This is unlikely to happen. In his first three years, he has won fifty-seven games and has been voted onto three All-Star teams, and he is now a prime favorite to win both the Cy Young and the Most Valuable Player awards for 1969. Such a combination of Galahad-like public and private virtues has caused some baseball old-timers to compare him to Christy Mathewson. His impact on his teammates can best be suggested by something that happened to Bud Harrelson back in July. Harrelson was away on Army Reserve duty during that big home series with the Cubs, and he watched Seaver's near no-hitter (which Seaver calls "my imperfect game") on a television set in a restaurant in Watertown, New York. "I was there with a couple of Army buddies who



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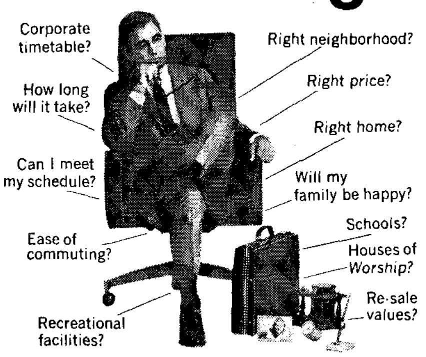
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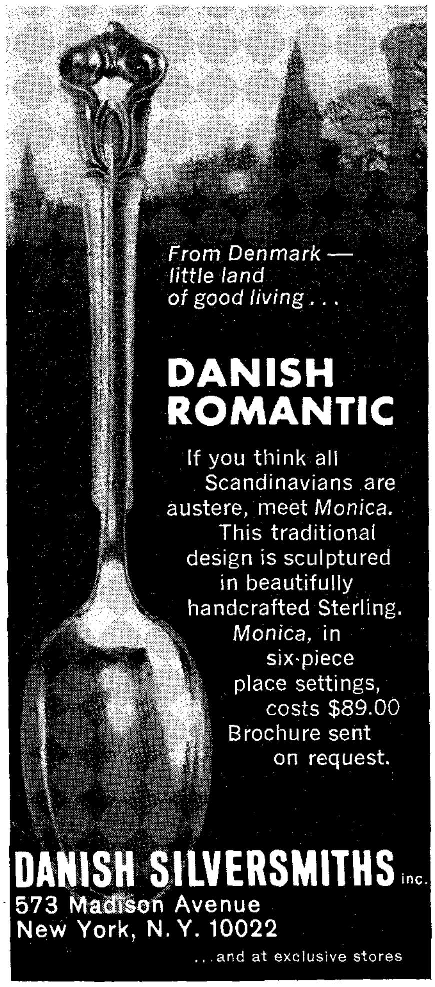
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also play in the majors," Harrelson said later, "and we all got steamed up watching Tom work. Then—it was the strangest thing—I began feeling more and more like a little kid watching that game and that great performance, and I wanted to turn to the others and say, 'I *know* Tom Seaver. Tom Seaver is a friend of mine.' "

Most of the other Mets, it seems to me, are equally susceptible to enthusiasm. Young and alert and open, they are above all suggestible, and this quality—the lead-off hit just after a brilliant inning-ending catch; the valiant but exhausted starting pitcher taken off the hook by a sudden cluster of singles—is what made the Mets' late innings so much worth waiting for this year. It is also possible that these intuitive, self-aware athletes sensed, however vaguely, that they might be among the few to achieve splendor in a profession that is so often disappointing, tedious, and degrading. Their immense good fortune was to find themselves together at the same moment of sudden maturity, combined skills, and high spirits. Perhaps they won only because they didn't want this ended. Perhaps they won because they were unbored.

Something else—a sense of unreality, some persistent note of recognition of difference—stayed with me after all my visits to the Mets' clubhouse this year. Only in the end did I realize what it was. Instead of resembling a real ball team, the new Mets reminded me most of a Hollywood cast assembled to play in still another unlikely baseball movie. They seemed smaller and younger and more theatrical than a real team, and their drama was hopelessly overwritten. Certainly the cast was right—Harrelson and Boswell (Bud and Ken), the eager, sharp-faced infielders; Wayne Garrett, the freckle-faced rookie with the sweet smile; Jerry Grote, the broken-nosed, scrappy catcher; Agee and Jones, the silent, brooding big busters; Jerry Koosman, the cheerful hayseed; Ed Charles, the philosophical black elder; Art Shamsky, the Jewish character actor with persistent back pains; Hodges and Berra, the seamy-faced, famous old-timers (neither, unfortunately, called Pop); and Tom Seaver, of course, the hero. And who can say that the Mets didn't sense this, too—that they didn't know all along that this year at Shea life was imitating not just art but a United Artists production?

THE only bad luck suffered by the Mets this year was the collapse of their opposition. A few cynics will insist

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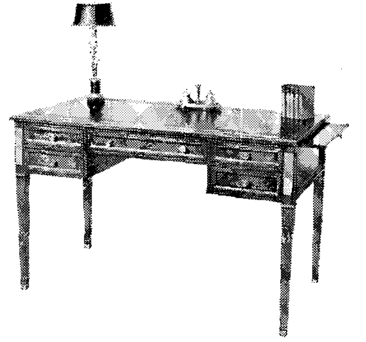
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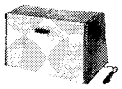
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(I have heard them already) that the Mets did not win their divisional title but had it handed to them. They somehow overlook the fact that the Mets won thirty-eight of their last forty-nine regular-season games (twenty-nine of thirty-six when it really mattered), and point instead to the Cubs' loss of ten out of eleven games in early September, to the Cubs' blowing a nine-and-a-half-game lead in less than a month, and to the failure of the powerful Pirates and the pennant-holding Cardinals ever to mount a consistent assault on the leaders. We all wanted that culminating explosion of open warfare similar to the famous Trafalgar staged by the American League in 1967, but the major fleets seemed only to glide past each other in the night. One brief skirmish—a pair of evening games at Shea on September 8th and 9th—sufficed to convince me, however, that the Mets would have won just as surely if the issue had come down to the last afternoon of the season. The Cubs by then were a badly rattled club, exhausted by the silences and rages of their manager, Leo Durocher, and apprehensive about the impending loss of their lead, which they had held too long (a hundred and forty-two days) and too easily. Cub pitcher Bill Hands opened the first game by decking Tommie Agee with an inside fastball—a mistake against the Suggestibles. Jerry Koosman responded classically by hitting the next Cub batter, Ron Santo, on the wrist, and an inning later Agee banged a two-run homer. The Cubs tied it in the sixth, but Agee scored the winning run in the bottom half, sliding in ahead of a sweeping tag by catcher Randy Hundley, who then suggested that the umpire had blown the call. (I was watching at home, and Hundley's enraged leap took him right off the top of my TV screen, leaving only his shoes in view, like Santa's boots disappearing up the chimney.) The next night, Seaver threw a five-hitter, the Mets racked up ten hits and seven runs, and Durocher was treated to several dozen touching renditions of the new anthem, "Goodbye, Leo!" The Mets took over first place the next day.

They went on winning—sometimes implacably, sometimes improbably. They won a doubleheader from Pittsburgh in which the only run in each game was driven in by the Met pitcher. They won again from the Pirates the next day when Ron Swoboda hit the first grand-slam home run of his career. Against the Cardinals, they set an all-time mark by striking out nineteen times in one game, but beat the brand-

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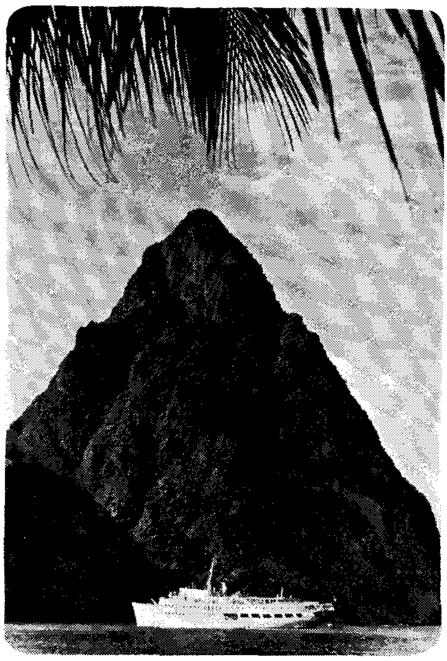

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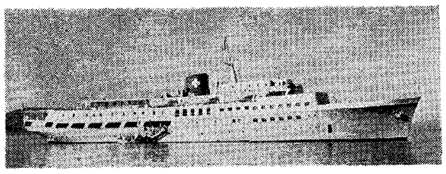

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new record-holder, Steve Carlton, on two two-run homers by Swoboda. Against the Pirates, a Pittsburgh pop single was converted into an incredible out when Swoboda scooped up the ball and fired it to catcher Jerry Grote, who had raced up the line to take the throw at first base just as the base runner turned the corner. Had we but seen it, these games contained all the market indications of a brilliant investment coup in the coming playoff and Series.

Fittingly, the game that clinched the Mets' half-pennant was against the old league champs, the Cardinals. Thoughtfully, the Cubs had won that afternoon, thus keeping the Mets from backing in. Appropriately, it was the last home game at Shea, and 54,928 of us had turned out. Undramatically, the Mets won it in the very first inning, bombing out Steve Carlton with two homers—a three-run shot by a new favorite, Donn Clendenon, and a two-run poke by an old favorite, Ed Charles, who clapped his hands delightedly as he circled the bases. It was a slow, humid, comical evening, presided over by a festive orange moon. Plenty of time to read the fans' banners ("QUEENS LITHO LOVES THE METS," "YOU GUYS ARE TOO MUCH!"), to read the scoreboard ("METS WELCOME THE GOODTIME CHARLIE PHYSICAL FITNESS GROUP," "METS WELCOME THE PASSIONIST RETREATISTS"), to fly paper airplanes, to grin idiotically at each other, to tear programs into confetti, and to join in a last, loud "Goodbye, Leo!," rendered a cappella, with the right-field tenors in especially good voice. Then, in a rush, came the game-ending double play, the hero-hugging (Gary Gentry had pitched a 6–0 shutout), the sprint for life (Met fans are not the most excited pennant locusts I have ever seen, but they are the quickest off the mark and the most thorough), and the clubhouse water sports (Great Western, Yoo-Hoo, Rise lather, beer; cameras, interviews, music, platitudes, disbelief). Ed Charles sat in front of his locker, away from the television lights and the screeching, and said, "Beautiful, baby. Nine years in the minors for me, then nine more with the Athletics and Mets. Never, *never* thought I'd make it. These kids will be back next year, but I'm thirty-six and time is running out. It's better for me than for them."

A few minutes later, I saw George Weiss, the Mets' first general manager, trying to push his way through the mob outside Gil Hodges' office. He got to the door at last and then peered in and waved to Hodges, who had played for the Mets in their terrible first season.

"1962!" Weiss called.

"1962!" Hodges replied.

Rod Kanehl and Craig Anderson, two other Original Mets, met in the middle of the clubhouse, cried "Hey!" in unison, and fell into each other's arms. Soon they became silent, however, and stood there watching the party—two heavy men in business suits, smoking cigars.

THE playoffs—the television-enriching new autumn adjunct known officially as the Championship Series—matched up the Orioles and the Minnesota Twins, and the Mets and the Atlanta Braves, who had barely escaped the horrid possibility of three-way or four-way pre-playoff playoffs with the Dodgers, Giants, and Cincinnati Reds in the National League West. Atlanta filled its handsome white stadium to capacity for its two weekend games against New York, but to judge from the local headlines, the transistor-holders in the stands, the television interviews with Georgia coaches, and the high-school band and majorettes that performed each morning in the lobby of the Regency Hyatt House hotel, autumn baseball was merely a side attraction to another good old Deep South football weekend. Georgia beat South Carolina, 41–16; Clemson beat Georgia Tech, 21–10; the Colts beat the Falcons, 21–14; and the Mets beat the Braves, 9–5 and 11–6. The cover of the official program for the baseball games displayed a photograph of the uniformed leg of an Atlanta Brave descending from an LM onto a home plate resting on the moon, with the legend "One Step for the Braves, One Giant Leap for the Southeast," but Manager Hodges saw to it that the astronaut never got his other foot off the ladder. Not wanting to lose his ace in the significant first game, he kept Tom Seaver on the mound for seven innings, while Seaver absorbed an uncharacteristic eight-hit, five-run pounding. Tom plugged away, giving up homers and doubles, and resolutely insisting in the dugout that the Mets were going to win it. The lead changed hands three times before this finally happened, in the eighth, when the Mets scored five times off Phil Niekro on three successive hits, a gift stolen base, a fearful throwing error by Orlando Cepeda,

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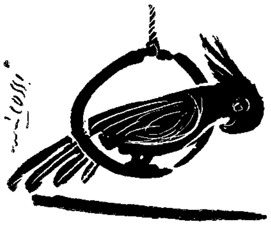
and a three-run pinch single by J. C. Martin. The next day's match was just as sloppy. The Braves scored five runs with two out in the fifth, all off Koosman and all too late, since the Mets had already run up a 9–1 lead. Hank Aaron hit his second homer in two days, Agee and Jones and Boswell hit homers for the Mets, and the Braves left for Shea Stadium with the almost occult accomplishment of having scored eleven runs off Seaver and Koosman without winning either game.

Hodges, having demonstrated slow managing in the first game, showed how to manage fast in the last one. His starter, Gary Gentry, who had given up a two-run homer to the unquenchable Aaron in the first inning, surrendered a single and a double (this also by Aaron) in the third, and then threw a pitch to Rico Carty that the Atlanta outfielder bombed off the left-field wall on a line but about two feet foul. Hodges, instantly taking the new ball away from Gentry, gave it to Nolan Ryan, in from the bullpen, who thereupon struck out Carty with one pitch, walked Cepeda intentionally, fanned Clete Boyer, and retired Bob Didier on a fly. Agee responded in obligatory fashion, smashing the first pitch to him in the same inning for a homer, and Ken Boswell came through with a two-run job in the fourth, to give the Mets the lead. Cepeda, who so far had spent the series lunging slowly and unhappily at Met singles and doubles buzzing past him at first, then hit a home run well beyond the temporary stands behind the left-center-field fence, making it 4–3, Braves Even he must have sensed by then what would happen next: Ryan, a .103 hitter, singled to lead off the home half; Garrett, who had hit but one home run all year, hit another into the right-field loges, for two runs; Jones and Boswell and Grote and Harrelson and Agee combined to fashion two insurance runs; Ryan fanned seven Braves in all, and won by 7–4. Just about everybody got into the act in the end—the turf-moles onto the field again, Nolan Ryan and Garrett under the kliegs, and Mayor Lindsay under the champagne. Forehandedly, he had worn a drip-dry.



AFTER a season of such length and so many surprises, reason suggested that we would now be given a flat and perhaps one-sided World Series, won by the Orioles, who had swept their three playoff games with the Minnesota Twins, and whom reporters were calling the finest club of the decade. There would be honor enough for the Mets if they managed only to keep it close. None of this happened, of course, and the best news—the one *true* miracle—was not the Mets' victory but the quality of those five games. They added up to a baseball drama I have not seen surpassed in thirty-seven years of watching—an assemblage of brilliant parables illustrating every varied aspect of the beautiful game.

The Baltimore fans expected neither of these possibilities, for there were still plenty of tickets on sale before the opener at Memorial Stadium, and the first two Series games were played to less than capacity crowds. This is explicable only when one recalls that two other league champions from Baltimore—the football Colts and the basketball Bullets—had been humiliated by New York teams in post-season championships this year. Baltimore, in fact, is a city that no longer expects *any* good news. In the press box, however, the announcement of the opening lineups was received in predictable fashion ("Just *no* way . . ."), and I could only agree. The Orioles, who had won a hundred and nine games in the regular season, finishing nineteen games ahead of the next team and clinching their divisional title on September 13th, were a poised and powerful veteran team that topped the Mets in every statistic and, man for man, at almost every position. Their three sluggers—Frank Robinson, Boog Powell, and Paul Blair—had hit a total of ninety-five homers, as against the Mets' *team* total of a hundred and nine. Their pitching staff owned a lower earned-run average than the Mets' sterling corps. Their ace, screwballer Mike Cuellar, had won twenty-three games and led the staff in strikeouts; their second starter, Dave McNally, had won fifteen games in a row this year; the third man, Jim Palmer, had a record of 16–4, including a no-hitter. Since Cuellar and McNally are left-handers, Hodges was forced to start his righty specialists (Clendenon, Charles, Swoboda, and Weis) and bench the hot left-handed hitters (Kranepool, Garrett, Shamsky, and Boswell) who had so badly damaged the Braves. Just *no* way.

Confirmation seemed instantaneous when Don Buford, the miniature Baltimore left fielder, hit Seaver's second

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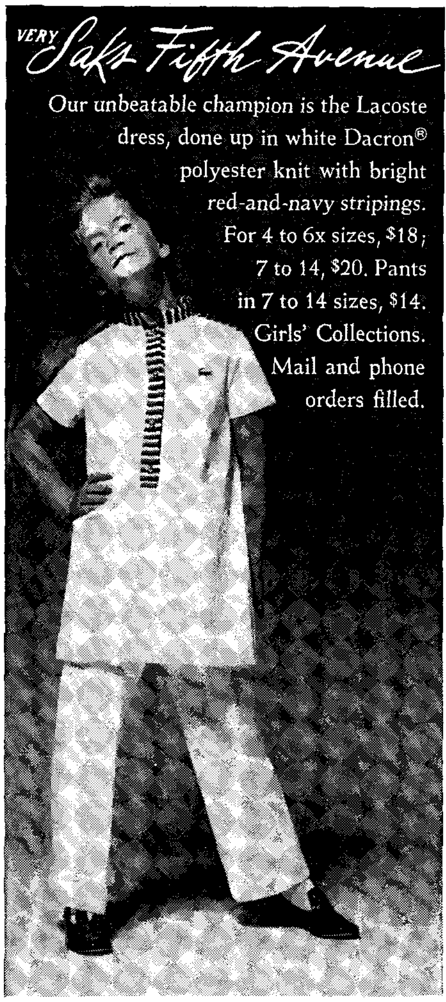
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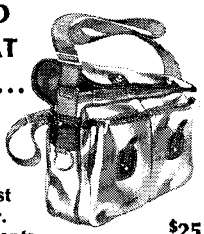
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pitch of the game over the right-field fence, just above Swoboda's leap. (Swoboda said later that his glove just ticked the ball "at my apogee.") For a while after that, Seaver did better—pitched much more strongly than he had in Atlanta, in fact—but with two out in the Baltimore fourth the steam suddenly went out of his fastball, and the Orioles racked up three more runs. The game, however, belonged not to Buford, or to the other Oriole hitters, or to Cuellar, but to Brooks Robinson, the perennial All-Star Baltimore third baseman, who was giving us all a continuous lesson in how the position can be played. Almost from the beginning, I became aware of the pressure he puts on a right-handed batter with his aggressive stance (the hands are cocked up almost under his chin), his closeness to the plate, his eager appetite for the ball. His almost supernaturally quick reactions are helped by the fact that he is ambidextrous; he bats and throws right-handed, but eats, writes, plays ping-pong, and fields blue darters with his left. In the fifth, he retired Al Weis on a tough, deep chance that leaped up and into his ribs. In the seventh, after the Mets had scored once on a pair of singles and a fly, he crushed the rally when he sprinted in toward Rod Gaspar's topped roller, snatched it up barehanded, and got off the throw, overhand, that retired Gaspar by yards. The Orioles won, 4–1, and Brooks had made it look easy for them.

The Mets were grim the next day (Frank Robinson had baited them after their loss, commenting on the silence in their dugout), and they played a grim, taut, riveting game. Brooks Robinson went on making fine plays, but he had plenty of company—an extraordinary catch and falling throw to second by Baltimore shortstop Mark Belanger, a base-robbing grab by gaunt little Bud Harrelson. (The tensions of the season had burned Harrelson down from a hundred and sixty-eight to a hundred and forty-five pounds.) The Mets led, 1–0, on Donn Clendenon's wrong-field homer off McNally in the fourth, and Baltimore had no hits at all off Koosman until the bottom of the seventh, when Paul Blair led off with a single. Two outs later, Blair stole second on a change-up curve, and Brooks Robinson scored him with a single up the middle. The tie seemed only to make the crowd more apprehensive, and the Baltimore partisans seemed unamused when a large "LET'S GO, METS!" banner appeared in the aisle behind home plate; it was carried by four Met wives—Mesdames Pfeil, Dyer, Ryan, and Sea-

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ver, smashers all, who had made it the night before out of a Sheraton bedsheet. There were two out in the top of the ninth before the Mets could act on this R.S.V.P., winning the game on successive singles by Charles and Grote, and a first-pitch hit to left by the .215 terror, Al Weis. Koosman, throwing mostly curves in the late going, walked two Orioles in the bottom half, but Ron Taylor came in to get the last out and save Jerry's two-hit, 2–1, essential victory. It was a game that would have delighted John McGraw.

Back at Shea Stadium, before an uncharacteristically elegant but absolutely jam-packed audience, Tommie Agee rocked Jim Palmer with a lead-off first-inning homer—Agee's fifth such discouragement this year. Gary Gentry, who had taken such a pounding from the Braves, was in fine form this time, challenging the big Baltimore sluggers with his hummer and comforted by a 3–0 lead after the second inning. He was further comforted in the fourth, when Tommie Agee, with two Orioles aboard, ran for several minutes toward deep left and finally, cross-handed, pulled down Elrod Hendricks' drive just before colliding with the fence. Agee held on to the ball, though, and carried it all the way back to the infield like a trophy, still stuck in the topmost webbing of his glove. It was 4–0 for the home side by the seventh, when Gentry walked the bases full with two out and was succeeded by Nolan Ryan. Paul Blair hit his 0–2 pitch on a line to distant right. Three Orioles took wing for the plate, but Agee, running to his left this time, made a skidding dive just at the warning track and again came up with the ball. The entire crowd—all 56,335 of us—jumped to its feet in astonished, shouting tribute as he trotted off the field. The final score was 5–0, or, more accurately, 5–5—five runs for the Mets, five runs saved by Tommie Agee. Almost incidentally, it seemed, the Orioles were suddenly in deep trouble in the Series.

It was Cuellar and Seaver again the next day, and this time the early homer was provided by Donn Clendenon—a lead-off shot to the visitors' bullpen in the second. Seaver, who had not pitched well in two weeks, was at last back in form, and Baltimore manager Earl Weaver, trying to rattle him and to arouse his own dormant warriors, who had scored only one run in the past twenty-four innings, got himself ejected from the game in the third for coming onto the field to protest a called strike. Weaver had a longish wait in his office before his sacrifice took effect, but

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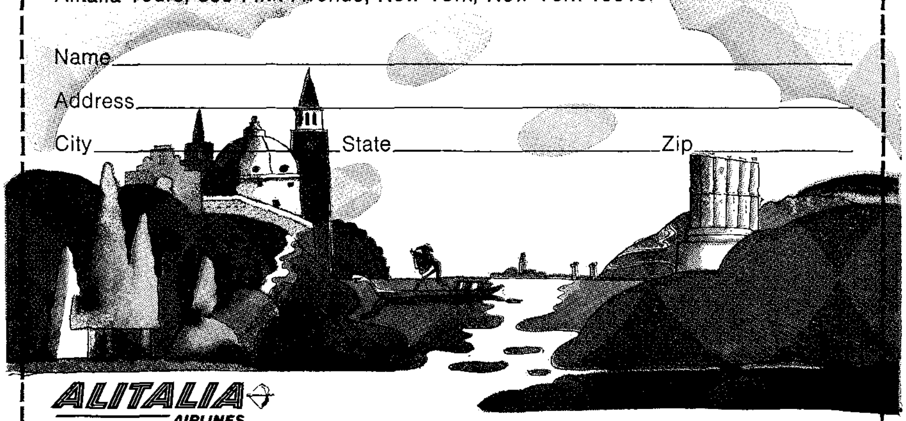

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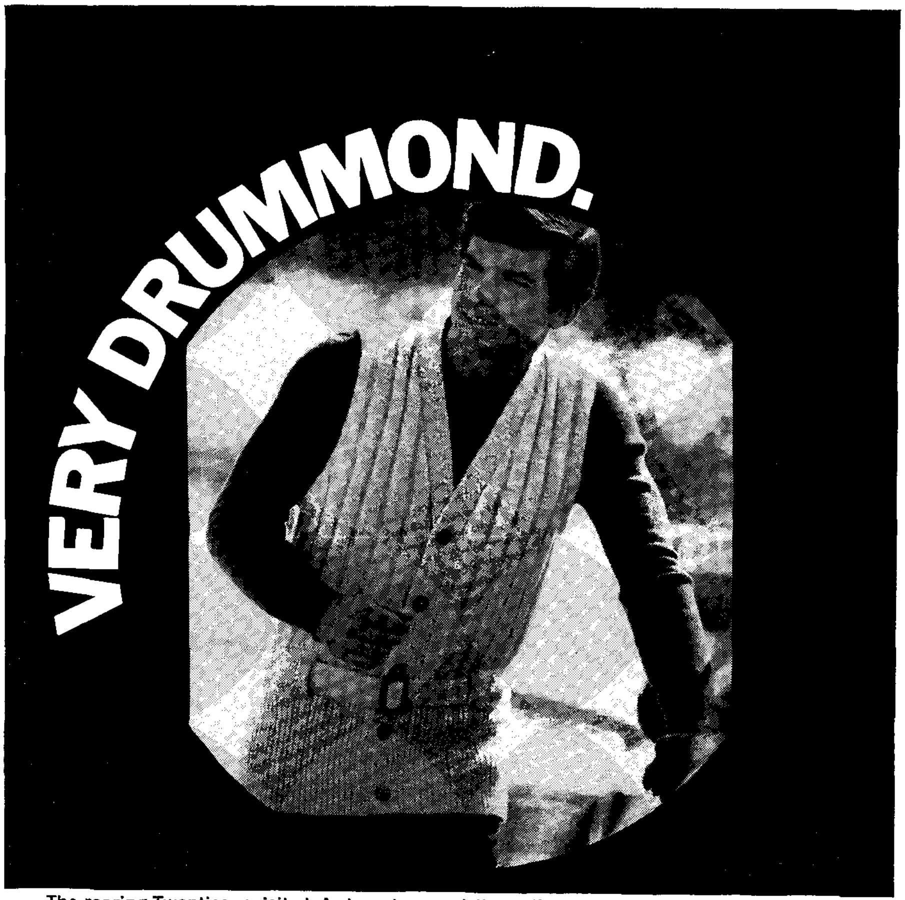
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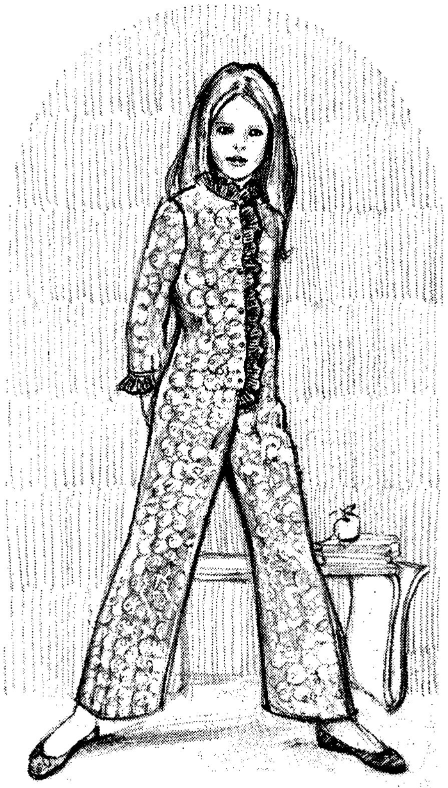
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in the top of the ninth, with the score still 1–0 and the tension at Shea nearly insupportable, Frank Robinson and Boog Powell singled in succession. Brooks Robinson then lined into an out that tied the game but simultaneously won the World Series for the Mets. It was a low, sinking drive, apparently hit cleanly through between Agee and right fielder Ron Swoboda. Ron, who was playing in close, hoping for a play at the plate, took three or four lunging steps to his right, dived onto his chest, stuck out his glove, caught the ball, and then skidded on his face and rolled completely over; Robinson scored, but that was all. This marvel settled a lengthy discussion held in Gil Hodges' office the day before, when Gil and several writers had tried to decide whether Agee's first or second feat was the finest Series catch of all time. Swoboda's was. Oh, yes—the Mets won the game in the tenth, 2–1, when Grote doubled and his runner, Rod Gaspar, scored all the way from second on J. C. Martin's perfect pinch bunt, which relief pitcher Pete Richert picked up and threw on a collision course with Martin's left wrist. My wife, sitting in the upper left-field stands, could not see the ball roll free in the glazy, late-afternoon dimness and thought that Martin's leaping dance of joy on the base path meant that he had suddenly lost his mind.

So, at last, we came to the final game, and I don't suppose many of us who had watched the Mets through this long and memorable season much doubted that they would win it, even when they fell behind, 0–3, on home runs hit by Dave McNally and Frank Robinson off Koosman in the third inning. Jerry steadied instantly, allowing only one single the rest of the way, and the Orioles' badly frayed nerves began to show when they protested long and ineffectually about a pitch in the top of the sixth that they claimed had hit Frank Robinson on the leg, and just as long and as ineffectually about a pitch in the bottom of the sixth that they claimed had *not* hit Cleon Jones on the foot. Hodges produced this second ball from his dugout and invited plate umpire Lou DiMuro to inspect a black scuff on it. DiMuro examined the mark with the air of a Maigret and proclaimed it the true Shinola, and a minute later Donn Clendenon damaged another ball by hitting it against the left-field façade for a two-run homer. Al Weis, again displaying his gift for modest but perfect contingency, hit his very first Shea Stadium homer to lead off the seventh and tie up the game, and the Mets won it in the eighth on doubles by Jones and Swoboda and a despairing but perfectly understandable Oriole double error at first base, all good for two runs and the famous 5–3 final victory.

I HAD no answer for the question posed by that youngster in the infield who held up—amid the crazily leaping crowds, the showers of noise and paper, the vermillion smoke-bomb clouds, and the vanishing lawns—a sign that said "WHAT NEXT?" What was past was good enough, and on my way down to the clubhouses it occurred to me that the Mets had won this great Series with just the same weapons they had employed all summer—with the Irregulars (Weis, Clendenon, and Swoboda had combined for four homers, eight runs batted in, and an average of .400); with fine pitching (Frank Robinson, Powell, and Paul Blair had been held to one homer, one RBI, and an average of .163); with defensive plays that some of us would remember for the rest of our lives; and with the very evident conviction that the year should not be permitted to end in boredom. Nothing was lost on this team, not even an awareness of the accompanying sadness of the victory—the knowledge that adulation and money and the winter disbanding of this true club would mean that the young Mets were now gone forever. In the clubhouse (Moët et Chandon this time), Ron Swoboda said it precisely for the TV cameras: "This is the first time. Nothing can ever be as sweet again."

Later, in his quiet office, Earl Weaver was asked by a reporter if he hadn't thought that the Orioles would hold on to their late lead in the last game and thus bring the Series back to Baltimore and maybe win it there. Weaver took a sip of beer and smiled and said, "No, that's what you can never do in baseball. You can't sit on a lead and run a few plays into the line and just kill the clock. You've got to throw the ball over the goddam plate and give the other man his chance. That's why baseball is the greatest game of them all."

—Roger Angell

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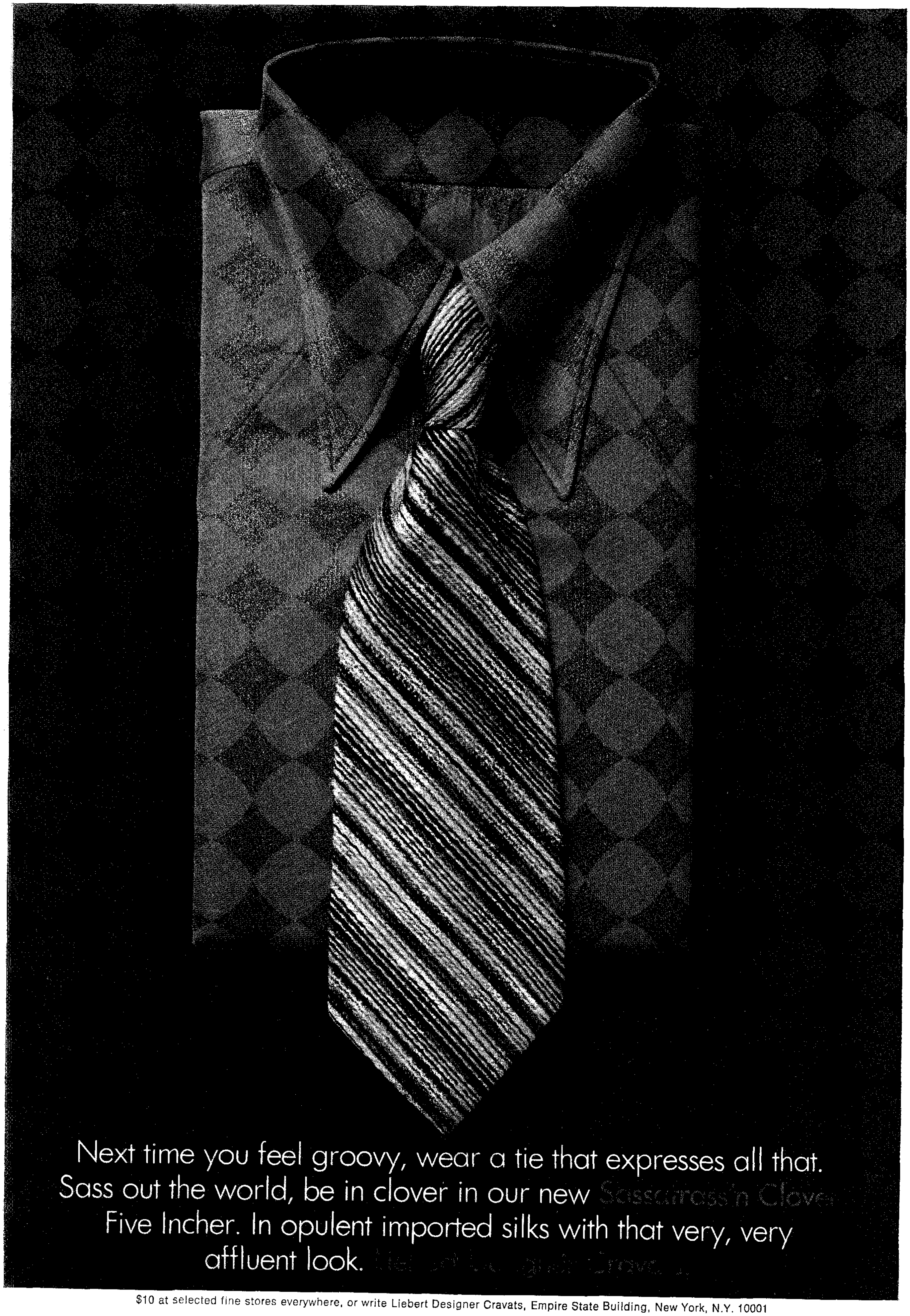
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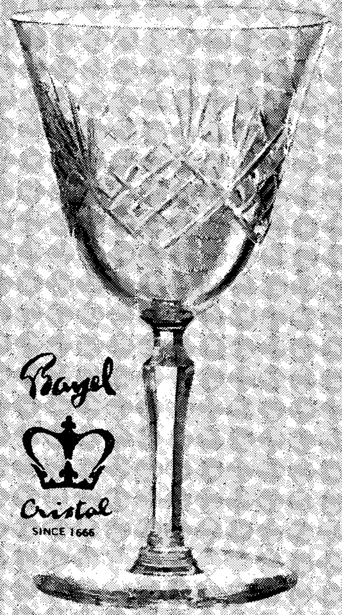

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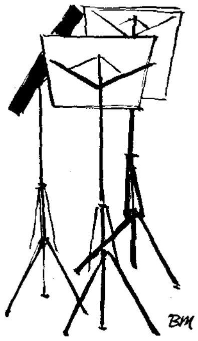
MUSICAL EVENTS

Smaller World

EVEN with the Metropolitan Opera House closed, there were seventy-eight musical events in New York last week—leaving aside ballet and modern dance—and it was not an unusual week; if anything, it was lighter than most. I am often asked how I make my choices in the face of such an inundation. Well, as a rule I try to cover events that attract large audiences—opera, symphony concerts, and so on—on the theory that the more people present, the more people who might be interested in reading this column. Last week, however, I noted that Brahms' Second Symphony was going to be performed by two visiting orchestras in the course of three days. That did it. I decided to go to Alice Tully Hall during the first part of the week to listen to some solo recitals.

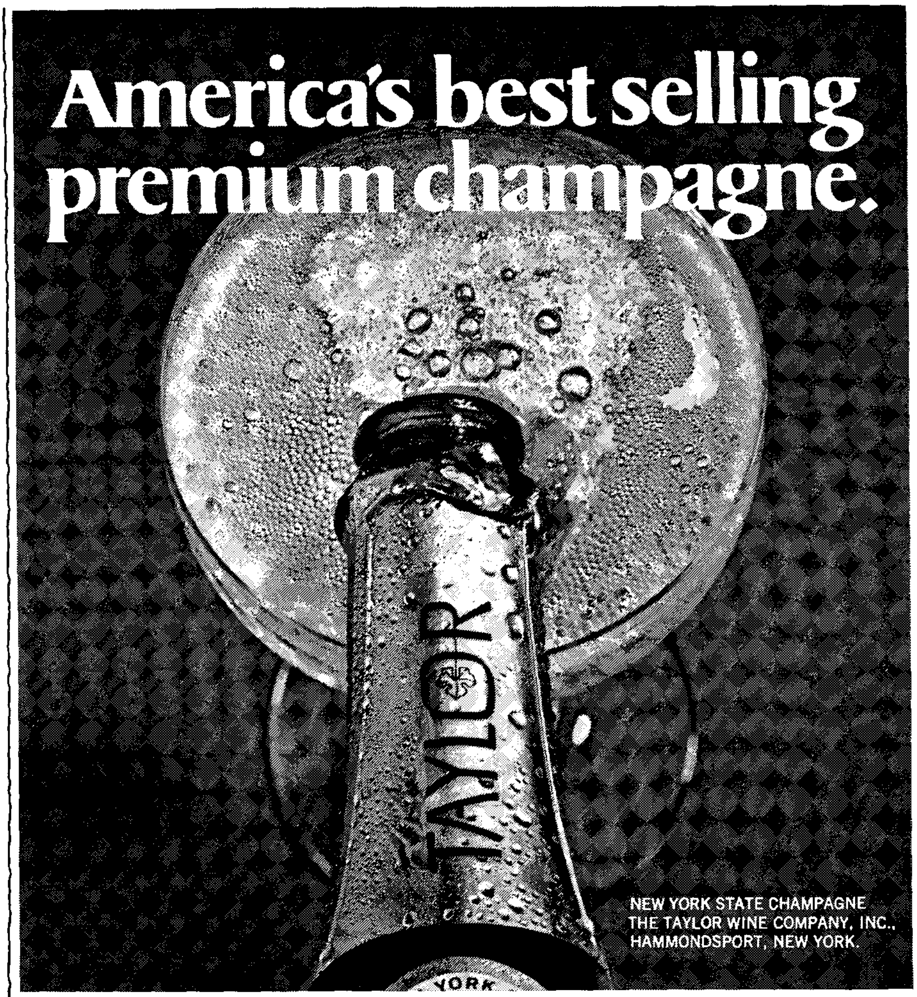


The first of these, which occurred on Monday night, was by a cellist named Robert Sylvester, and his program was interesting. It included two New York premières—Boccherini's Sonata No. 7 in B Flat Major and Chopin's Grand Duo Concertante—and one absolute première, Michael Riesman's "Ballade." The Boccherini sonata sounded so familiar that for the moment I found myself scoffing at the idea that it was a première. Then I came upon a program note explaining that it is one of a group of Boccherini sonatas recently discovered in London, and that it is the long-lost sonata that provided the German cello virtuoso Friedrich Grützmacher with the material he used in constructing what is commonly known as the Boccherini Cello Concerto. It no doubt contains a bit of unfamiliar material here and there, but there is not much in it that is not used by cellists to cut their wisdom teeth on in the Grützmacher version. The Chopin Grand Duo Concertante turned out to be a fantasy on themes from Meyerbeer's opera "Robert le Diable," one of those nineteenth-century potpourris that were fashionable in Chopin's day—melodious, grandly rhetorical, and lots of fun. The Riesman work I thought formless and futile. Its composer is only twenty-six. Doubtless he will do better someday. Mr. Sylvester himself is in his middle twenties—a chubby young fellow with a not overlarge tone but with great accuracy of intonation at the difficult end of the fingerboard and a knowledgeable sense of phrasing and accent. His musical taste is exemplary, and I foresee a distinguished future for him. His accompanist, Samuel Sanders, is a fine ensemble pianist.

LAST Tuesday night, I returned to this auditorium to hear a violin recital by Jaime Laredo, a Bolivian violinist I had never heard before. This time I was very much impressed. Mr. Laredo is twenty-eight—old enough to be maturing as an artist—and he is a remarkable fiddler indeed. Technically, he has everything a virtuoso violinist needs—a fluent and accurate left hand, bowing that is always under control, and a tone that is very sensitive. But he has more than that. Mr. Laredo is a violinist of profound musicianship. I should call him an intellectual violinist if the word "intellectual" referred to the purely musical intellect. He rarely uses vibrato, and when he does he uses it for strictly musical purposes—not just to produce a big, fat tone, as is the case with so many violinists. His bow technique is quite special and results in extraordinary finesse, producing a great variety of tone color, a certain amount of understatement, and gratifying sophistication in phrasing. He is the most elegant stylist among all the younger violinists I have heard in recent years. His program, too, was interesting, with only one virtuoso showpiece, the Sarasate-Zimbalist Fantasia on themes from "Carmen," which he tossed off with brilliance and with a sureness of intonation in double stops that was completely out of the ordinary. Here I discovered his only fault. In his impetuosity he once or twice pressed the bow so hard to the strings that the wood scraped against them. But such lapses were only momentary. In Stravinsky's "Suite Italienne," Mozart's Sonata in E Flat Major, K. 302, Ravel's Sonate, and Busoni's fascinating Second Sonata in E Minor, Opus 36a, he showed himself to be a superb interpreter. The Busoni sonata in particular demonstrated an ability to find and exhibit the beautiful facets of a rather craggy composition. Mr. Laredo's pianist, Mitchell Andrews, performed with distinction. I look forward to my next encounter with Mr. Laredo.

BY Wednesday night, I had to get back to my usual beat. William Steinberg brought the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall for its first concert here under his baton since he became its new musical director, and it was important to hear how the famous orchestra would sound under him. Sure enough, its tone had become transmuted into a more robust, sombre sound, with brass instruments retrained in the big, round embouchure. These are earmarks of the Steinberg style, and I had expected them. They were demonstrated in Beethoven's slightly incoherent (for him) "Consecration of the House" Overture, Opus 124, and in Brahms' inevitable Second Symphony. After that, an announcement was made that Mr. Steinberg was ill, and while he was being taken off to the hospital (nothing serious, it turned out), the orchestra's assistant conductor, Michael Tilson Thomas, took over the rest of the program, and became the sensation of the week. His assignments were Robert Starer's complicated atonal Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, with Joseph Silverstein, violinist, and Jules Eskin, cellist, as soloists, and Strauss's familiar tone poem "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche." Mr. Thomas is a tall young man with dark hair and a prominent nose, and his conducting has a bit of that appearance of disorganized flapping so often found among young American conductors (he is twenty-four). But he tackled both scores with the assurance of a master, getting everything out of the Starer composition that was in it, and doing the Strauss work not only accurately but with a certain amount of easy relaxation. Here is a young American conductor with extraordinary talents—the sort of "beat" that means something to an orchestra as well as a thorough knowledge of the scores he is conducting. Later on, I was informed that Mr. Thomas had never conducted either work with the orchestra before, even in rehearsal. That made things still more impressive. It may be that a new Leonard Bernstein is in the making.

THURSDAY night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, under the baton of Seiji Ozawa, was also



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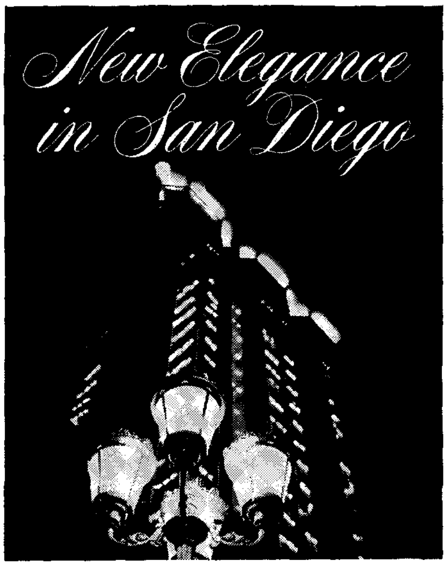
an unusual occasion, though it started off tamely, with a good, average performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. The second number on the program was the Lalo D-Minor Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, a big, splashy virtuoso piece, full of Romantic fustian, that is not often performed nowadays. The cellist was the orchestra's first man of the section, Lorne Munroe. He produced a polished and musically cultivated performance of the solo part. He is not exactly a fiery virtuoso, and his tone, too, is not terribly large, but technically he is well equipped, and if his tone is not tremendous it is at least silken, and its nuances are expressive.

After the intermission, György Ligeti's "Atmosphères," a contemporary work devoted purely to sound effects, was done. Mr. Ligeti explained its aims in a program note of extraordinary pomposity; it is "a new type of orchestral sound [with a] sonorous texture . . . so dense that the individual interwoven instrumental voices are absorbed into the general texture and completely lose their individuality." He needn't have bothered. His "Atmosphères" is written along lines already made familiar by Krzystof Penderecki. Generally, I don't like this kind of composition, but I found this one reasonably charming—sounding like a distant murmur of a thousand factory whistles and foghorns, all out of tune with one another. It is a fairly quiet composition—so quiet during the last thirty seconds or so that Mr. Ozawa went on conducting while no sound at all issued from the orchestra. The concluding item on the program was Scriabin's "Prometheus, the Poem of Fire," presented, according to the composer's wishes, with lighting effects. But the effects in Philharmonic Hall that night would hardly have satisfied Scriabin. Colored spotlights were turned on the back and ceiling of the auditorium; some red ones were trained more or less continuously on the bald heads in the middle of the orchestra, making them look like stoplights. The work itself is, of course, orgiastic in character and tonally ambiguous. One is not always sure what its composer is driving at, but there is a great deal of passion and fury. One can find in its early portions the source of some ideas Stravinsky used in "The Firebird." I like "Prometheus," but some of the audience walked out before its big, climactic conclusion. I guess it's not for everybody.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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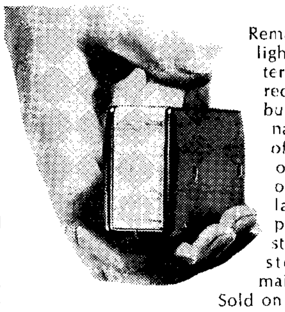

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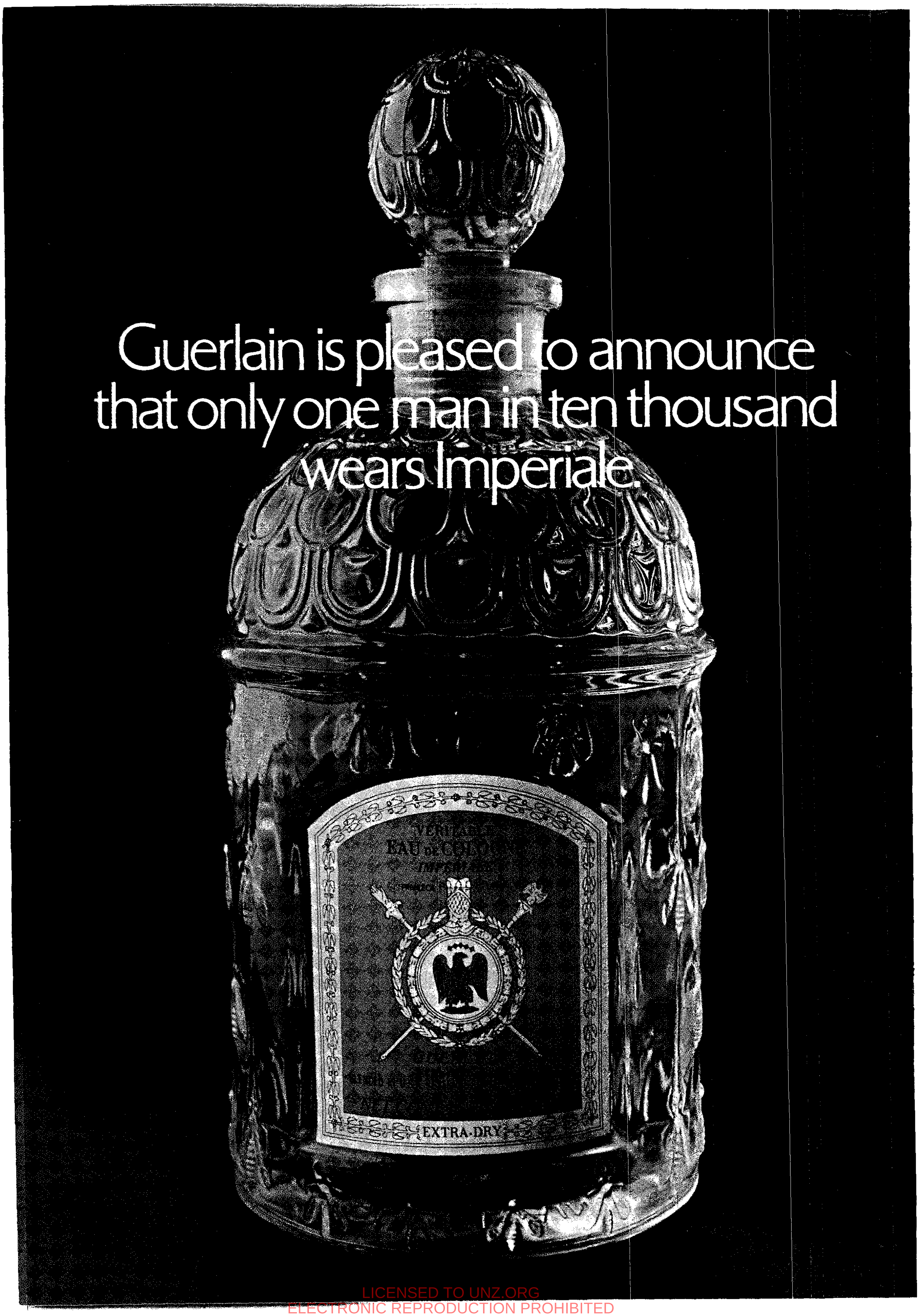
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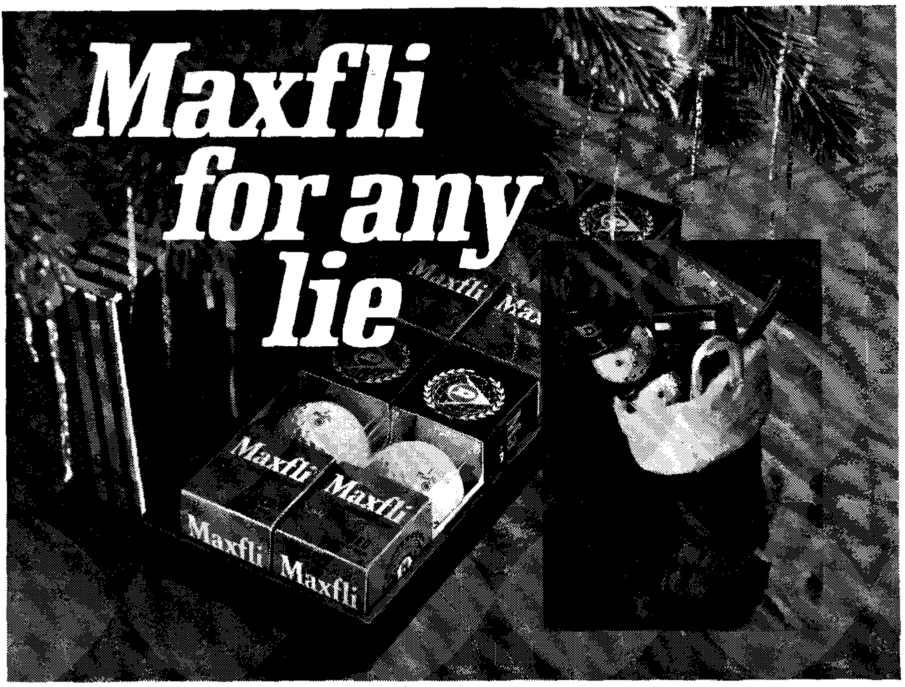
THE RACE TRACK

One for the Book

FOURTEEN lengths is a lot for a horse to win by, especially in a major race against top-class competition, but that was the margin of Arts and Letters' victory at Aqueduct last Saturday in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles. Nodouble, hard-ridden behind him, went under the wire nine lengths ahead of Harem Lady, and Oil Power, the only other runner, was somewhat delayed at the finish. As Arts and Letters galloped home, there was an air of effortless superiority about his triumph that more often than not marks the exceptional race horse. Also, it was his farewell performance of the season, in the course of which he has won the Metropolitan Handicap, the Belmont, the Travers, the Woodward, and three lesser stakes. He was second five times and third once, and was never out of the money, earning $555,604. Incidentally, the Gold Cup's $69,030 moved Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable into the million-dollar bracket. And I'm pinning a few stars on Elliott Burch for a fine feat of training, and one on Arts and Letters himself for keeping sound in wind and limb.

As a race, the Gold Cup was a procession. At first, Nodouble led by open daylight, and later Oil Power went to the front, but when Arts and Letters delivered his challenge it was Kitty bar the door. There was a moment, though, when the runners were not strung out. Passing the stand the first time, they were so closely bunched that a stable blanket would have covered all four. The reason, of course, was that no rider wanted to set the pace. Few jockeys can do it very well, so I'm glad nobody tried, for I've seen some important long races that have reflected very little credit on the experienced jockeys who rode in them. If you care, the time was 3:22⅖; the first mile was run in 1:40⅘ and the second in 1:41⅗. Nodouble made a good try, but he wasn't up to going two miles. He had never run that far in a race—or, for all I know, in a workout, either. As for Oil Power, he was going nice and smooth when Cruguet, who rode him, suddenly pulled up and dismounted. I thought



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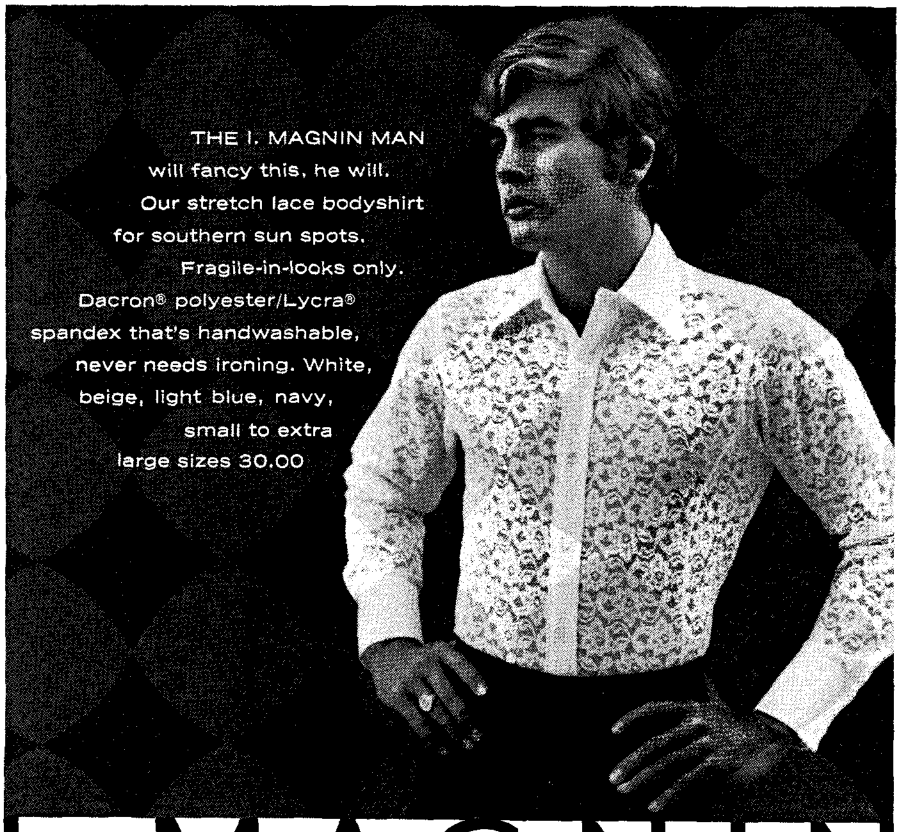

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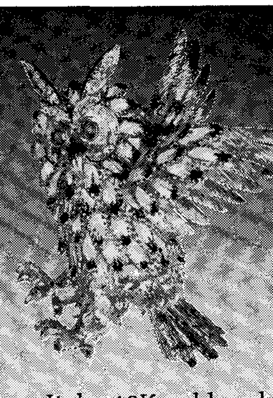

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the colt had broken down or stepped in a hole or something. What happened was that Cruguet's saddle slipped. Presently, with the help of an outrider, the boy got things straightened out, remounted, and finished the course. Harem Lady's saddle slipped, too, but Cordero was able to keep his seat. It seems that a lot of the saddles are now made of plastic and don't stick the way the leather ones do. Colonel Martingale says that almost everything is plastic these days. No doubt we'll soon have plastic race horses, and the favorite will get unstuck in the best tradition of the sport.

AQUEDUCT opened its autumn-and-early-winter meeting (it closes December 15th) last week with the Sport Page Handicap, which was won by the Wheatley Stable's King Emperor, the only favorite to win all afternoon. Ed Neloy did better for the establishment last Saturday, at the opening of Laurel, which runs through the rest of the year. He saddled Predictable for the Selima Stakes, which she won by four lengths from Office Queen, Sweet Mist, and seven other two-year-old fillies, and picked up a purse worth $76,362. Earlier in the afternoon, Brave Emperor, the stable's hopeful for the Garden State Stakes in Jersey a couple of weeks hence, also did a nice gallop, to beat some useful colts.

AS had been expected, Gallant Bloom ran into little trouble winning the Spinster Stakes, Keeneland's big prize for fillies and mares, last week. With only three others in the race, she loomed such a heavy favorite that the management decided there would be no betting. She made it eight straight for the season. Gamely skipped the Spinster. After the Matchmaker at Atlantic City, I'd say that she wants no more meetings with Gallant Bloom.

AN aside to Arts and Letters: Majestic Prince is back in training at Santa Anita. That ankle trouble has been cleared up and he's being pointed for the Charles H. Strub Stakes in February. How about you?

—AUDAX MINOR

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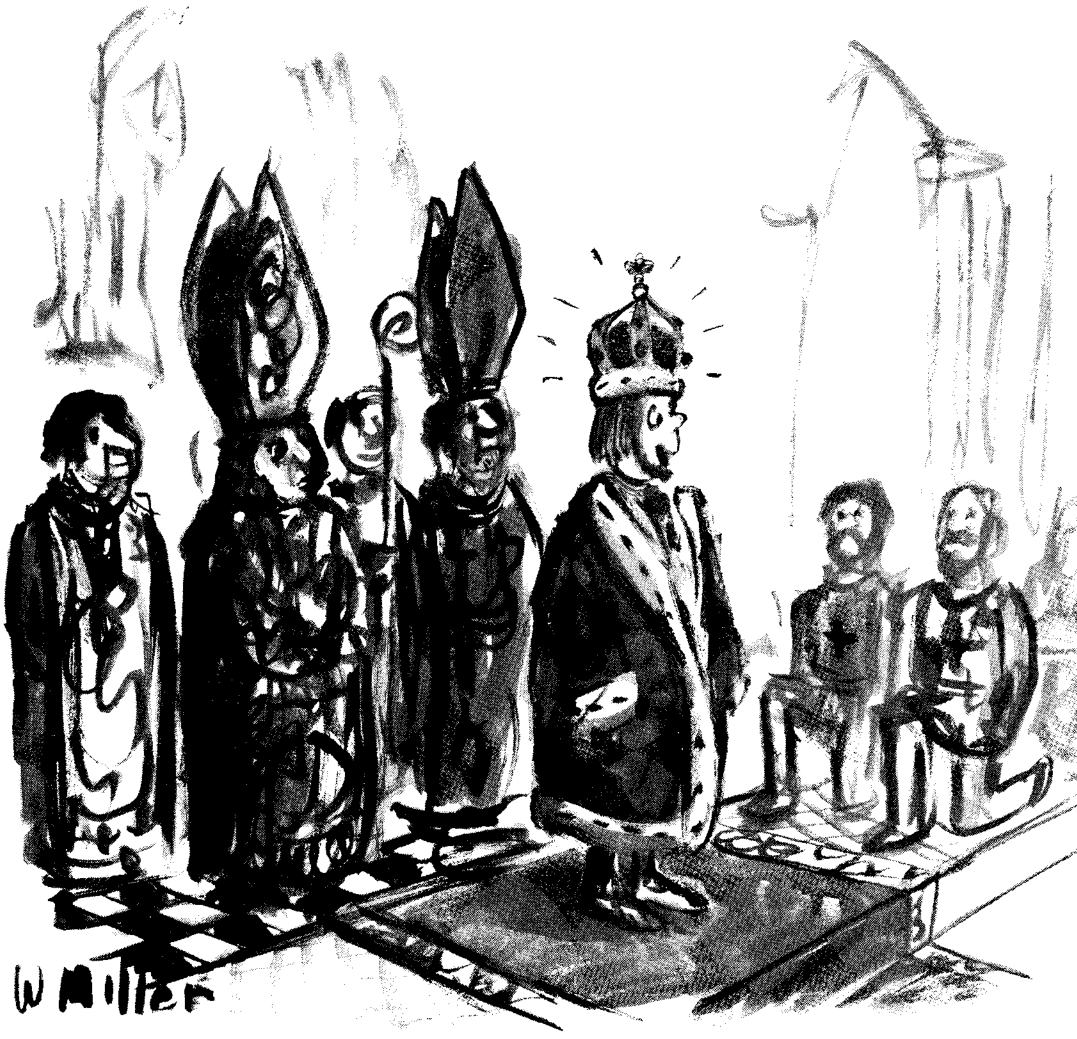
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 27

THE Administration, it appears, intends to pursue solvency and other worthy aims by stripping our defenses by approximately forty per cent over the next four or five years. The figure is a highly unofficial extrapolation, and almost certainly one that the White House and the Pentagon would repudiate. So far, the most that has actually been proposed is a reduction, when the war in Vietnam is over, of some nine hundred thousand in the number of men in the armed services and a cut, at that time, of about eight billion dollars in the military budget; if these proposals are ever carried out, the manpower reduction will be approximately twenty-five per cent and spending will be lowered by no more than ten per cent. However, in recent days the Secretary of Defense and other military officials have been explaining—glumly, for the most part—that inflation and the claims of non-military agencies on federal revenues are compelling a scaling down of military expenditures that will mean a reduction in our "capabilities" to a point at which they will be in a state of readiness for only "one and a half wars," rather than the "two and a half wars" our planners have assumed throughout most of the decade to be necessary. "The fiscal tail is wagging the strategic dog," a Defense Department official whose name may or may not be Melvin R. Laird was quoted as saying last week. If the contemplated prosecution of wars can, like the fabrication of automobiles or loaves of bread, be thought of in unitary and fractional terms, then it would seem to follow ineluctably that the proposed reduction in capability, as distinct from reduction in manpower and money, would be two-fifths, or forty per cent.

Until a few months ago, it was not widely understood outside the "defense community" that those charged with preserving our sovereignty as a nation were measuring our requirements in terms of the numbers of wars and half wars—presumably Vietnam belongs in the lesser category—that this country could carry on simultaneously. But evidently this way of looking at the problem has been employed at least since the early days of the Kennedy Administration, when that enthusiastic quantifier Robert S. McNamara became Secretary of Defense and ordered a study of our commitments around the world and of our capacity for fulfilling them. The conclusion was that we could find ourselves treaty-bound, and hence honor-bound, to fight simultaneously, as we did a quarter century ago, land and air wars in Europe and Asia and naval wars in the Atlantic and the Pacific—and, in addition, as certain later experiences had made probable, to participate in a "brush-fire" war in some other part of the world. Though this kind of reasoning recalls to civilian minds the observation that military people tend to envisage future conflicts as reruns of wars they have won or lost in the past, it nevertheless appears that, given the assumptions on which our foreign and military policies rested at the time—and, for the most part, continue to rest today—the approach has a certain intellectual justification. Defense planning is necessarily war planning, and although quantifying wars as large and small, or whole and half, may offend certain sensibilities, the fact is that most of the basic elements of warfare—manpower, firepower, speed, distance, territory, and so forth—are subject to enumeration and measurement. For all that, there has been something bizarre and gravely disquieting about this kind of talk. Although the Administration has answered more or less to its own satisfaction questions that it raised at the beginning of the year (National Security Study Memorandum No. 3, which the President issued on Inauguration Day, called for a review similar to that un-



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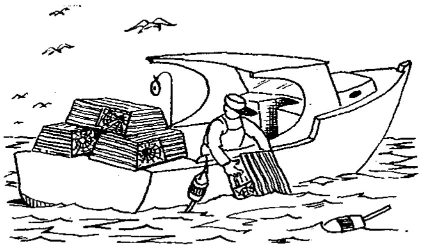

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dertaken by McNamara eight years earlier), the answers that have been made public raise a number of questions of great and in some ways awesome magnitude. Did McNamara plan one whole war too many? If this is a proper conclusion, it should have been reached long ago and put to the obvious political uses. But if McNamara was right then, how can Laird be right now? Many things have changed in the world and in the United States since 1961, but nothing, regrettably, has happened to make the world a safer place or this country more secure. The world is surely a more dangerous place now, and the war in Vietnam has put a considerable drain on our strength. Our alliances are shakier than they have been at any other time in the last twenty years, and there are many more people in the world who regard us as their enemy and themselves as our enemies. One might reasonably assume that if security is to be found in military power, then we need more of it rather than less—perhaps a three-and-a-half- rather than a two-and-a-half-war capability. Yet we are told that we must dilute and diminish our strength because we don't have the money or because we need it for other things. In almost any other period in our history, this proposition would have been condemned as intolerable—morally and logically equivalent to saying that a man should die because he can't afford the cure for his disease or because the money he has must be used to pay off the mortgage. If the only thing under consideration when defense planners drew up their plans were our safety as a people and as a nation, then it would be a near approach to treason for anyone in authority to consent to allow "the fiscal tail" to wag "the strategic dog."

No one nowadays really believes that security can be measured in units of military power and energy, and can be guaranteed when a certain quantity is on hand. There is doubtless some wisdom in the adage, dear to every Defense Minister, that war can best be avoided by being prepared for, but this is anything but an eternal or entire truth. A good way to avoid being in a mess like Vietnam is to be too weak to undertake such an engagement. The fact is that the military budget is determined not so much by a balancing of commitments against the capabilities required to honor them as it is by tensions between the military establishment and the agencies of government that control the purse. Commitments and capabilities are highly elastic con-

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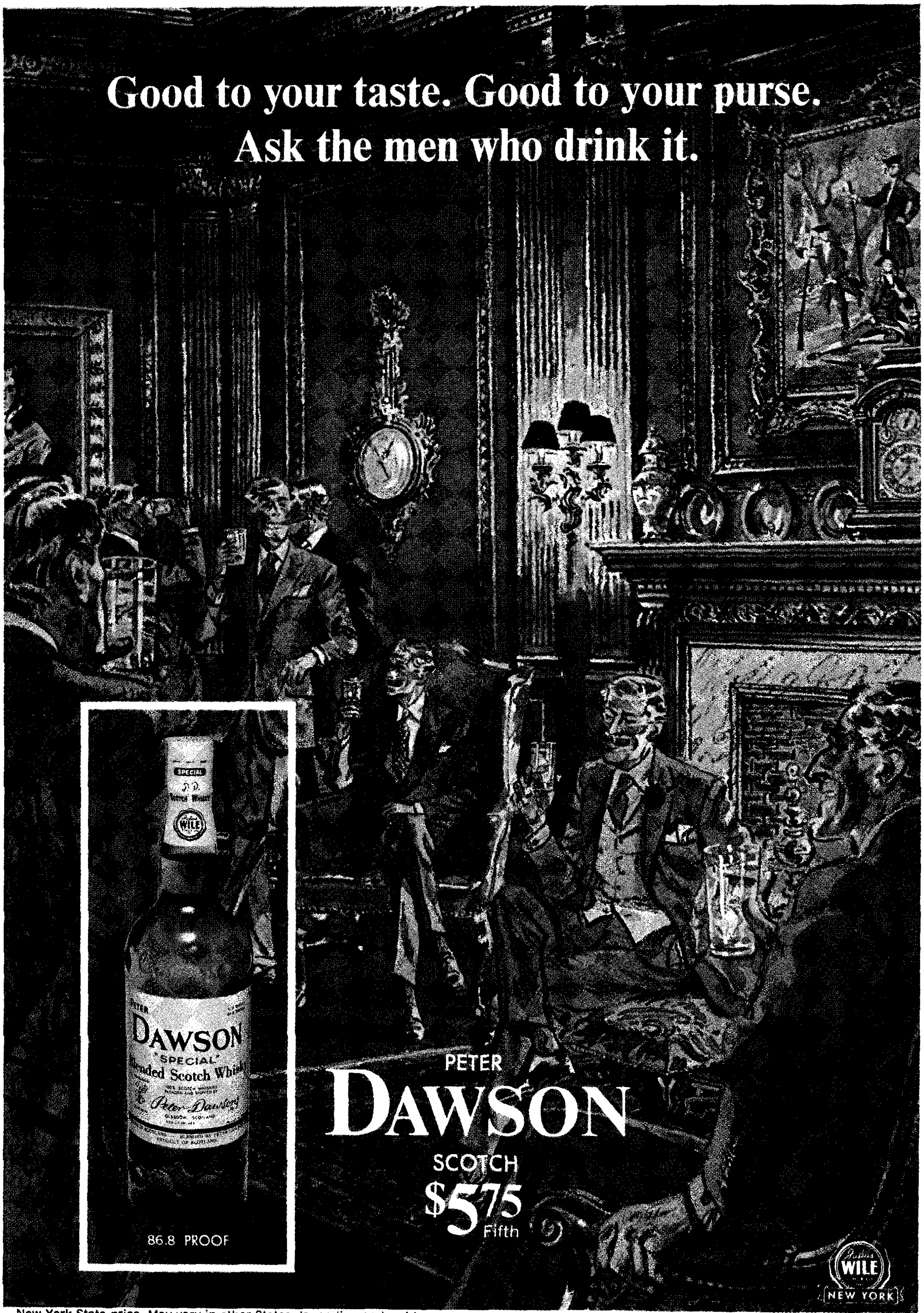
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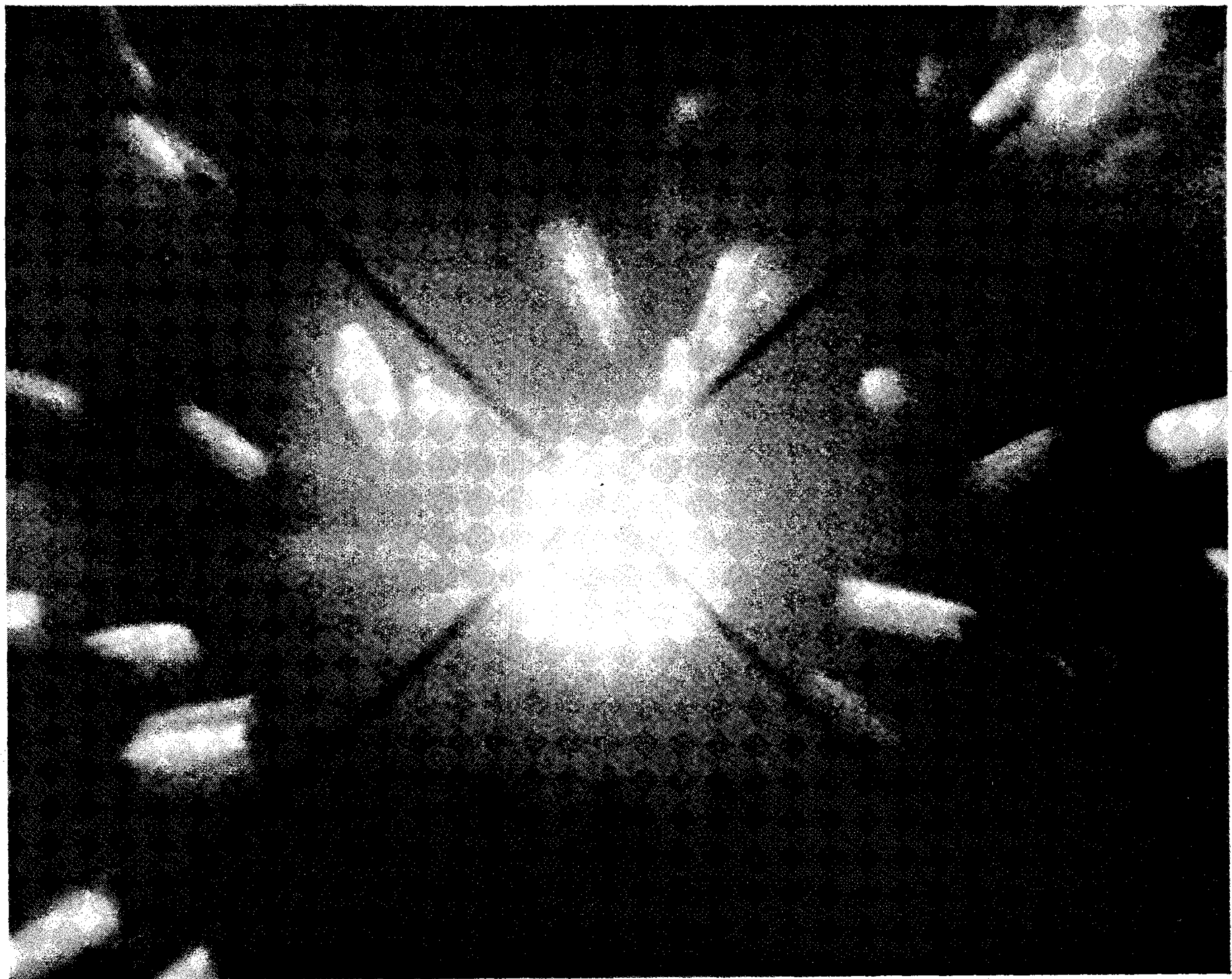

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cepts, and they seem to stretch or contract according to how much money is made available. What is happening now is that resistance to military spending and to the role of the military in American life is growing, and that in order to slow this growth the military is offering to make do on slightly less. This may be a small favor, for which most of us should be grateful, but the dismaying thing about recent developments is that although there has been yet another review of commitments and capabilities, it seems to bear no relation to the foreign policy of the country, which, after all, is what our armed forces are expected to carry out when other methods fail. This distinguishes the Nixon-Laird review from the Kennedy-McNamara one of eight years ago. Late in the Eisenhower Administration, several people who were part of that Administration and several who were not began to feel that the doctrine of "massive retaliation," which was so named by John Foster Dulles, and was the larger part of official strategy for several years, was dangerous and inadequate. Dulles's diplomatic theories were at variance with his notions about how best to carry them out in the event of war. He was contracting defensive alliances with many small and remote countries, but just about the only kind of help we were in a position to render was in our growing supply of nuclear weapons. Kennedy and McNamara were by no means alone in subscribing to the view that if we were going to police the world, or a large part of it, we needed greater diversity in our armed services, and it was with this in mind that McNamara and his aides made their study. It seems obvious now that the results of their planning were not the ones intended, and it may be that but for their thoughtfulness we might not now be in Vietnam. Still, they were working toward a new and, they hoped, a better policy. According to all that is now known, the latest review was conducted on the assumption that the recent past, militarily, had been in the main quite satisfactory. Were this not so, one almost has to conclude, Laird and his aides would not be talking of "small" or "half" wars. If anything at all has been learned in the last decade, it is the folly of this idea—at least, as American policymakers have in the recent past conceived it. In their conception, small wars—and, for that matter, large ones, too—are basically ideological in content, and we are attracted to them when the contending ideologies are Communism and some species of anti-Communism. Most such wars

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are revolutions or civil conflicts, and we have proved ourselves unable to resolve them in a fashion satisfactory to anyone, including us. It is true that sixteen years ago we fought the Korean war, in which Communism was a large factor, to a more or less acceptable conclusion, but the Communists appear to have learned the lesson of that misfortune, and have not since attempted the same kind of aggression. They have reverted to a strategy far wiser from their point of view, and we have found no satisfactory military way of countering it. At the same time, we have found it not in our national interest but very much against it to make the attempt. But if the recommendations of the Secretary of Defense are to be put into effect, we will continue to prepare for wars we cannot win and, as a matter of Nixon Administration policy, do not propose to undertake again.

It is not and never should be the business of the Department of Defense to determine or interpret the national interest, but it is the business of the President to do so, and although President Nixon has said nothing either enlightening or interesting on the subject, it seems clear that he has somehow or other reached the conclusion that no good purpose can be served by the hostilities in Vietnam. The small number of troops in the process of being withdrawn is disappointing to most people, but the withdrawal is under way, and although the process of de-escalation may not have quite the same momentum as that of escalation, it has some momentum, and would probably be even more difficult to reverse. The decline in casualties has been equally welcome and may prove an even more important sign of disengagement. There is some dispute and some confusion over whether fewer lives are being lost because of orders emanating from this capital or because of orders emanating from Hanoi and from Vietcong chieftains. It could be either or it could be both, but, despite reports from the field that American commanders are not in receipt of instructions to pursue new or different tactics, it is generally believed here that the Secretary of State was carrying out instructions given him by the White House when he said, a couple of weeks ago, that "President Nixon has changed the orders." There will no doubt be a good deal more backing and filling in the next few weeks, and, with it all, more men killed and maimed in the combat zones, but at least the atmosphere here has changed for the better, and by the time the President addresses the nation on November 3rd he will have lived through three or four weeks in which congressional critics of his conduct of the war have for the most part kept silent. (This does not mean that his life can have been much more pleasurable than in the weeks before. Much of the rage that last month was directed against the war seems to have been diverted to Spiro Agnew and Clement Haynsworth, for whom he bears far more responsibility than he does for Vietnam.) If he disappoints them when he does speak—and it is almost inevitable that he will disappoint some—he will hear from them again, as surely as on November 15th he will hear from the anti-war demonstrators in the streets. But, unless all the usual indicators are misleading, withdrawal is the policy, and it can be delayed or temporarily halted only by something like a precipitate fall of the government in Saigon or an all-out assault on the remaining American forces. This is a moment in which those who once wished that the Thieu government would collapse find themselves hoping for a few months of grace, and in which those who hoped for a Vietcong victory wish to see that victory deferred.

Whether the end of the war comes by negotiation or by unilateral withdrawal—for which the code word is "Vietnamization"—it will be accompanied or followed by large changes in American foreign policy and in our conception of the national interest. If our departure is quickly followed by a Communist takeover, we will have to come to some new kind of understanding with other countries in Southeast Asia. It has been said that this was accomplished by the President when, on his Asian trip last July, he explained to various chiefs of state that in any future war they would have to supply the manpower, but it is not certain that he made himself entirely clear—leaders in Thailand and Laos have recently denied that this was the understanding—and, in any case, such a plan is not altogether realistic. The fruits of our technology are very much our own, and it doesn't do to send a batch of American trucks to a country more accustomed to oxen and elephants without sending some Americans along to provide instruction in the trucks' use and maintenance. Our abrupt departure from Vietnam—and, after all these years, twelve or eighteen months could be regarded as abrupt—will no doubt cause dislocations elsewhere in the region and will heighten tensions between our government and some of those governments which have been counting on us for help in times of trouble. Though in general it seems true that withdrawal will do more to restore our prestige in most of the world than to damage it further, the opposite is probably true in Southeast Asia. We will need a new policy for countries in that part of the world, and we will need a new conception of the national interest to justify our action to ourselves. Many people, including some who have thought that getting out of the war should be our first priority, have feared that the end of so distasteful an overseas enterprise would be bound to induce, among other regrettable things, a narrowing of our interest in the world and a diminution of our sense of responsibility for conditions elsewhere. This worry is not felt quite so deeply as it was a couple of years ago, for the number of those opposed to this particular aspect of foreign policy has increased greatly, and those opposed to the war include representatives of almost every view of what American policy ought to be. The antiwar movement is now solidly bipartisan, and for the most part the leaders of it are confirmed internationalists. Even among these internationalists, however, one now and then hears a note of something that has at least the ring of isolationism. An example may be found in what was probably the most eloquent speech delivered on the Senate floor in this or any other recent session—an address by Frank Church, of Idaho, on October 8th. It was a plea for immediate and speedy disengagement, and in it the Senator attempted to cut the ground from under every argument that has lately been advanced for any form of hesitation. Dealing with the contention that withdrawal from Vietnam might lead to withdrawal from the rest of the world, he told the Senate:

> If we can find the resolution to end our protracted involvement in this war, we shall suffer no lasting injury to our power or prestige. I do not think that the liquidation of our intervention in Vietnam will mean the loss of our global greatness, any more than the loss of the American colonies cost England her greatness in the eighteenth century, or any more than the loss of Algeria and Indo-China cost France her national stature. On the contrary, the end of empire was not a defeat for France but a liberation, in the wake of which a demoralized nation recovered its good name in the world and its own self-esteem. The termination of our war in Vietnam would represent a similar liberation for America and even a victory of sorts—a victory of

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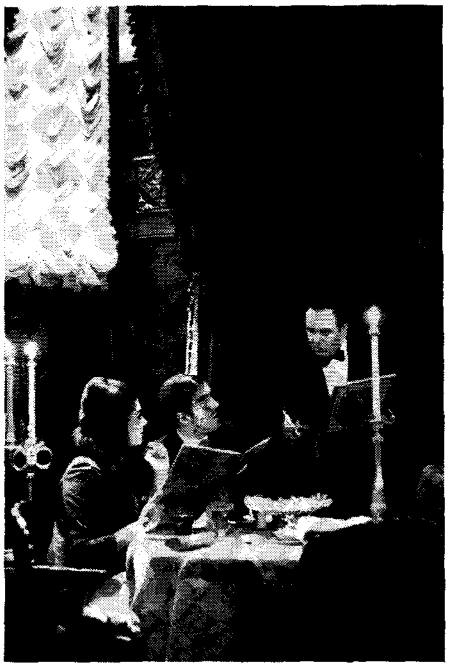

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> principle over pride and of intelligent self-interest over messianic delusion. . . . The United States government is not a charity-dispensing institution; its primary obligation is not to the Saigon generals or to some portion of the Vietnamese people but to the American people, to *their* security and well-being. When all is said and done about our "honor" and "commitment," the fact remains that our presence in Vietnam can be justified—if it can be justified—in terms of *American* interests, correctly defined as the freedom and safety of the American people.

The italics are the Senator's. Toward the close of the speech, he returned to a consideration of the national interest:

> For our own part, we have neither the need nor the *right* to sacrifice a single American life for any objective exceeding our own vital interest, which is the preservation of the freedom and safety of the American people. If this be thought ungenerous or unaltruistic, I put it to you that no nation has the moral right to be generous or altruistic with the lives of its own citizens. Perhaps a totalitarian nation, conceiving itself a spiritual entity transcending its individual citizens, may claim that right. A democratic nation cannot: its very existence is for the purpose of protecting and serving its citizens.

There are few who doubt that a reappraisal of our national interest is in order and who believe that any view of it that commits us to an unending defense of the Thieu government makes sense. Senator Church is very much in the main tradition of Western diplomatic thought when he insists that a government's fundamental purpose is to maintain the "freedom and safety" of its own people. For his immediate purposes as a polemicist, it would not have been advantageous to him to consider the fact that there is always widespread disagreement about the meaning of these terms and about the nature of the forces by which a nation's legitimate interests are threatened. Nor, probably, is this the time to consider the proposition that the transcendence of a traditionally construed national interest may be required of a civilized and compassionate people—especially if these civilized and compassionate people happen to be, in comparison to most of their fellow-men, exceedingly rich. He was right in saying that "the United States government is not a charity-dispensing institution"—though in fact it has on occasion dispensed quite a bit of charity—and probably there is no jingo so jingoistic as to disagree with his statement that "no nation has the moral right to be generous or altruistic with the lives of its own citizens." To this, Senator Church might have added that no nation whose existence is not directly and immediately threatened has the moral right to defend even the most

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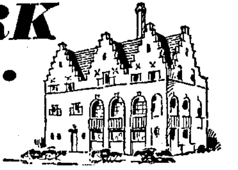

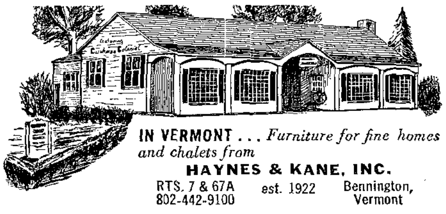

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legitimate of its interests (for surely the list is not exhausted when "freedom and safety" have been cited) by killing people who are not "its own citizens." But if the government is not a philanthropy and has no right to give away the lives of its people, then a case can be made for its lacking the right to give away other things that, in the American view, belong to the people, exactly as their lives do—their property, for example, or their money or the fruit of their labors. A shipload of wheat bound for India is infinitely less precious than a planeload of young men bound for Vietnam, but if the Senator's argument were carried a bit further, the first would be as unsuitable for export as the second.

Senator Church can be counted upon not to carry the argument that far, but there are others who will, and who have, in fact, been doing so for some time. Their case rests on a definition of the national interest as the protection of the "freedom and safety" of Americans. In their eagerness to get us out of Vietnam, the doves are saying that we can consider ourselves threatened only when the enemy is at the gates, and this, despite the certain fact that we face no kind of threat from our adversaries in Vietnam, is not and never has been true. A broader concept, which would result in more humane policies, would reflect the understanding that we are threatened not only by hostile ideologies and armies but by the poverty and ignorance in which most of the rest of humanity lives and by the despair that so much suffering breeds. There is no particular reason a government should not be philanthropic, provided it has the consent of the governed to dispense charity, but feeding the hungry in other parts of the world may be not so much charity as national defense. In the wake of famines, there are plagues and epidemics that can move across national boundaries with greater speed and devastation than armies. The broad aim of any decent foreign policy has always been the creation of international stability. We have been seeking it by such inappropriate methods that we have lost internal stability, and this, in all likelihood, is because we have failed to identify properly what threatens it and what does not.

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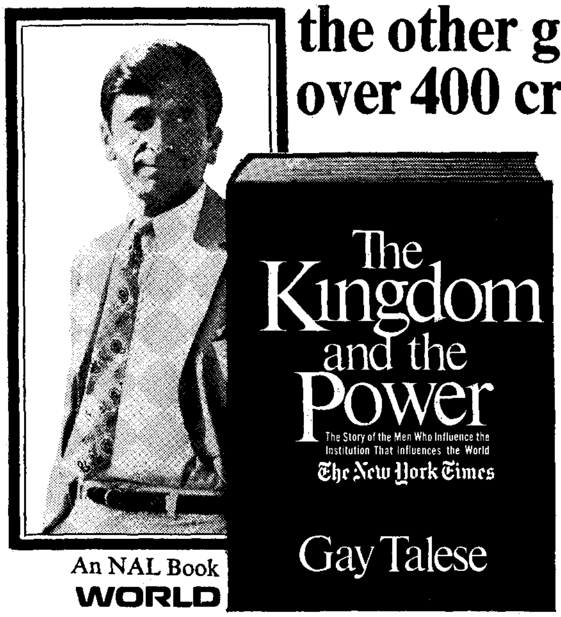
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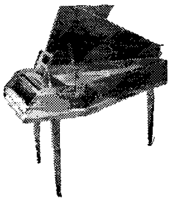
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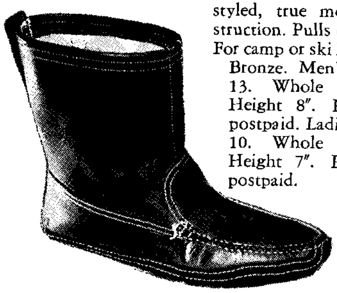

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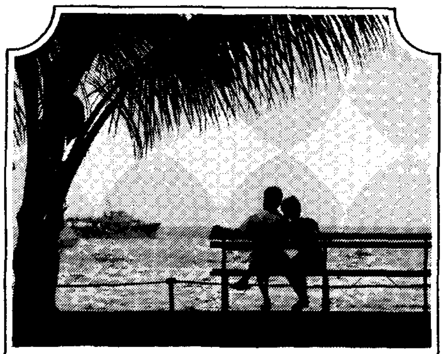

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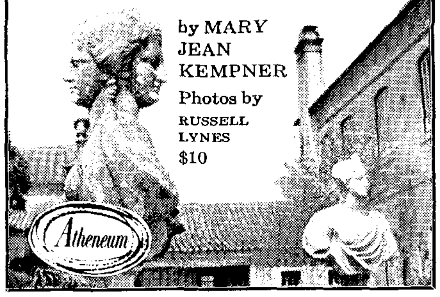

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

In This House of Brede, by Rumer Godden (Viking). Mrs. Philippa Talbot, a good-looking, well-liked, much admired, well-to-do London career woman of over forty, decides to give up the world and devote herself to the service of God. She enters the Benedictine Monastery of Brede, in Sussex, and this book is the story of her first fifteen years as a nun. It is a long book, slow-moving and well written, with such an amount of, for the most part, interesting detail about the everyday life of the convent that in very short time we begin to feel quite at home in the well-organized, well-disciplined, pleasantly companionable world of Brede. But, of course, there is no such world as the one Miss Godden so lovingly and skillfully describes here. The Brede she writes about is a house filled with women, but it is not a convent. Convent life is far more of a phenomenon, and far more ordinary, and much more intimate, and infinitely more remote, than Miss Godden has conveyed here. It is possible that she stayed too close to her book, and did not allow herself time to look past Brede to find the significance of Brede. Miss Godden's convent is a fastidious, womanly boarding school, its rarefied atmosphere originating not in its chapel but in the fact that the girls, young and old, are, by their own choice, in for life. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Note: Calvin Trillin's "Barnett Frummer Is an Unbloomed Flower," a chronicle of a luckless struggle for social acceptance, has been published by Viking. Much of its contents were first printed in this magazine.

GENERAL

Dear Bertrand Russell . . . , edited by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils (Houghton Mifflin). Lord Russell, who is less than three years away from one hundred, gets about a hundred letters a day and apparently answers them all—even letters like one from a Mr. Lin, of Formosa, which merely asked, "How are you?" (Fine, Lord Russell answered.) This book is an excerpt from this staggering correspondence with the general public between 1950 and 1968. In it, Lord Russell discusses religion, old age, philosophy, peace, Communism, and, of course, the bomb and the war in Vietnam. And, because people ask him the damnedest questions, he touches on all sorts of other things—his nose, whiskey, adultery, homosexuality, and (from a Miss Murray) what he would say to the idea of marriage between old, mellow, and brilliant men, like himself, and "young, cheerful girls with fairly sound teeth—like me." This is a delightful book.

Silent Voices, by Josephine Carson (Delacorte). A field study of the Southern Negro woman, and a good, honest book, without any taint of the sociological about it. The author, a white woman from Oklahoma, says that the black woman has "fortified the entire South of the United States, black and white, male and female," yet has never been asked to speak out for herself. To remedy that, Miss Carson sought out black women of all estates and persuasions throughout the Deep South—the rich, to-the-Cadillac-born ladies of Atlanta, the caustic college girls at Howard, a young whore with a brood of fatherless children on welfare. Miss Carson did not content herself with setting up mere rows of facts; she argued, probed, talked back, and tried to come to some conclusions about it all. The result is a work of extraordinary richness and beauty—a chorus of many voices, inarticulate at times but very definitely convincing. The writing, even when it verges on the mystic, is of high quality.

Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk, by Paul Roazen (Knopf). A sidelight on the history of psychoanalysis, turned up by Professor Roazen in the course of his research for a book on Freud and his circle. It is the story of Victor Tausk, one of the most perceptive of the early psychoanalysts, a pioneer in ego psychology and psychoanalytic psychiatry, who killed himself in 1919 after being treated coldly by Freud. It is a fascinating story, in which Freud comes out somewhat badly, but Professor Roazen tells it too melodramatically ("These three brilliant people were playing with human dynamite"), in an English that is unidiomatic and often ungrammatical. (Is there no copyreader at Knopf who can undangle such modifying clauses as "Clean and bourgeois in appearance, no one would have guessed how interesting or disturbed he could be" and "Curiously enough for the discoverer of the Oedipus complex, Freud's mother was the dictatorial person"?) Photographs.

THE EXOTICS: BEING A COLLECTION OF UNIQUE PERSONALITIES AND REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, by Morris Bishop (American Heritage Press). Professor Bishop, who is at least as famous for his light verse as for his learned prose, blends gaiety and scholarship in this assortment of short biographical essays, starting with the original Admirable Crichton, a sixteenth-century Scots polymath who was murdered by the Prince of Mantua, and closing with a memoir of one of Mr. Bishop's own classmates, who tried to blow up the Capitol and assassinate J. P. Morgan. Few of Mr. Bishop's characters are involved in such sanguinary deeds, and, indeed, the star piece—the last and funniest word on its subject—deals with America's greatest book salesman, the pacific, uxorious, irrepressible Parson Weems.

THE GRAND TOUR, by Christopher Hibbert (Putnam). Mr. Hibbert has read innumerable seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century travel books, diaries, and letters, and these form the skeleton of his excellent book. He describes the route of the Grand Tour that every young Englishman of means was expected to make two hundred or so years ago—travelling by carriage through France and Switzerland to Italy (but "not farther south than Naples"), and returning by way of Germany, Austria, and the Low Countries. (Spain and Greece were not included, as having "no sights or artistic treasures" worth reaching.) Facts interest Mr. Hibbert, and he gives us over a hundred years of them, beginning in the early seventeen-hundreds, shortly before the Spanish Steps were built in Rome and when restaurants in Paris served water drawn from the Seine, which, not surprisingly, had the effect of "giving violent gripes and purging." (Suggestions for funeral arrange-

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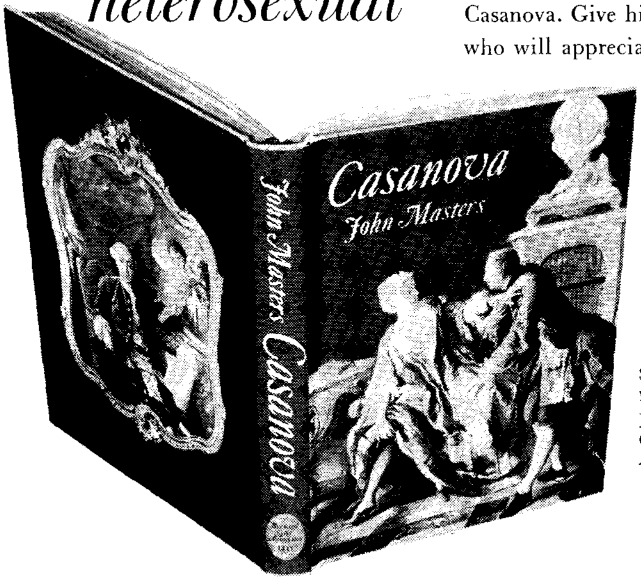

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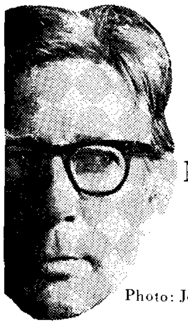

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Much of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

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THE MAN FROM MONTICELLO: AN INTIMATE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Thomas Fleming (Morrow). This attractive, readable work suffers from excessive admiration for its subject. Jefferson's errors, according to Fleming, merely prove that our hero was human; as for his political antagonists, their characters were bad or their ideas were wrong. By espousing unqualified Jeffersonianism, Mr. Fleming does less than justice to other admirable men and to history. Ten dollars.

NOTE: Morrow has published "The Long-Winded Lady: Notes from *The New Yorker*," by Maeve Brennan, thus identifying forever our talkative friend. . . . "With Bold Knife & Fork," a cookbook by M. F. K. Fisher, much of which originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Putnam. . . . Praeger has published "The Fear of Crime," by Richard Harris, a report on the legislation leading to the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. Introduction by Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. The full account first appeared in these pages.

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It is 6:45 on a recent fine morning and Michael Russo, dressed in his dark-brown work shirt and pants, is already out watering the grass. He has put in new sod and seeded his front yard and his in-laws. It looks flourishing.
—*The Times Magazine.*

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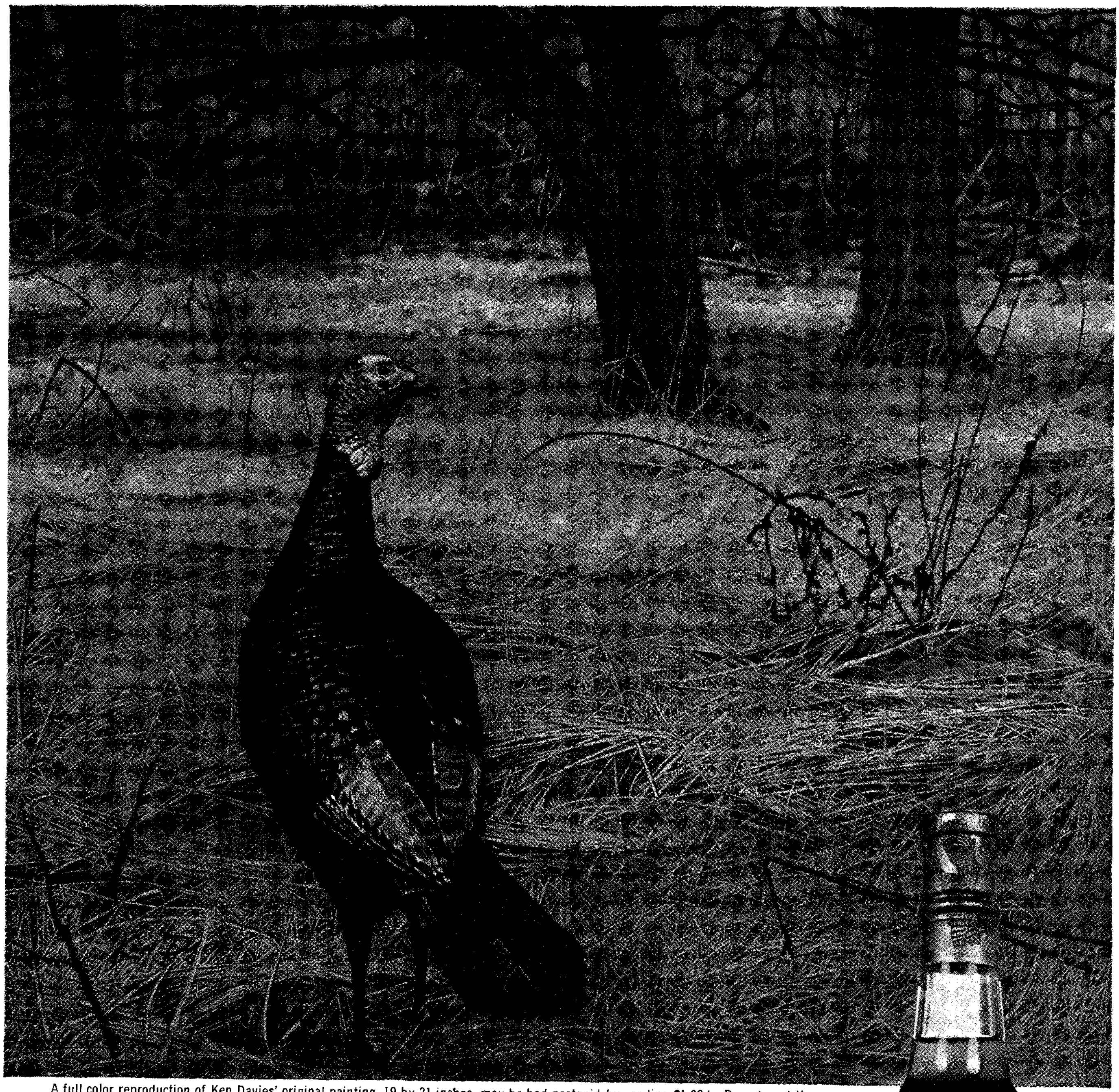

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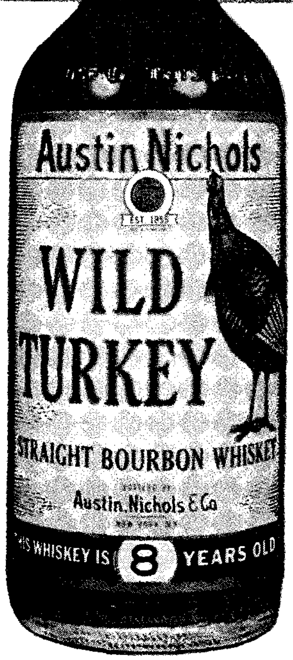
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